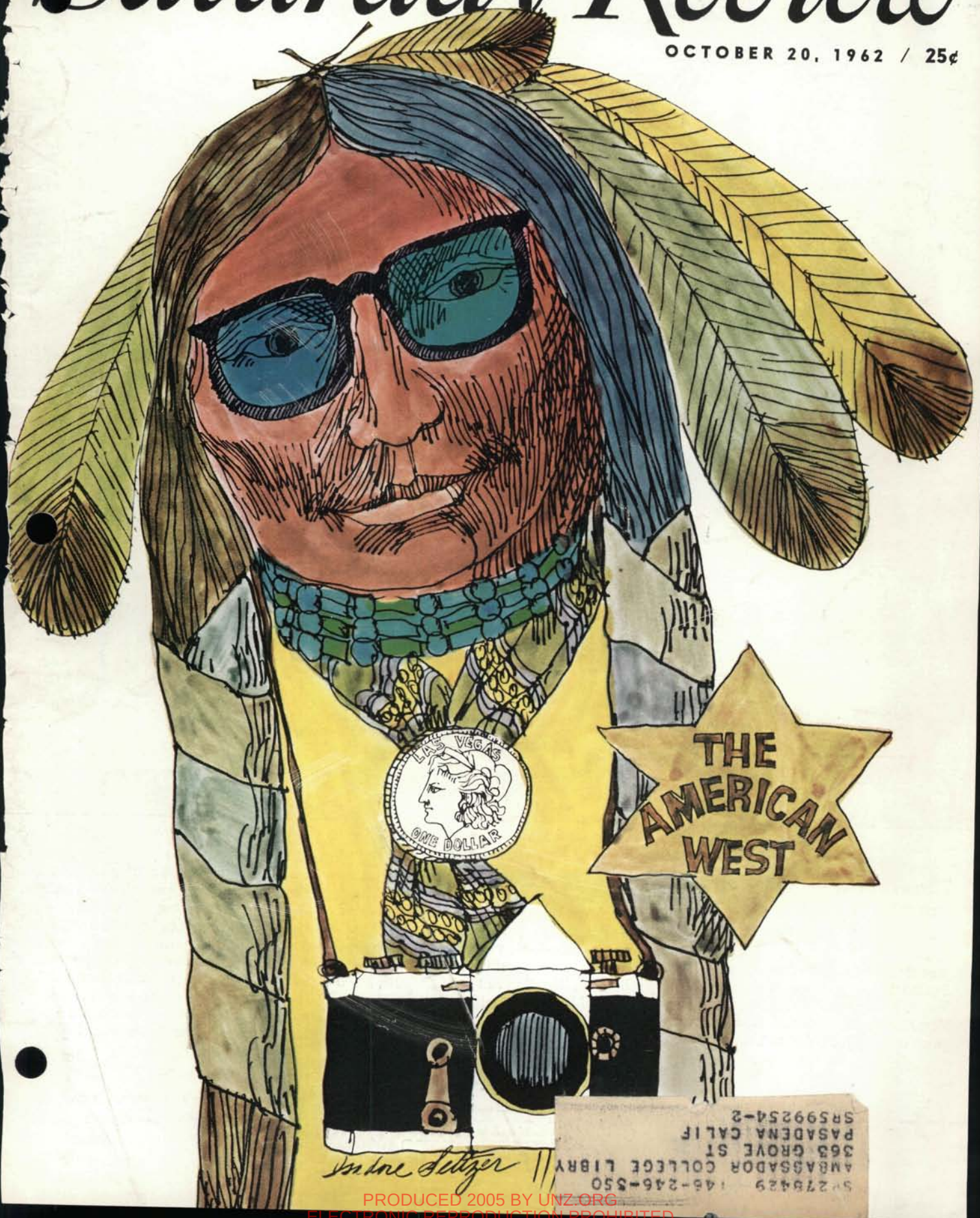
Saturday Review

OCTOBER 20, 1962 / 25¢



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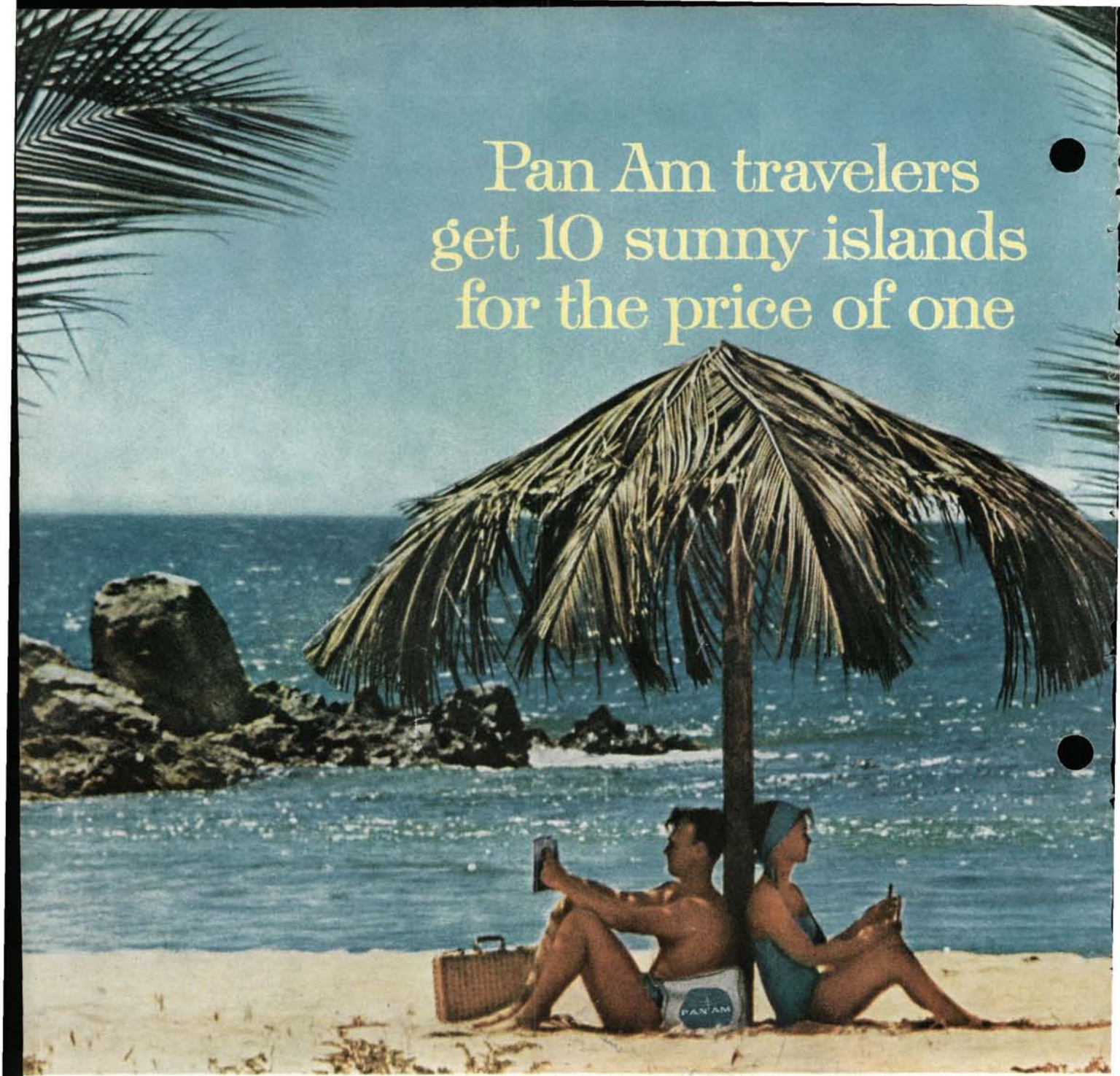

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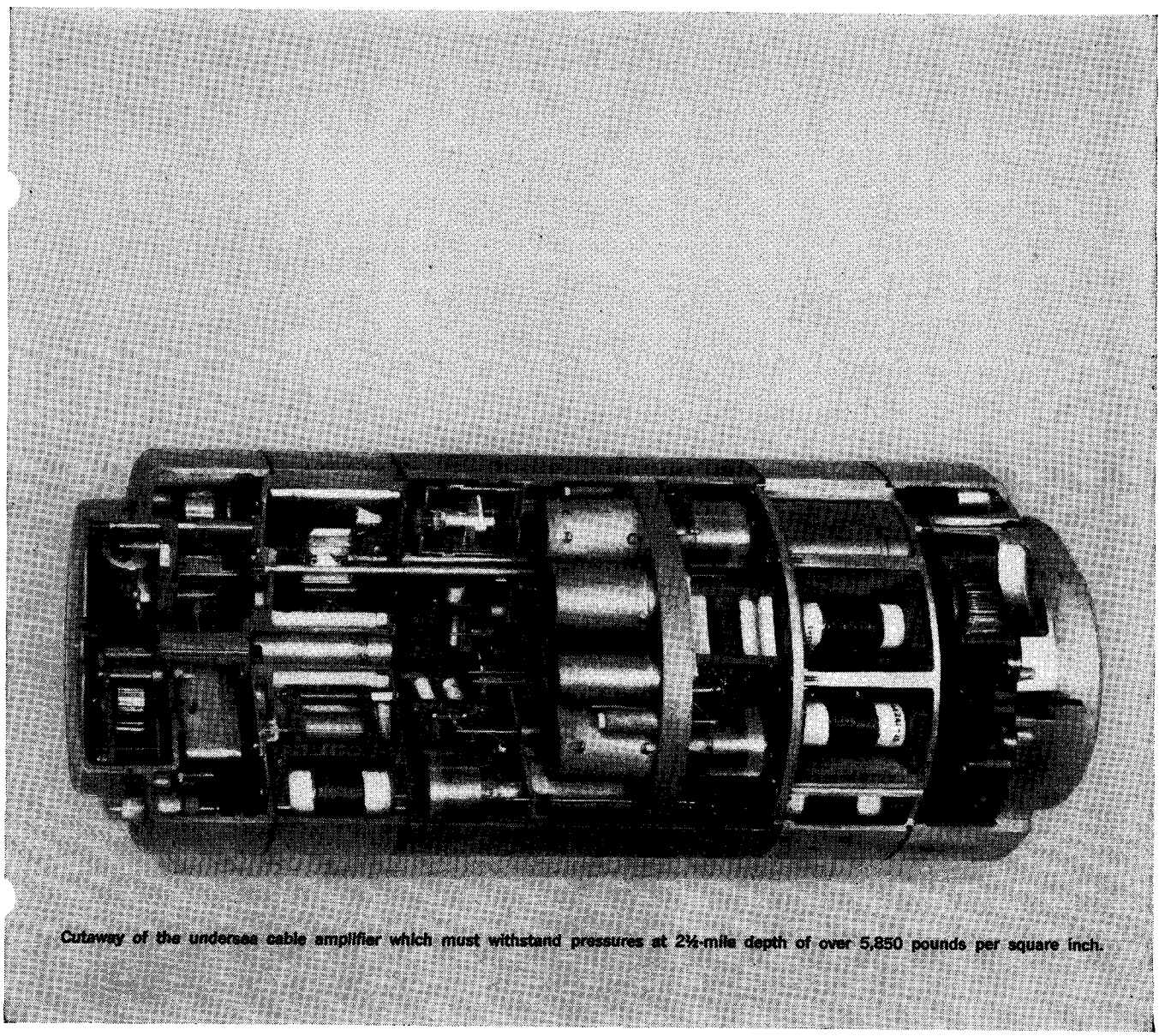
BUILD IT TO WORK...BENEATH THE SEA...FOR 20 YEARS... That's Western Electric's assignment as it undertakes production of a new type of undersea amplifier to help the Bell System handle the growing volume of transoceanic telephone calls—well over four million last year alone. Spaced every 20 miles along a single cable laid on ocean floors, these amplifiers will transmit in two directions (a job now requiring a pair of cables) and handle many more conversations simultaneously. • In manufacturing these amplifiers, Western Electric exercises special engineering abilities and disciplines to create new machines, processes and procedures. Uncompromising quality standards touch every one of the 5,000 precision components. Meticulous skill places each one in its exacting position in a cylinder 13 inches in diameter and 26 inches long. The reason for such care? Failure of any of these interconnected components could interrupt vital intercontinental circuits, so they are designed, manufactured and tested to operate continuously—without fail—for a minimum of 20 years. • We expect they will—because of Bell System teamwork. Bell Laboratories developed the new amplifier. Working with them, Western Electric people solved the complex problems inherent in making, testing and assembling the components. Behind it all, the idea: dependability of equipment to insure reliability of Bell System communications, whether across the American continent or under oceans to other lands. We work best because we work together.

MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM *Western Electric*



Cutaway of the undersea cable amplifier which must withstand pressures at 2¼-mile depth of over 5,850 pounds per square inch.

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Our Editor-at-Large

The column to the right (just beyond the Table of Contents) is, as it observes, ten years old this month. This magazine is not only pleased that Doubleday has seen fit to run "L.L. Day's" comments here since 1952, it is also happy that the column is what it is— intelligent, believable, responsible, often amusing writing that sometimes surprises readers when they learn that each is an advertisement.

Doubleday's Editor-at-Large often recommends other publishers' books or simply plumps for the cause of good reading, as in the space opposite.

Typically, Mr. Day has chosen to mark his birthday with an appropriate gift to attentive readers. Mail response to the column has always been excellent, Doubleday reports, and this is an invitation to write once again. Send a post card or short letter with your name, address, and occupation (the last is optional) clearly printed on it. Describe which books mentioned by the Editor-at-Large in the past, or which of his columns, you have enjoyed most.

For each note received by November 20, 1962, a free Anchor or Dolphin paperbound book (of our choice) will be sent. Each entrant may send in only one statement. We will also draw one name, in sweepstakes style, from all entries. The person whose card or letter is drawn will receive 100 Anchor Books, a varied and distinguished paperbound library. Write to L.L. Day, Editor-at-Large, c/o Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

Saturday Review

Saturday Review

October 20, 1962

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Editor-at-Large

Next Thursday is the tenth anniversary of the Editor-at-Large. In the decade that this column has appeared here, best-sellers have come and gone, publishers have merged and (in some cases) given birth to little publishers, but the Editor-at-Large has continued his bi-weekly scanning of the book world, unruffled by events.

Though ten years may set some kind of record for a publisher's column, mere longevity is no reason for jubilation. Judging by the comments of readers over the years, the Editor-at-Large has succeeded in conveying his enthusiasm for publishing and for good books from all publishers.

Bearing this in mind, a small, unincorporated group, The Friends of L. L. Day, has set out to find a proper way to celebrate the decennial of the Editor-at-Large.

After endless deliberation, we have decided that the best method of marking this significant event is by calling your attention to Children's Book Week, November 11-17. The Week, which seeks to emphasize our young people's need for good books, is itself an established institution, begun in 1919.

The F. O. L. L. D. hopes that all readers of this column will participate in Children's Book Week. After all, there seems every likelihood that the Editor-at-Large will go on forever, and no time should be lost in training a new crop of readers for him.

The Friends of **L.L. Day**
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The regular Editor-at-Large will appear in this space on November 3 with more news of good books. In the meantime, readers desiring information about Children's Book Week are urged to get in touch immediately with its sponsors, the Children's Book Council, Inc., 175 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

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When Does A Foot Feel Like Ginger Ale?

A small boy, trying to tell us his foot has fallen asleep, exclaims, "Gee, my toes feel just like ginger ale!"

And we know exactly what he means.

A little girl, discovering the woozy ribbons of color in a grease-puddle, mournfully describes them as "a dead rainbow."

And we know exactly what she means.

If communication going the *other* way—from adult to child—is generally not that effective, it may be because too many grown-ups can't transmit an idea that imaginatively.

In a word, their fancy is much too plain.

Teamwork

At NBC Television, where the importance of communicating with youngsters has never been underrated, we've been working on what we believe to be a very *un-plain* program for children.

Objective: A series that informs and instructs so attractively as to give its young televiewers a genuine yearning for learning.

We haven't been working alone. Over the past five months of preparation we've had lots of eager help from teachers and educational groups.

And from this combined planning by entertainment specialists and educators has come a full-hour, full-color series called "Exploring," whose premiere took place on Saturday, October 13, at 12:30 p.m. NYT.

Each week, "Exploring" makes use of the most modern audio and visual techniques to stimulate young-viewer interest in the language arts, music, mathematics, social studies and science.

Cello Voce

In music, for example, a cello's role in an orchestra is explained by the cello itself—speaking English in tones incredibly similar to the instrument's customary sounds.

In mathematics, a troupe of woodland puppets is commandeered to explain how the idea of counting may have originated.

In social studies, figures from an obelisk are animated to serve as a provocative backdrop for a survey of Egyptian civilization.

On hand as the program's host each week is 38-year-old Dr. Albert R. Hibbs, an awfully smart fellow who's a senior scientist at the California Institute of Technology.

Dr. Hibbs' specialty at Cal Tech happens to be jet propulsion, but he lives in no ivory wind tunnel. He gets around. He's been a consultant and guest teacher in California elementary schools, and his hefty television experience includes a just-completed 39-week science series in Los Angeles.

"Exploring" is aimed primarily at children from five to eleven years of age; and we're confident they'll be fascinated by it.

However, teen-agers have

scarcely had time to feel "left-out," since "Update" — the weekly news program (Sundays, 5 to 5:30 p.m. NYT) created especially for *them*—began its second season on NBC the day after "Exploring's" debut. (Please consult local listings for times on both programs).

Actually, it's a pretty good bet that the two series will, in a great many homes, be attracting entire families.

We're as sure of that as we are that many of NBC's *adult* attractions this season (such as the forthcoming "Cyrano de Bergerac," "The River Nile," and "Shakespeare: Soul of an Age") will be watched by many millions of youngsters. And that's as it should be.

Unclassified

The fact is that television's ability to inform and enlighten the young has never been restricted to programs with an academic stamp.

True, "Exploring" falls clearly into the educational sphere; but don't let that get around. You know how some boys are. Right off the bat, they'd be thinking of ways to be the very first kid on the block to play hookey on a Saturday.

NBC

This is NBC, the largest single source of news, entertainment and information in the free world.

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Vroom and Broom

Edited by Martin Levin

VROON! VREEN! VOWN!

THUMBING idly through a recent issue of *Time and Monster Comics*, I was brought up short by a thunderous KA-WHROOMMHHAA! This phonetic description of the sound of a landslide, meshed into the text in crashing capitals, set my ears ringing and my eyes boggling. A gun-fight in the next two frames was illuminated thusly: ZIIP!—VIIP! — ZZIIIIPPP! — ZIIINGG! — WHAPP!—ZIPPP! Shades of the Book of Kells! Thus I have uncovered the youngest of our minor arts, which I shall call Audioscription.

I remember clearly the comic strips of my own nine-year-old passion. There, I encountered the first primitive stirring of audioscription: Pow! Bang! Zowie! Biff! These were not only typical: they were practically the entire repertoire. What puny things they were, blown into fragments by today's BRRRAKKSHH! (chair being broken over a hard head) or KARRANNNGG!—PHHHDDD! (a Saturnian bazooka bouncing metal balls off "Super"—man of steel).

The instabilities and anxieties of modern life come through clearly in today's comic books. Yesterday's Zing! had a positive and joyous ring. Compare this to today's sick-sick sounds: ARRGHHHH! describes a man falling out of a window (This may also be spelled AGGGH!, ARRRRHH!, or AGG!, depending on how high up the window, and whether he jumped or was pushed.)

Audioscription falls into a dozen roughly delineated categories. Take "impact." A solid classic is OOF!—interruption in mid-sentence by a head rammed into the stomach. Example: "You're no ghost—you're a real—OOF! Today's version is spelled OOOOOOPF! or UUURRRFFF! and has now become a kick in the gut while the victim is down.

Acceleration or speed sounds: Three cars flash by at high speed—VROON! VREEN! VOWN! Electronics: ZEE! ZEE! ZEE! (ultrasonic SOS signal); TTZZTTT! (crackle of sparks as bad guy trips over a high-tension wire. Th of course, is followed by AAYEEEE. end of bad guy.). Ballistics: KBLAM! (high-powered rifle), BRAT-A-TAT! (submachine gun), PWINNNKKK! (bullet hitting someone in the canteen).

Time moves backward as well as forward in adventure comics; just as noisy as space ships are the prehistoric monsters: AAAARRROOO! (monster rising up out of the sea). We are in the jungle. Suddenly a snarling tiger thrusts his head from a thicket: GRRAWWRRGH! or GRRRRO-WWWRRRR! (depending on whether it is a saber-tooth or a Bengal). At the other end of the monster spectrum we have: GLEEP! GLEEP! (timid, nice monster).

Then there are the cross-blends. "Ow!" plus "Help!" becomes OWWLP! Add "Yelp!" and it becomes YEOWLPP! The sound RRUNNCH! (tearing a column up out of the ground) is a combination of "wrench" and "crunch." BZZZZZZZRRMM! (acceleration) plus VAZAAPP! (ray-gun shot) becomes BZZAAAPPM! (accelerating ray-gun shots). The arrow (TWANG!) makes contact (WHACK!) and voila: TWACK!

Subtle refinements change meaning. FFWWTT! (X-ray eyes shooting deadly rays) becomes a gas bomb exploding when spelled FFWWWSTTT! A gun knocked from a Venusian's hand elicits a frustrated EEYOW! A slight change in spelling and we have gratified amazement. Witness: "EOOOWW—It's raining garbage!"

Also, one encounters the compound or sequential group of sounds, like the familiar HONK! BEEP! TOOT-TOOT! (a traffic jam). Contemporary audioscription carries this technique further: PA-LING! (death ray hits space ship with double impact; first, outer plastic shell, then, metal inside). POOF-FFT!—SSSS! (arrow hits auto tire—penetrates—air escapes). XPRTZ! WWSFRDSDZ! (robot out of control). And the height of audioscriptive complexity: A man tries to push into a bus, finally takes a running jump and leap. UGH! ECK! EG! ACK! NNK! MPF!——— BPLFLT! ! ! —ALEX HORN.

• • •

THE PRE-BUNKER POLK BROOM

(On reading Bradford Smith's "The Bunker Broom"—PHOENIX NEST 7/7/6.

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* *

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British Museum

"He fell in love with a dangerously unusual widow..."

... who became his unlawfully wedded wife. When the Prince Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert set up house in Brighton in 1785, it was a bucolic retreat for jaded aristocracy. Today it's Britain's Miami, where teddy boys and the *nouveau riche* cavort to blaring bands and glaring neon. But the Prince left an enduring (and fantastic) monument: the Brighton Pavilion. Read about the playful Prince, his twice-discarded lady, and his exotic pleasure dome as related by J. H. Plumb in the new November HORIZON.

This is just one of over 20 articles and pictorial features. Historian Hugh Trevor-Roper gives a provocative answer to *How Do Great Wars Begin?* Gilbert Highet traces the amazing survival of classical literature. Joseph Wechsberg sings the praises of chamber music. There's a color portfolio of never-before-reproduced paintings by Rouault, and a visit to Alexander Calder, the mobile master. William K. Zinsser reports on *Sotheby's,* the great London auction house. . . . There's much more.

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HORIZON—A MAGAZINE TO ENGAGE THE MIND AND DELIGHT THE EYE

In 1952 we took the old Patna steamboat across the Ganges, then rocked for thirty miles in a rickety narrow-gauge train and seven thumping miles in a bullock cart to the Basic Educatic Teachers Training College at Turki 1. Bihar, India—the village was named for some Turks, long blended into the landscape, who settled there centuries ago. We lived in a mud and wattle hut in a grove of leechee and mango trees beside a big square pond. A small temple, crude but white and picturesque, sat on the opposite bank and an elephant occasionally shuffled through the scene ridden by the orange-robed local high priest.

There were no sweepers; it was a Gandhian school; we did our own housework. The floor of the hut was hard-tamped earth that would never, we thought, need sweeping. But everything that could blow sailed in through the split-bamboo wattle lattice and settled on the floor. The broom, the handleless Indian grass broom, was in constant use. Like everyone else we squatted.

It fascinated the students to see our struggle with sweeping. They peered through the lattice where it joined the solid and wainscot of the hut, their rows of eyes like solemn marbles laid along the wall. After a few weeks our American stand-upishness rebelled. We would make a stand-up broom! Imaginations on crusading fire—dignity of labor, man is an upright creature, India, arise from the dust!—we asked for a pole, any pole, a bamboo pole would do. A rather heavy one came. And string—every Gandhian school in India is earnestly spinning yards, miles, equators of cotton string. Hanks of string came; we still have a few in a trunk. Two iniquitous squat-brooms freed by knife-action became heaps of supine grass, and the great work began.

Classes were forgotten; a spellbound throng stayed to the end. Did they detect, through our sham bravura, the crises of technique? String slipping? Stubborn wisps that wouldn't bunch out in flat firm hips but slid around the pole in witch-broom style? No starting over in that public glare, we bound it round and round as if we'd planned it that way. And there it was. We stood up and swept. Swept the hut, under the beds, the walk outside—see how easy it is?

The Principal came to see; the Registrar came. We all beamed. The Principal shook my hand, gently took and inspected the broom. Praise and ringing cheers. . . . Then he said, "W will put it in our museum."

We never saw the stand-up broom again. Next day we got a new squat-broom.

—EMILY POLK.

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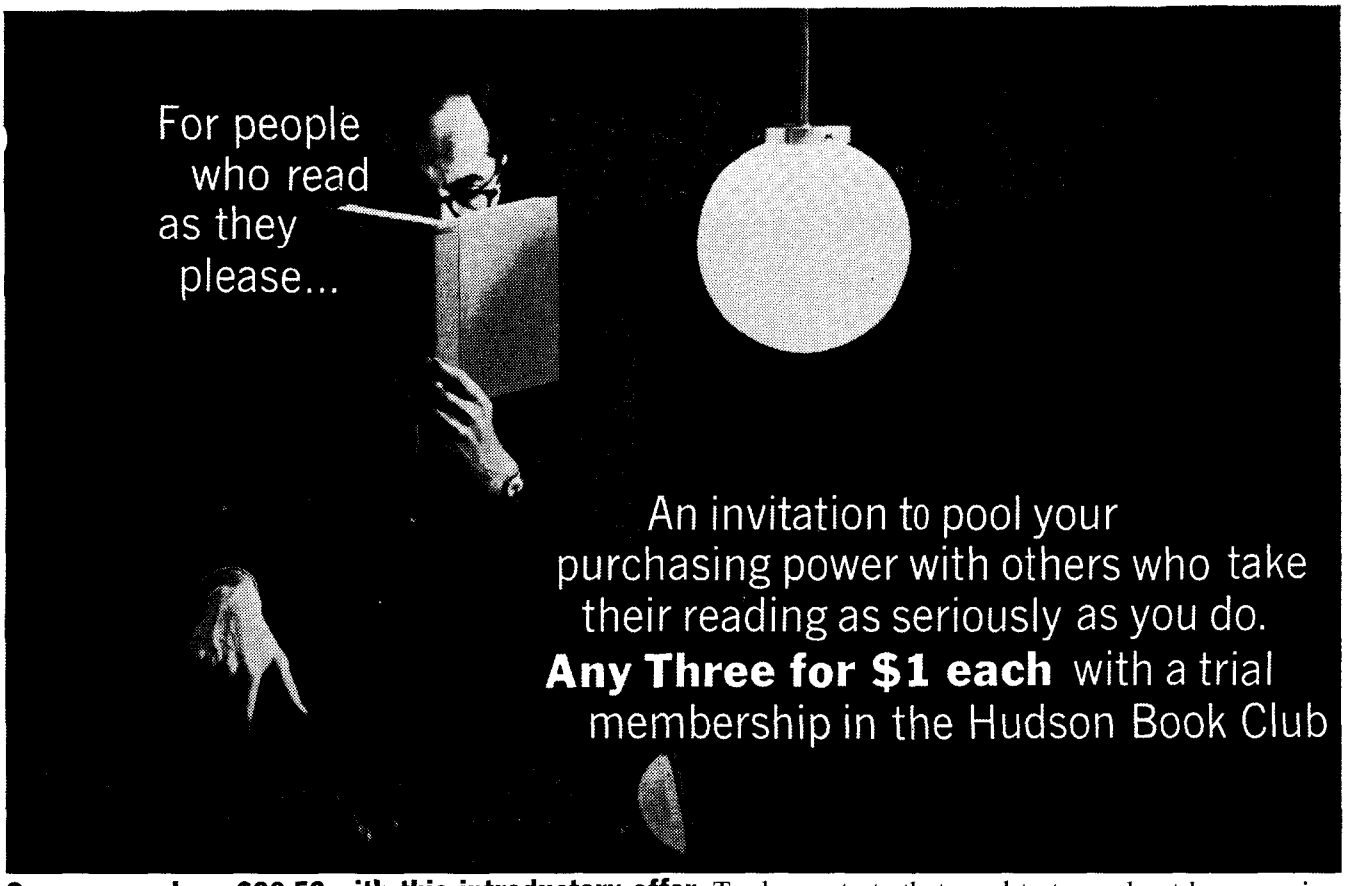
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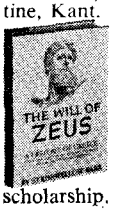

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(Advertisement)

Where strangers are honored guests

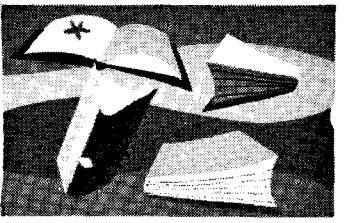
India's legends and true-life stories are rich with anecdotes of hospitality—wholeheartedly given and gracefully accepted. When a stranger stood at the threshold, he became an honored guest of the house. The tradition of centuries is even stronger today. The people of India wish to welcome visitors from other lands, and to share with them, even if briefly, the Indian way of life. To make it easier for you to meet them a special program has been developed.

The idea is simple and gracious—and, of course, costs nothing. Let's say you are a businessman, a teacher, a lawyer, a doctor, or just a person who wishes to meet Indians with interests similar to your own. Before you leave for India, call upon the Government of India Tourist Office at 19 East 49th Street in New York City; 685 Market Street in San Francisco; 177 King Street W. in Toronto. Or after you arrive in India, upon the Government of India Tourist Offices in Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta or Madras. Tell them your likes, your hobbies, your special interest in India. They will be happy to help you choose your Indian friends from a list of persons who will be looking forward to welcoming you in their homes, and to making your visit as full and as rewarding as they can.

Once in India, meet with your new friends, accept their invitation to tea or a meal with them in their home. There you will meet other members of their family, exchange ideas and glimpse their particular brand of humor. You may enjoy seeing the local sights with your new friends, or playing a round of golf at an elegant country club. Perhaps a day at a sunny beach or a cricket match, the cinema or a dance recital. Simple delights which heighten in pleasure when you enjoy them in the company of your Indian friends.

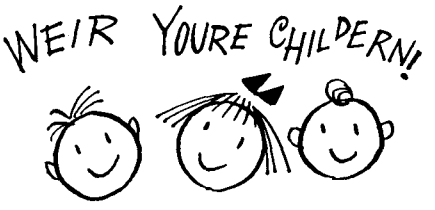
The people of India are very much like you, proud of their country and their traditions. They have a lively interest in knowing more about *your* country, how *you* feel about today's world and everything in it. Come to India—maybe this year, maybe the next—your Indian friends will wait for you.

Trade Winds



THERE IS A SIGN in the window of a jewelry and leather goods store, corner of Eighth Street and McDougal, New York: CUSTOMERS WANTED. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

AN ENGLISH TEACHER in the Ossining (N.Y.) High School, Alfred R. Clemente, Jr., really has his work cut out for him this year. One of his first assign-



ments to a tenth-grade class was a theme on "What Is the Purpose of Studying English?" A female student wrote as follows:

"Correct English has some effect on actual life. Well a married couple wouldn't be worried about whether they were speaking correct english to one another. But in teaching they're childern the right way to speak or write, will effect there realationship between each other. As a human being, to me, its' just as important to get along with people, but at the same time even the right kind of people, have to lower themselfs just because some of there friends, don't know the correct english language. To me if you try to help them, in some way your actually highering yourself as a better citizen of this country."

Mr. Clemente reports the student is attractive; when she finishes high school she will have no trouble getting highered.

REMOVING US ALL to a hire level, I now go to Tibet in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, to the time of Milarepa, the great Buddhist saint and poet of that country. Milarepa was a very bad fellow when he was young, but he later sought salvation by devoting the rest of his life to the practice of Dharma.

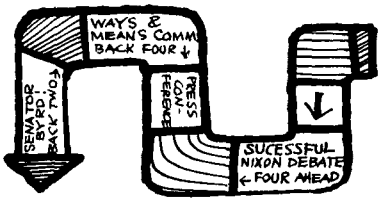
This wasn't easy at first, for he was required to undergo such tests as building houses, one after another, on desolate mountains and tearing them right down again. For one period of twelve years he meditated alone in a cave, subsisting on nettles until his whole body turned green. Eventually his fame spread and he became regarded as the greatest poet, yogi, and saint in Tibetan history—and is still so regarded.

Milarepa loved to sing. Whenever anyone asked him a question, he always replied in poems or lyric songs which he apparently made up on the spot. No one knows how many of these spontaneous compositions there were, but for about forty years he used them to communicate his ideas and to converse. You will not be surprised to learn, then, that the greatest Tibetan classic is "The Hundred Thousand Songs of Milarepa." One of his disciples collected them.

Strangely enough, the book has never been translated into a major foreign language until now. A Chinese, Garma C. C. Chang, who spent many years in Tibet, has rendered Milarepa's philosophy into English for University Books. It has just been published. The songs I've read indicate that Milarepa didn't think much of women or relatives, of owning land, or of settling down and raising a family. Probably building all those houses and tearing them down again cured him for good.

I HAVE HEREWITH some news of inventions:

(1) Jack Winter and Alfred Harrison, Harvard '62 and Harvard '63, respectively, have just marketed their game called "The Kennedys." You play



with dice, cards, stage money, a board, and little counters. Each player assumes the identity of one member of the Kennedy family; the object is to get ahead in the United States.

You roll the dice and move around from one spot to another, landing in places like "Personal Image," "Backing of a Power Group," etc. You get in trouble when you receive a "Turn of Event" card. It might penalize you for such turns of events as "Bobby caught reading *Herald Tribune*" or "Caroline gives $100-a-plate dinner for her dolls."

"The Kennedys" is innocent fun, and

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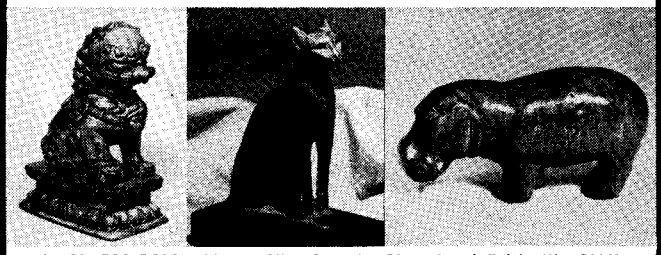
M-3. WOMAN COMBING HER HAIR, by Alexander Archipenko. 1915. Museum of Modern Art. Original: bronze. Ht.: 13¾". **$27.50** (shipped exp. collect).

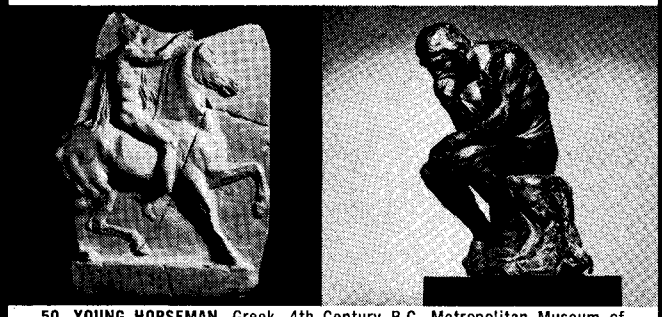
1016. THE KISS. From Auguste Rodin's bronze reduction in the National Gallery of Art. Ht.: 12½". **$37.50** (shipped express collect).



SM-83. FOO DOGS. Chinese, Ming Dynasty. Blue glazed finish. Ht.: 8½". **$15.00** a pair (shipped express collect).

13. STATUETTE OF A CAT. Egyptian, 600-300 B.C. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Original: bronze. Ht.: 7". **$10.00** ($1.00 shipping, insurance).

SM-1. BLUE HIPPOPOTAMUS. Egyptian. c. 2000 B.C. Original of faience, in foreign collection. Facsimile in glazed caststone. Ht.: 4¼". Length: 8¼". **$15.00** ($1.50 shipping, insurance).



50. YOUNG HORSEMAN. Greek, 4th Century B.C. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Original: marble. Ht.: 18" (ready to hang). **$15.00** (shipped express collect). **50W.** Weatherproof. **$16.50** (shipped express collect).

BA-6. THE THINKER. Auguste Rodin (1840-1917). Reduction from bronze original in Baltimore Museum of Art. Ht.: 12½". **$37.50** (shipped exp. coll.).

SM-100. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Daniel Chester French. Head of scale model of Lincoln Memorial in Washington. Bronze finish. Ht.: 12¼". **$25.00** (shipped express collect).

74. FALCON. German or Italian, 12th or 13th Century. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Original: gilt-bronze. Ht.: 14¾". **$18.00** ($1.50 packing, shipped express collect).

AD-1. PRAYING HANDS. By Helen Liedloff from Durer sketch. Original: bronze. Ht.: 10½". **$37.50** (shipped express collect).

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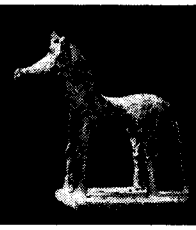
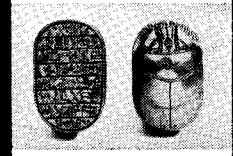
100. HORSE. Chinese. 206 B.C.-220 A.D. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Original: bronze. Ht.: 4". **$3.50** (60¢ shipping, insurance).



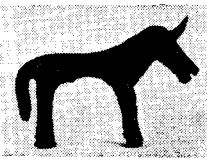
HO-1. HORSE. Greek, 7th Century B.C. Houston Museum. Original: encrusted brown bronze. Ht.: 2¾". **$4.75** (60¢ shipping, insurance).



SM-5. LION HUNT SCARAB. Egyptian, c. 1420-1384 B.C. Reproduction in metallic compound. Size: 3¼" long. **$6.00** (60¢ shipping, insurance).

BA-4. MORTAR. Italian, 17th Century. Baltimore Museum of Art. Original: bronze. Ht.: 4", Diam. 6". **$7.50** (75¢ shipping, insur.).

NO-2. BIRD STONE. Middle Mississippi culture. Norfolk Museum. Original: mottled stone. Length: 4½". **$2.75** (50¢ ship., ins.).



HO-2. OX. Greek. 7th Century B.C. Houston Museum. Original: encrusted bronze. Ht.: 2⅜". **$3.75** (60¢ shipping, insurance).

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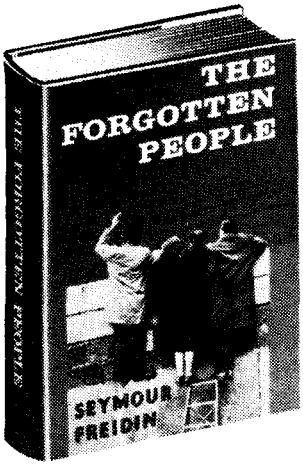

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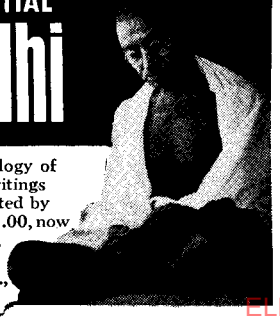

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the designers consider themselves slightly pro-Kennedy.

(2) Roy Morser, a public relations writer, is selling Kookie Koins at eight for $1. They are to be used to tip waiters when the service is no good. The coin is about the size of a quarter. "Zero Cents," it reads, "Give Nothing, Get Nothing." Morser thinks of himself as a generous tipper, and he suggests using the coins only in return for bum treatment, not to avoid tipping.

(3) John Thew, inventor of a solar cigarette lighter (the sun ignites it for you), has come up with a Turnpike Toll Gun. You load this with quarters (not Roy Morser's brand), and when you pass the basket of the automatic toll collector on a turnpike or a thruway, you simply fire twenty-five cents into the receptacle. (You do *not* give your quarter to a human toll collector in this manner.)

Mr. Thew, who says his business is "thinking up things—'inventor' sounds so old-fashioned"—is now working on a quick beer-can cooler for people who are always forgetting to put the beer in the ice box ahead of time.

SHARPS AND FLATS: When someone accused Dixie Wigton of not having a sense of humor, she indignantly replied, "Of course I have. I always laugh at jokes, don't I?"

►Right after the fight, Simon and Schuster's Peter Schwed told me that he's thinking of collaborating with Sonny Liston on a book, to be called "Somebody up There Loathes Me."

►The I. E. Smiths stopped at a gas station in the suburbs of Berkeley and asked about the restaurant across the street. "It's okay," said the attendant, "if you like mass media cooking."

►Tom Flynn says that when the smallpox scare and the Eastern Airlines engineers strike both hit Idlewild at the same time he thought labor was in danger of getting its pickets pocked.

►A Charleston, West Virginia, store has a book rack prominently marked "Educational Books for Children." It contains dozens of copies of a paperback titled "Cop Hater."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1489)

(Samuel Eliot) Morison:
THE SCHOLAR IN AMERICA

(Suggested by Katharine Fales)

The Jacksonian ideal was education on a dead level. The pressure on young men of that era to conform to the average, instead of seeking excellence, was noted by Tocqueville as one of the sad concomitants of the political democracy which he admired.

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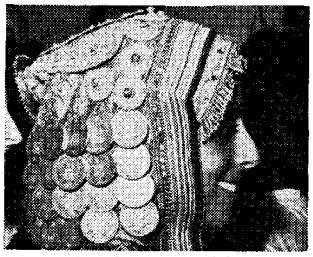

example, is everything you want to know about the Jewish religion—the majesty and poetry of its rituals and festivals and prayers from the sacrificial ceremonies of the ancient Temple to the Judaism of the present—as Jews in every age have observed it, lived it, and laid down their lives for it.

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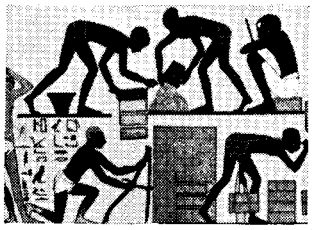

Have you ever wondered what Manna tasted like? See Page 304.

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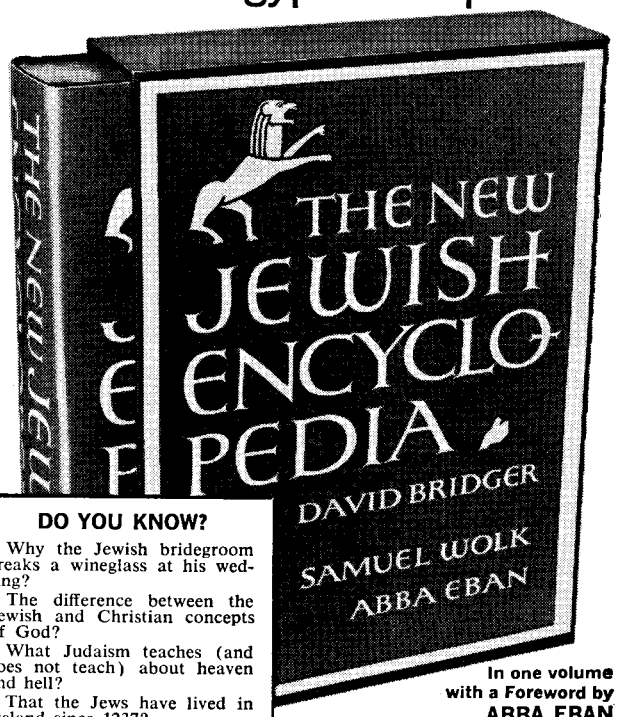

DO YOU KNOW?

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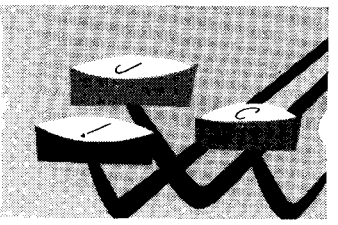
Manner of Speaking

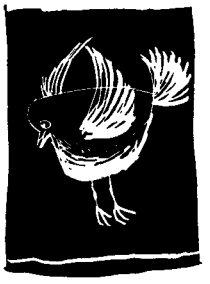


TRIAL OF A POET: The scene is a holiday in the imagination and is, of course, carefully rigged by the Poet-as-Answerer. The Questioner is Anyman (you, for instance) suffering from the disadvantage of having fallen into another man's reverie. The Poet, even the poet posing as an editor, is entitled to say it at least once in his own way without caring whether or not the reader understands. He does, of course, hope that the reader will.

The way this imagination is rigged, the questioning has been going on for some time as the curtain rises, perhaps never really to fall again. In fact, certainly not to fall again. Because the Poet is shameless about taking every advantage, he has placed himself facing the audience and, by placing the Questioner with his back to it, has left him faceless.

Q. Of all the people who go swimming in mirages, how many, will you certify, actually get wet?

A. The race is capable of every imagination.



Q. Avoid generalization, if you please. How many get wet?

A. Some always. Of the poets – the good ones – all. And of those few, some inevitably and specifically drown.

Q. Is it your intention to bear witness to miracle?

A. Please define the word "miracle."

Q. Let the record show that "miracle" is hereby defined as the occurrence of the unoccurable, as phenomenon without cause, and/or as the unforeseeable foreseen.

A. So defined, I accept miracle as my intention.

Q. Do you thereby deny the rational intellect?

A. Please define "rational intellect."

Q. Let the record show that "rational intellect" is hereby defined as the process of inference from phenomena to cause and/or category, and/or of deduction from category and/or cause to phenomena.

A. Wow!

Q. Please confine yourself to direct answers.

A. I do not deny the rational intellect.

Q. But what else can follow from your stated affirmation of the miraculous?

A. To answer directly, and to list the consequences in the order of their probable importance: (1) the perception of possibility, (2) the revision of theory, (3) the mechanization of possibility, (4) the creation of corporations—or the revision of existing corporations—to mass-produce the newly mechanized possibility, (5) the exploitation of a market place, and (6) the installation of the resulting commonplace.

This economic cycle, however, describes only what some rationalists call "progress." When the miracle involves inwardness rather than mechanics (i.e., an idea as opposed to a TV set or a micro-frequency egg-candler), the perception of miraculous possibility and its installation as one more miraculous commonplace occur simultaneously.

Q. Be pleased to define "progress."

A. "Progress" is the acceleration of stationary choices. It is always conceived as linear motion and it results always and only in rotation. Within the miraculous commonplace it is best thought of as the multiplication of chairs in a cell for solitary confinement. Within itself, it dreams of a carousel with infinite horses for merely plural riders, but always with the same calliope playing the same tune.

Q. Be pleased to define "miraculous commonplace."

A. It is the state of being that seeks to engage the difference between a day containing twenty-four hours and one containing twenty-seven. Or between one containing three minutes and one containing three years. It is the idea of registering that measurement to which clocks cannot reach their hands, and on which perception forever stubs its toe.

Examples of the miraculous commonplace are: birds, clouds, and mountains, to name a few. If the instance be mountains, for example, their miraculous commonplace is in the way they flicker and disappear into their distances, flicker and reappear from them. Sometimes, that is to say, there are no mountains. And sometimes they are always there. I am, of course, quoting. From, of course, myself.

Q. The attribution of quotations is irrelevant. So you propose that it is of the nature of this miraculous com-

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454

Name.....
Residence Address.....
City.....Zone.....
County.....State.....
Age.....Male ☐ Female ☐ Married ☐ Single ☐
Occupation.....
(Rank, if on Active Duty).....

	CAR NO. 1	CAR NO. 2
Year of car:.....		
Make:.....		
No. of cylinders:		
Model (Fairlane, 210, etc.).....		
2/4dr—sdn, s/w, h/t, conv.....		
Purchase date:..	...Mo. ...Yr. New ☐ Used ☐	...Mo. ...Yr. New ☐ Used ☐
Days per week driven to work:..		
One way distance		
Is car used in business (except to and from work)	Yes ☐ No ☐	Yes ☐ No ☐
Is car principally kept on a farm or ranch?.....	Yes ☐ No ☐	Yes ☐ No ☐
Principal location of car, if not at residence address:.....	City State	City State

Additional male drivers under age 25 in your household

Age	Relation	Married or Single	% of Use #1	% of Use #2

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monplace to climb a mountain that is not there?

A. Immediately at the next change of weather, or the next. Any returning mountain may instantly be climbed.

Q. And if the mountain were to disappear while it is being climbed?

A. One need only imagine a better suited mountain and continue the climb under more exacting conditions.

Q. And when one has reached the top of the mountain?

A. Must I assume that it has a top?

Q. Let the record show that such an assumption is directed.

A. Cancel all mountains at the top and start another imagination.

Q. What, then, will you say of reality?

A. Please define "reality."

Q. Let the record show that "reality" is hereby defined as "that which exists as a primary and underivable fact dependent upon no other."

A. As, for example, the corpse of a man drowned in a mirage?

Q. Be pleased to answer the question, which is: "What, then, will you say of reality?"

A. Whose reality?

Q. Do you propose to defend the existence of multiple realities?

A. Of infinite realities.

Q. Let the record show that "reality," as defined, is a universal. The question, therefore, is asked of everyone's reality.

A. I don't know everyone.

Q. You imply, therefore, that you will speak only for your own reality?

A. For my own realities.

Q. Do you propose to defend the existence of multiple realities within yourself?

A. Infinite realities.

Q. And you refuse to go on record concerning any reality but your own?

A. I do.

Q. Then answer in terms of your own reality as you understand it.

A. As I understand it, it exists. And only as I understand it can it exist. That much to answer your question as put. I must insist, however, that it be put as "What, then, of your realities?"

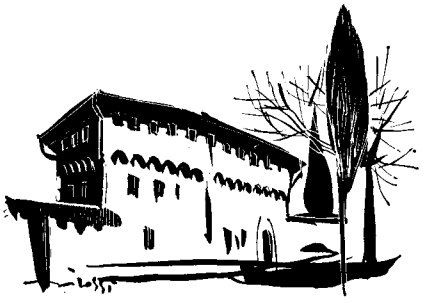
Q. Let it be so put.

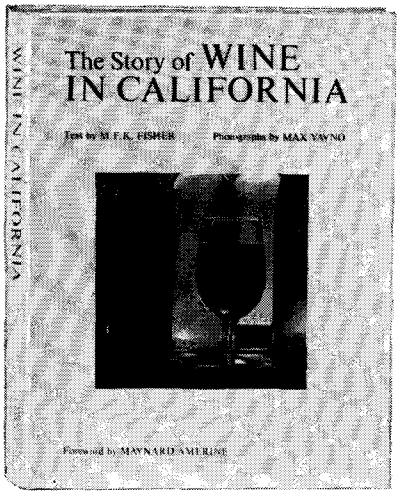
A. They exist exactly in the sequence in which I imagine them.

Q. And in no other?

A. What other?

—JOHN CIARDI.





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Chess Corner–No. 76

THERE is always a turning point in every chess game where an unemotional, objective appraisal will indicate clearly one of three things:

(1) *You have a winning position.* Therefore, simplify. Avoid complications, play for the ending. Do not try to win the game a second time!

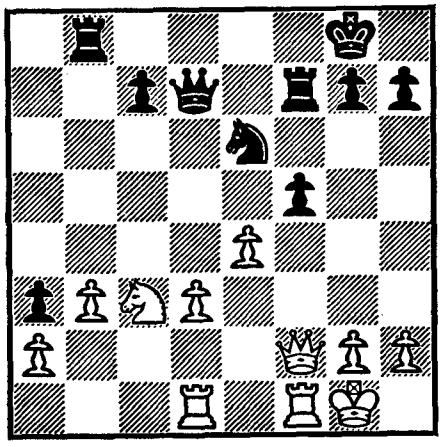
(2) *You have a losing position.* Therefore complicate. Attack boldly, even though speculatively.

(3) *The position is absolutely even.* If the position is a "theoretical" draw, do not try to force a win by overreaching its possibilities (unless you know your opponent well!).

In the following game played by the current United States chess champion Larry Evans against Sidney Bernstein, Black, realizing he has the worst of the game gambles with 26 . . . P-KB4!?, hoping for 27 PxP N-Q5, 28 P-KN4 P-KN3. The strategy fails, but it was the best practical course.

RUY LOPEZ

	L. Evans White		S. Bernstein Black	
1	P-K4	P-K4	14 B-K3	P-QR4
2	N-KB3	N-QB3	15 Q-R5	BxN
3	B-N5	P-QR3	16 QxB	Q-Q2
4	B-R4	N-B3	17 Q-B2	B-Q3
5	O-O	B-K2	18 BxP	BxB
6	BxN	QPxB	19 QxB	N-K3
7	P-Q3	N-Q2	20 Q-B2	P-R5
8	QN-Q2	P-QB4	21 QR-Q1	P-QN4
9	N-B4	P-KB3	22 N-K3	P-R6
10	N-R4	O-O	23 P-QN3	P-N5
11	P-B4	PxP	24 N-Q5	R-N1
12	BxP	R-B2	25 P-B3	PxP
13	N-B5	N-B1	26 NxP/3	P-KB4

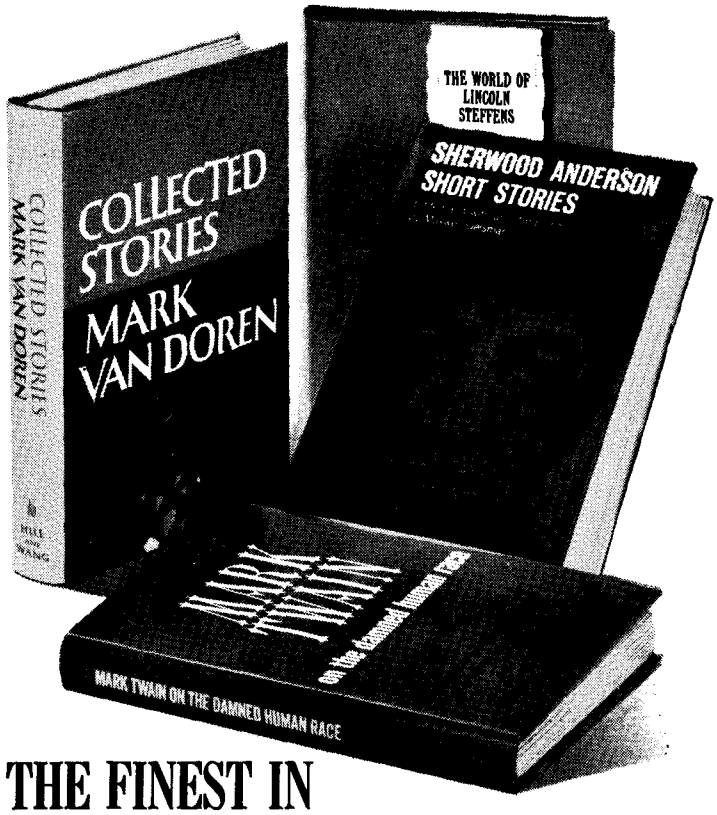


27	P-Q4	PxP	34	Q-N5	Q-N3ch
28	Q-K3	RxRch	35	K-R1	PxP
29	KxR	R-Blch	36	N-K4	P-B7
30	K-N1	Q-B2	37	K-N2	Q-N4
31	P-Q5	N-N4?!	38	N-N3	Q-K1
32	P-R4	N-B6ch	39	R-KB1	Q-K8
33	PxN	Q-N3ch	40	Q-N4	Q-Q7

41 Q-K6ch .....

The game was adjourned here. Black resigned.

—AL HOROWITZ.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Saturday Review
OCTOBER 20, 1962

A STRANGE KIND OF LOVE

By LILLIAN SMITH, *novelist and long-time student of race relations. Her best-known work, "Strange Fruit," deals with the tragedy of racial segregation.*

CAMUS speaks in "The Rebel" of a "strange kind of love" that insists on changing men's lives, a love complex, critical, and often reacted to with hate—a love which sometimes turns itself into hate when the rebel does not understand his rebellion.

You cannot come close to the present nonviolent movement in the South without feeling this strange love. It warms—and it burns. It reveals men's depths—and heights. It appeals to their compassion—and it stirs their hate. It is conciliating—and it is adamant. It is a powerful thing: men do not always behave creatively in its presence.

Gandhi knew well—no one knew better—the potency and the dangers of the nonviolent way of bringing about change: the ritualistic acting out of the need for change. And no one has used this way more successfully. One reason for his success—there were others—lay in his stern refusal to let his followers forget the seductive ease with which their own natures could misuse this ritualistic weapon. He warned them that regardless of self-discipline, or the righteousness of their cause, or the desire not to harbor resentment, *in the act of protest itself* lies dormant violence. It does not follow—his life made this plain—that protest should not occur, nor that men have devised a better or more effective way to bring about change than by the use of the nonviolent protest.

Among enlightened Southerners there is, today, more argument about this than about segregation itself. Few approve openly of Martin Luther King. The "moderates" who are amenable to "slow change" angrily protest the Negroes' use of this method; even those who have been active for full desegregation of public facilities (and hundreds of thousands of whites are) seem to feel a curious resentment toward these nonviolent rituals—or is it an undefined fear? However we name it, many of our "best people" are attacking the nonviolent methods and philosophy which the students and Dr. King's group are using.

It is of these that I write, for they are now the makers of public opinion. The day of the rabid segregationists, the obscene demagogues, is over—as recent elections in Georgia have shown. Mississippi is just beginning its ordeal, and at present there is little likelihood that leadership will arise there bold enough, wise enough to free the people quickly from their servitude to the past. The problem is the old one of states' rights vs. human rights. It is clarified as a matter of constitutional law, for Governor Barnett is defying the federal courts. He has failed in his attempt to interpose this state between young Meredith and the highest court of the land. Every thoughtful American knows his attempt had to fail. It is as simple as that. As citizens of the USA, we owe the highest court our obedience. Mississippians are not exempt. Whatever we may think of the law, it must be obeyed as it is interpreted by the Supreme Court. The President was, of course, compelled to see that obedience was given. What price Mississippians will pay for their defiance we do not know. It is possible that the Oxford ordeal will have the final effect of clearing their minds of the myths and fantasies which the demagogues have for so long substituted for the truth.

There is in much of the South, however, a more benevolent, flexible mood. Then why this angry resentment of Martin Luther King and the sit-in students? "It is not segregation we are defending," an Albany citizen wrote me, "we were going to accept desegregation of schools quietly [at least, a token desegregation]—until these Negroes started demanding things. Now look at the anger in our town! Is it right to break laws as a protest? Should young Negroes be encouraged to go to jail? Shouldn't they be taught instead to be respectable?"

Whether or not Albany would accept without resentment any kind of desegregation is highly problematical, but it is true that its citizens voted against the demagogue Griffin, and for the more moderate Sanders, for governor.

THE letter just quoted from was written by a highly intelligent woman who has often spoken out against segregation. Now she is confused—and she says her liberal friends are. You can remind them there may be a specious tinge in their insistence that Negroes obey local statutes when our officials, many of our Congressmen, and many business men have urged the whites not to obey the directives of the Supreme Court. You can remind them that in countries distant from us we call young men who fight for their freedom heroes, not "jail birds," even though they are thrown into prison.

But we miss the point by indulging in such epicyclic arguments. The reason for this moral and mental confusion lies not in the rational part of minds but closer to the mythical; much of it is down where stereotypes are made. For nearly a century we Southerners have stereotyped not only the Negro but ourselves. We now find it difficult to see ourselves or Negroes as complex human beings, each with varying gifts and differences and all with the same civil rights. Instead, we see ourselves as nice people, who, if not pushed too hard, will give Negroes a bag of goodies now and then. We see ourselves graciously handing them little bits of their rights (which are not ours to hand), doling them out as we (or our grandfathers) used to dole out fat bacon and sweets and cornmeal at Christmas. We see ourselves shimmering in an aura of kindness; we feel good-hearted,

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and often gently tender as we give our little presents. But *they are not ours to give*—ah, this is what hurts; the Negroes are reminding us their rights are not ours to give as we see fit but *theirs*—given them as human rights by God and as civil rights by the U. S. Constitution.

What hurts is watching this nice image of ourselves crumble to dust. For as the Negroes sit in, or picket, or quietly stand in front of City Hall asking for a conference with the mayor or the city council, they are not begging nor bowing and scraping; they are with dignity and self-discipline asking for what is theirs and asking for it now.

And, suddenly, the stereotypes we have made of them and of us collide and clash and break into splinters; we feel nakedly exposed as we stare at our real selves, and stunned as we stare at them: these are not "nice Negroes who are satisfied with things as they are" but human beings, wanting for themselves and their children the right to grow, to learn, to question, to become, to feel secure in their home towns. And as we glimpse ourselves we see something queasily dishonest which we cannot bear to acknowledge: how can we be so proud of our kindnesses to the few Negroes we know when we have stubbornly kept from all Negroes their civil rights—rights that are as much theirs as our civil rights are ours.

Let me say at once: the personal kindnesses shown by white individuals to Negroes, the compassion revealed in thousands of small deeds, the sacrificial acts, the risking of their lives now and then by whites who have loathed the white supremacy system—and there have been always, from Civil War days, thousands who did—are the most precious part of our Southern culture. In spite of demagogues, in spite of restrictions which have bitten as deep into our lives as into Negroes' lives, many white Southerners have been gentle, kind, and have maintained relationships of genuine quality with Negro individuals.

I say quickly, too, that I want no world where only civil rights are observed—however fairly they are observed. We need both our rights and the mercy of others; we cannot live as human beings in a world without grace. (Right here is the fatal flaw in communism, which theoretically says mercy, grace, and generosity in human relations are not needed.) But neither can men live *as men* without their civil rights. There is no "either-or"; there must be both. And dramatically, though quietly, the gestures, words, and ritualistic acts of the nonviolent protesters have brought this home to us, brought it with the same kindness and grace a few white individuals through the troubled decades have shown to them. I am willing to say that had there not been those good and valid personal relationships through the last century, a nonviolent movement could not have drawn Negroes to its philosophy; they would have found it too hard to forgive.

BUT there is another cause for the resentment of "methods" used by the nonviolent group: many suffer a severe psychic difficulty in dealing with this "strange love." Compassion from someone you consider beneath you, or whom you have harmed, enrages you—if you are easily enraged—a forgiving spirit in a Negro can, as one man said to me, "make you want to tear him to pieces." "What is he forgiving me for? What have *I* done?" Things boil inside: guilt chokes kindness; arrogance claws at fairness. The truth is that we can meet nonviolence creatively only if we respect nonviolence; we can relate to compassion only if somewhere in us there exists a little compassion; we can give justice only if we value justice; we can respond to humor in some of these situations only if we value humor.

The nonviolent philosophy is a catalyst, powerful and difficult in its spiritual demands.

And there is something else: it is human not to want to be put in a position where we act or despise ourselves for not acting. The Negroes' nonviolent protests bring to a town its moment of truth. We can no longer slide along complacently. We are compelled to make decisions, right or wrong. Suppose, for instance, you walk into a drug store where Negro students are sitting-in at the lunch counter. There they are: quietly sitting on the stools, usually reading school books, sometimes the Bible. You watch: suddenly white hoodlums edge in. One slaps a student; another sticks a burning cigarette in a back. The students do not move. Every muscle in you aches to help these students, and yet you do nothing; you would tackle the hoodlums (maybe), but you tell yourself you might start a riot. (And you might.) And suddenly you are sick with guilt. How can you stand there! Then, as suddenly, anger overcomes your guilt and you yell (silently) to the students, "Fight back!" But the nonviolent protesters just sit there, taking the blows, taking the burning cigarette. Now, something else happens inside you: a nasty, indecent something whispers, "OK, cowards, let the hoodlums use the chain on you! See if I care!" You walk out; you have not done or said a thing. But you are sick all over, for you do care what happens, you can't help but care, and suddenly you are raging mad with yourself and with the hoodlums and with the students and you settle the stinging turmoil inside you by saying, "It is these Negroes who are disturbing the peace of our town; things were fine—until they came."

Or maybe you are a prominent businessman, sitting in your office, trying to make a profitable deal for your firm—and beyond you is this spiritual turmoil, this challenge; you know it concerns you and your children but there is this deal to pull off—so you turn your moment of truth over to the chief of police and tell him to "handle those Negroes who are disturbing the peace." Whose peace? Yours? The hoodlums?

They have certainly disturbed something in your town—but not its peace: only its apathy, its complacency, its

—Wide World.

House Speaker Walter Silliers, Governor Ross Barnett, and Lt. Governor Paul Johnson pose outside the Mississippi State House after the legislature passed a law designed to block James Meredith's entry to the University of Mississippi.

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paralysis in the face of a changing, whirling world that won't wait, no matter how loudly we Americans, South or North, beg it to wait. And they have mixed up your values, they have disturbed your peace of soul and mine—for we have not measured up to the moral challenge offered us, the biggest that will be offered us in our lifetime. And now. . . .

And now, we are touching a sensitive thing, hard to grasp firmly and bring up for eyes to look at: segregation itself. What has this way of life done to us all? Have we whites, by its terrible logic, changed from human beings into hollow men? Where is our virtue? Our excellence? Did we trade it for white superiority? Have we in this cultural nightmare turned into the stereotype we made of the Negro's soul? Is it *we* who are satisfied with things as they are? Is it *we* who are apathetic and without courage to speak up for the rights of our own and other children to grow and become? Where is the hollowness we thought we had made when, in stereotyping "the Negro," we scooped out his love of freedom, his spiritual dignity, his hope? Is it now inside our own souls? Did we think we could dehumanize the Negro without dehumanizing ourselves?

AND now, we are touching something else: the dynamic quality of change itself. How can we change the Southern way of life without changing ourselves? Without learning to think with honest logic? The nonviolent movement is telling us, by its philosophy and its ritualistic acts, that change comes not only by a few external acts but by a great many internal acts. It is forcing us—although its leaders may be only dimly aware of it—into embarking on an Orphic journey. It is compelling us to seek the hidden poetic truth in this tumultuous agony to reach deep into our hell and grasp Eurydice by our questions and lure her close enough for our hearts to feel her once more. This movement, not by its nonviolent methods but by the reiteration of those powerful words *love, compassion, redemption, grace,* is compelling us to search for truth, that of our region and of ourselves. Their radiating power reminds us that we must find a new way of relating ourselves not only to each other but to reality itself, to the times we live in, to ultimate concerns.

And some of us had thought we could skin out of the dark, bitter past without even admitting we had done wrong. We had thought a little "token" desegregation would rub out a century of our calendar of sins. How simple-minded and how blank we have been!

—Wide World.

James Meredith, escorted by U.S. Marshals, leaves the University of Mississippi after being turned down for admission.

The Black Muslims—growing steadily in power and influence—are telling Negroes to beware the nonviolent movement: "Those Negroes and that Martin Luther King are actually forgiving white folks for centuries of sins! They are appeasers ready to settle for integration. Well, we are not! We want black supremacy and are going to get it. Someday, we'll make the whites pay for their sins." But the whites are not listening to the Black Muslims; they are resenting, wasting precious time resenting the firm, quiet offers made by Dr. King and the students and other leaders to "reason together and work things out." The nonviolent protesters are demanding their rights, yes; but at the same time they are offering us not "black supremacy," not a black KKK, not black mobs, but gifts of good will, conciliation, forgiveness. They don't want to take our rights away (as do the Black Muslims); they only want theirs. But the big story, which many are missing, is that now has come *their* time to heal broken relationships, to "give presents" of mutual forgiveness, and a mutual bearing of spiritual burdens.

This arouses in some, not warmth, not gratitude, not awe, but anxiety. They find this strange love offered us, this passion for our common welfare and common future extremely disturbing. One man said this: "Let the Black Muslims come! I prefer them to these damned nonviolent niggers. I know what to do with a Black Muslim." But what does one do when offered forgiveness and love? This means we've "gotta straighten things out," as one white put it. And how hard this now seems to people who had convinced themselves that a little token desegragation would do it—then business could go on as usual, art could go on as usual, philosophy, religion could go on as usual, politics. . . .

And now—now we know better.

A man must accept limits to his rebellion, as Camus so wisely said, whether it is rebellion against the past or the future. If the word "moderation" has any meaning left in it after its misuse for the past decade, it lies in this necessity to accept limits. The nonviolent group has done so: its members exclude physical violence and verbal arrogance; they exclude resentment; they try never to refuse a chance for conciliating talks. But they put no limit on each individual's capacity for forgiveness, no limit on compassion, no limit on willingness to help bear the white man's psychic burdens.

This is, in effect, a tremendous spiritual challenge to white Southerners—one many of us are unable to rise to at present. These acts, these words—how are we to answer? Where have *we* put the limits to our rebellion against change? Are limits set only against mobs, terrorists, arsonists, demagogues? Only against the closing of our schools? Have we set limits to our arrogance, our hubris, our complacency, our refusal to see what the future demands of us? Can we meet compassion with compassion, justice with justice, reconciliation with reconciliation? There can be no limits to love, it must be (and is) durable and long-lasting; there can be no limits to honor and justice and mercy.

Only a profound humility can say, "We have done wrong and are even now doing wrong." It requires character to be humble, character to accept this "strange love" offered by Negroes to help us bear the burdens of our common future and our common fears.

This strange love is the essence of the Christian religion; its roots go deep into the Jewish religion; it is what valid religion is about. That superb writer, Charles Williams, now dead but well remembered in England, a friend of T. S. Eliot and C. S. Lewis, speaks in his essays and novels more clearly than any contemporary writer of the love that says, "Let me bear your fear for you; you can then do what you need to do; let me ease you of your anxiety; I cannot do your work, this you must do, but I can bear your fear." And though the leaders of the nonviolent movement have not used these words, they, in their ritualistic acts and their conciliating talk, are saying to the white South: "You have no need to fear revenge or malice from us; all we ask is that you let us help bear the fears you have for the future; all we want is to help meet that future with courage—and with grace."

But many whites turn away saying, "They make mistakes, too; they are not always forgiving; some of their

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The Quality of Mercy Strained

By GRANVILLE HICKS

READING Davis Grubb's new novel, **"The Voices of Glory"** (Scribners, $5.95), one is naturally reminded of Edgar Lee Masters's "Spoon River Anthology," published nearly fifty years ago. Of course the books are in many ways not at all alike: one is a collection of brief statements in free verse, the other a series of longish narratives in prose. But each seeks to reveal a community through the utterances, often contradictory, of a variety of its inhabitants. Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio," William March's "Company K," and perhaps Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" owed something to "Spoon River Anthology," and now we have Grubb's novel.

Grubb's community is Glory, West Virginia, probably to be identified with his native Moundsville. The time is 1928, nine years after the author was born. (In view of the fact that one of the major characters is named Louis Delaplaine, it may be significant that the author's earlier novel, "A Dream of Kings," was dedicated to Louis Delaplaine Grubb.) Among the twenty-eight speakers, some alive, some dead, are several doctors, a couple of preachers, an owner of mines, an editor, a real estate man, a teacher, a barber, a Negro handyman, a judge, a mail carrier, a prison guard, a housekeeper. Theirs are the voices of Glory.

Something more is at stake, however, than the revelation of a community. The voices are raised because a woman named Marcy Cresap is being tried for the illegal practice of medicine. As we piece the story together, Marcy, the daughter of a fine old humanitarian, was married to a doctor, Louis Delaplaine, of equally generous sympathies. After the death of her husband and their son from tuberculosis, she devoted herself to a crusade against that disease and all diseases, and, as an employee of the United States Public Health Service, offended most of the doctors and certain of the other respectable and wealthy citizens of Glory. Diligent and self-sacrificing in the highest degree, she ministered to the sick and at the same time tried to strike at the roots of disease. And at last her enemies set out to destroy her.

The voices speak on one side or the other, and the reader soon notices that most, though not all, of the respectable citizens are against Marcy, and all of the poor and oppressed and socially outcast are her advocates. But the division is not merely economic: those who love Marcy love life; those who hate her are so warped as to have lost the capacity for love. Among the haters are an opportunistic clergyman, an embittered physician, a once idealistic politician who, humiliated and betrayed, became a leader of the Ku Klux Klan, and a tough guy who is a repressed homosexual.

All this sounds promising enough, and yet the novel is a failure. For one thing, the device Grubb has chosen raises difficulties that he has not solved. There is, for instance, the problem of the dead. In "Spoon River Anthology" all of the characters are in the graveyard, and each delivers himself of a kind of epitaph; the form is neat, based on classical models, and no embarrassing questions are raised. In "The Voices of Glory," on the other hand, the dead, lying in the cemetery on the hill above the city, somehow manage to communicate with one another, know what is going on in the world of the living, and comment on their blessed state—though why it is blessed is by no means clear. The whole concept is one at which the imagination of the reader boggles.

IN the second place, the figure of Marcy Cresap is a unifying force only in a mechanical fashion, for in several of the stories her name is quite arbitrarily introduced. Furthermore, the character of Marcy—Grubb apparently couldn't quite get up his nerve to name her Mercy—is a good deal less than credible. We put no stock, and are supposed to put no stock, in what her enemies say about her; but if we believe her friends, she is, as the saying goes, out of this world. Nothing like a satisfying picture emerges from the glimpses we are given.

As for the individual stories, many of them are flawed in one way or another. Some are grossly implausible: a veterinarian successfully removes the ruptured appendix of a woman who has been anesthetized by a blow on the jaw. There is heavy reliance on coincidence: a man fires a shot at random and kills his son; the man who plays clown and keeps the children from hysteria on the day of a mine disaster has a son among the victims. Melodrama is everywhere. People, good people, are always being framed: a Negro who is seduced by a white woman, the idealistic politician I have already mentioned, the well-intentioned warden of a prison, a chemist who befriends Marcy. And in the final chapter we have a touch of fantasy, with death in the guise of a traveling salesman.

IT is also necessary to report that the style is not equal to the demands that the form of the novel makes upon it. Since we have a long series of autobiographical narratives, style should serve to differentiate the various characters. To a certain extent, of course, it does: Grubb's doctors and barbers and handymen and professors don't talk the same way. But he shows no great mastery of the vernacular, and the subtleties of character are seldom revealed through language. Sometimes he allows a character a flight of fancy, and that is all right, too, for nobody can say that his narratives must always be flatly realistic; but his fancifulness is often mawkish. This is particularly true in the final chapter, in which the life-loving Martha Ann Turk, housekeeper for good Dr. Cecil, tells about Marcy's trial. Here, in what should be the great summing up of Grubb's thesis, sentimentality takes over.

Some of the characters are reasonably well defined, and some of the stories are interesting enough; but the book, taken as a whole, is disappointing, and on all levels. We get no such sense of the community as emerges from "Spoon River Anthology" and "Winesburg, Ohio." Marcy remains a character in a fairy tale, much, much too good to be true. And the celebration of life bogs down in sticky goo. I liked Grubb's first two novels, "The Night of the Hunter" and "A Dream of Kings," both of which showed impressive imaginative power. I don't know what has happened to that power, but it isn't operative in this book except by fits and starts. Was Grubb so dazzled by his original idea that he failed to see how far short his performance was falling?

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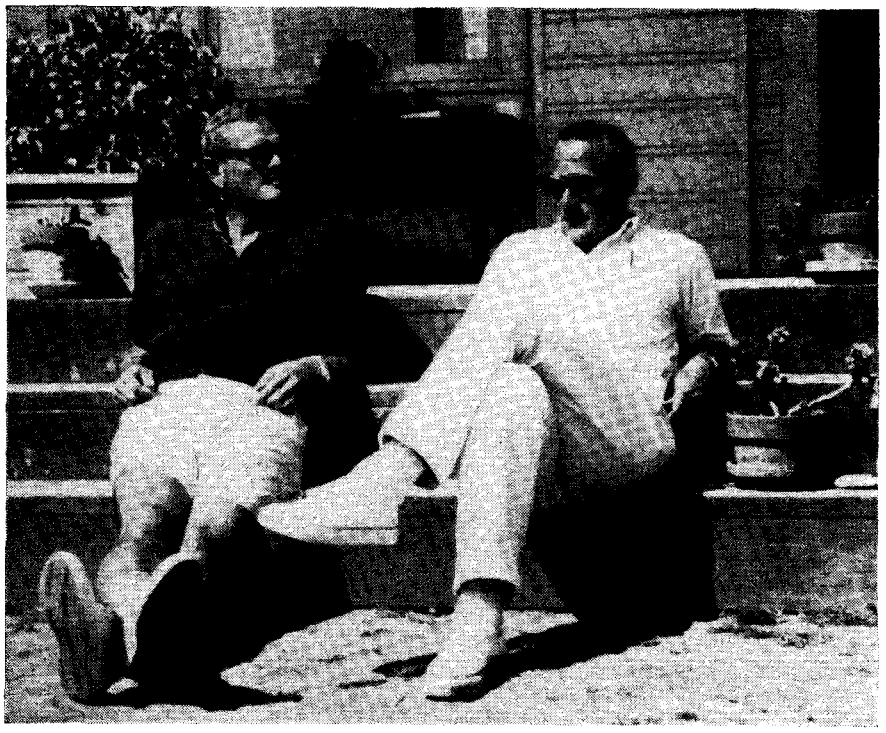
Fallible Man and His Infernal Machines



Burdick (left) and Wheeler—the "ingredients are not fictitious."

"Fail-Safe," by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler *(McGraw-Hill. 286 pp. $4.95), may become the most discussed book of the year.*

By NORMAN COUSINS

THIS book is both a novel and an essay on the end of man. Let us consider it first as a novel. It is a swiftly paced, ingeniously constructed suspense story—in many ways the most unusual suspense story ever written. What makes it unique is that the ingredients that have gone into it have never existed until now. These ingredients are not fictitious. They are the peculiar properties of a transistorized-nuclear age in which man has gained possession of totally destructive powers before he has lost the habit of war.

One of these ingredients goes by the official name of "fail-safe"—a system devised by the Strategic Air Command to sustain a constant air alert. Jet planes loaded with nuclear explosives are kept in the air on an around-the-clock basis. A world-wide radar network scans the skies constantly for unidentified flying objects that might be part of a lightning-fast strike against the United States. The information collected by these radar stations is fed into the war-control room of the U.S. Strategic Air Command at Omaha, Nebraska. The system utilizes electronic computers and all the non-human facilities which the human mind could devise that would not be prone to human error. If an unidentified flying object should persist on the radar screens, defying reasonable explanation, it would set off a series of alerts, culminating in the "Red" signal, meaning war.

The jet planes that are constantly in the air do not wait for the "Red" alert before turning in the direction of the enemy. Just the appearance of strange objects on the radar screens is sufficient to send them on their nuclear-attacking missions. But they are supposed to turn back in the absence of confirming orders to proceed.

This system is not fictional. It is in constant operation. Has it ever actually been put into play? Certainly. Every time our radar screens spot a strange object, jet planes are sent on their way. On at least two occasions, the alerts came perilously close to war. One occurred several years ago when a dense migration of geese touched off the alarms. An even more serious situation developed some months ago when lunar interference activated this "fail-safe" procedure. In sum, "fail-safe" is not a casual military exercise but a dominant fact of life of concern to everyone on this particular planet.

Inevitably, the question that emerges from all this is whether "fail-safe" could lead to war by accident. Government officials say not. They point out that the use of electronic brains and automation equipment reduces practically to zero the possibility of an error triggering a nuclear war. And this is precisely what the novel by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler is all about. They have conceived of a situation in which an error *does* occur—an error that persists and multiplies itself until it is beyond recall or recovery. They have invested this situation with life-sized characters, men who have to operate the nuclear switchboards but who, it develops, are themselves manipulated by their electronic offspring. The novel is therefore less about an ultimate war between one nation and another than it is about the ultimate war between man and his machines.

It is in this sense that the book becomes an essay on man—and a powerful one. It indicates that as man has gone up in the order of power he has gone down in the order of control. It melodramatizes the fact that man knows how to do everything except survive. It shows how the things men worship determine who they are, how they behave, and how they will die. The preoccupation with power makes power king. The fascination with transistored intelligence ends in the collapse of human thought. And the total absence of the clarifying power of human conscience removes the only genuine protection of human life.

Whether as essay or novel, this book leaves the reader defenseless. He is quickly subdued into staying with it until he finishes it because of its narrative pull and because it is his life that is directly involved in the outcome. He will be chilled to his cortex by the awareness that the prime elements of this cosmic horror story exist in real life and are being intensified daily. He will be terrified by the ease with which

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A Novel of World War III

ABOUT THE AUTHORS: A rapid-fire trans-continental talk with Eugene Burdick, co-author with William Lederer of "The Ugly American," and Harvey Wheeler (they had been holed up in a Port Richmond, California, studio during the final stages of writing "Fail-Safe") crackled something like this.

BURDICK: Like Harvey, I was born in the Midwest; like most Iowans, my parents headed for Los Angeles. At Stanford I majored in rat psychology and soon learned that the big problems wouldn't be solved by watching rats . . . that I'd better study humans.

WHEELER: As a kid in Greensburg, Indiana, I delivered ice and filled coal bins during summers. My boss got me a scholarship to a Benedictine Academy in Arkansas. Then to Wabash College for two years and Indiana University for one. I dropped out to work in an auto parts factory before I entered the service. I was in Normandy with a military government unit when Bud was fighting in the Pacific. **E. B.:** I managed to make Lieutenant Commander. They gave me a medal for rescuing a bunch of burnt and shell-shocked men blown off a troop transport at Guadalcanal. I was so infuriated by the war correspondents who wanted battle-weary Marines to say they were more frightened about facing War Bond drive audiences than the Japs (and this to guys with pants still stained with urine and pus because they hadn't had a chance to undress for five days) . . . that I began to write about what really went on out there. My first story, "Rest Camp on Maui," placed second in the O'Henry Prize stories of 1947 after Wallace Stegner helped me rework it. Stegner's easily the most important literary person in my life. **H. W.:** I landed at Harvard for my Ph.D. and went on to teach political theory at Johns Hopkins and Washington & Lee. I'm on leave now as a consultant to the Center for Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara. That's where Bud and I met.

E. B.: You're getting ahead of me, Harvey. After a year at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar I had another stretch of service during the Korean war. Mostly war-gaming at the Newport Naval College and teaching political philosophy to senior officers. I finally settled down to teaching at the University of California in 1952.

H. W.: No, there were no problems in collaboration. Probably because we live the same kind of lives, are the same age, have similar backgrounds. It was a thrilling, gut-tightening experience. **E. B.:** There was actually a curious reversal of roles during the writing. Harvey, the scholar and researcher, showed a marked flair for characterization and often came up with some fascinating depictions of action. I, on the other hand, became absorbed with the technical aspects of weaponry and started to make bizarre suggestions. Some of them turned out to be technically correct! **H. W.:** I think collaboration is more satisfying than writing solo. The creative process is entirely different. One of us would raise a suggestion. Immediately the other's face would light up. He'd take the thought, toy with it, develop it. This heightened the excitement of the other. He'd take it back—truly exhilarated by the development . . . move the thought further along, back and forth until it was right. Then one of us would pick up the dictating machine and sketch it out. **E. B.:** As our discs grew into mounds of transcript we had a wild time keeping them separate and sensible. We circled the proliferating chapters as if they were top-secret, fragile and dangerous. Our wives helped keep the plot consistent, checked up on newest weapons, typed and retyped.

H. W.: I think Bud will agree that we were both more objective and receptive to suggestion than either could have been working alone. Somehow collaboration has the ability to produce a more perfect (if not more personal) result in the same way that the proper dialogue should produce a truly dialectic result. **E. B.:** Both of us have been deeply influenced by Bob Hutchins and his wondrous way with the dialectic process.

E. B.: The research was endless: Congressional Records, professional journals, books on nuclear warfare and strategy. We interviewed scores of physicists and scientists with A.E.C., the Rand Corporation, the government. Almost all of them gave us the classical response: "*Of course* war by accident not only could happen . . . it probably *will*." **H. W.:** There won't be anyone around to write a book about World War III after it's over. That's why we wrote it now. We've reached a point in history where the crisis is so grave and the issues so imponderable that only a forceful novel can teach the lessons of political theory. **E. B.:** Everyone from Khrushchev to Seaborg to the nuclear strategists are worried, but no one quite knows how to take first steps. We hope our book will force the issue out into the open.

H. W.: Millions of Americans will get the message. It's the Book-of-the-Month November selection. But we're worried about its getting through to the Russians. **E. B.:** One of its central themes is the paralyzing immobility into which both sides are frozen and the fact that we are now duplicating each other—not only in weaponry but in stereotyped thinking about each other. We're taking steps to see what the chances are for Russian publication. **H. W.:** Equally important, if not more so, is to get a movie made fast! **E. B.:** Several producers were excited about the film possibilities and were ready to make offers, but wanted Department of Defense approval. This was not forthcoming, so most of them are waiting to see what will happen when the book comes out.

H. W.: No, we don't think people will panic when they read "Fail-Safe." Beneath the surface indifference people are concerned. No one has provided them with a means or the vocabulary for discussing their deep secret horror. We hope the book does just that and that it will give the reader the sort of catharsis Aristotle attributed to Hellenic tragedy. We would hate for readers to be scared away from the book through fear of its horror and without the knowledge that their final impression will not be one of revulsion, but quite the opposite: a positive rather than a negative feeling at the end.

E. B.: Reaction from scientists has been uniform: the book is "realistic." I. I. Rabi thinks it can have an effect comparable to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in opening up a great public debate. As far as the Strategic Air Command goes, the public record shows that they are concerned about war by accident. They have come precariously close to it a couple of times and have people working on the problem full-time. I predict their reaction to "Fail-Safe" will be that it is impossible, a dangerous fantasy, has nothing to do with the realities of the situation . . . but we are making careful plans about preventing precisely what the book describes, or something along those lines. They know the book is sound, but it will be a strange new day when a huge institution does not respond by automatically defending itself by a counter-attack on anything threatening said about it.

—Mary Kersey Harvey.

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Science, Man, and Politics

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of this week's guest editorial is a distinguished biochemist and winner of the Nobel Prize for Medicine (1937). He is presently director of research at the Institute of Muscle Research, Marine Biological Laboratories, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.*

THE DOMINANT influence of science is perhaps the outstanding fact of today's world. It is an influence that extends over practically every aspect of human life. But what is this "science"? Why has it acquired such a leading role? To answer these questions we must look back.

It is possible to divide the history of science into three distinct periods: ancient, classical, and modern. What characterized ancient science was naïve confidence in the perfection of our senses and of our reasoning. What man saw was the ultimate reality. The earth was flat, and the stars and sun rotated around it. This was taught by Ptolemy. When things were touched, they felt dry or wet, hard or soft; so it followed that they must be the ultimate elements out of which the universe is built. This was taught by Aristotle. There was an "up" and a "down," an absolute space and hence an absolute geometry. This was taught by Euclid. As to questions outside our immediate reach, these could be answered through the use of reason, which was considered superior to experience as a guide.

In that great awakening of the Western mind, the Renaissance, man began to look at things differently. Aristotle had taught that a big stone falls faster than a small one, but a young man by the name of Galileo dropped a big and a small stone simultaneously from a tower, while his companions below observed which of them hit the pavement first. Thus he established that they both fell with the same velocity. Instead of trusting to his reasoning, he had modestly asked a question of nature: he had done an experiment. This same young man later began to doubt the perfection of his eyes; so he improved them with a telescope and discovered the satellites of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn, never before seen by man. There was also an indication here that the universe could not, after all, have been built to the measure of man. And before Galileo's experiments, Copernicus had said that it was possible that the earth rotated around the sun, rather than the sun around the earth. Kepler replaced crude observation with analysis of Tycho Brahe's careful measurements, and established the three laws of planetary motion.

Thus began the classical period of science, which culminated in Newton's calculations. But this classical science, however exciting, had little influence on human life. It was merely intellectual play for a selected few. It corrected many earlier errors, but it found nothing new that man could not "understand" from having experienced something similar before. If he was told that it is gravitation which holds our globe chained to the sun, he understood. He might not have had the least notion of what gravitation is, but he knew that it made apples fall, and this he had seen before; so he understood.

Man could still feel at home in this new world of classical science. Its most essential feature was not that it corrected errors and extended our vision. Its essential feature was a new attitude toward the surrounding universe, a more humble and modest one. If we wanted to know something, we had to collect data and try to fit them together with a neutral mind, uncompromising intellectual honesty, and unbiased by personal interest, fear, or profit.

At the turn of this century (1896), two mysterious discoveries heralded the beginning of a new period, that of modern science. The one was the discovery of X rays by Roentgen, the other the discovery of radioactivity by Becquerel. This is the science of today, and it has disclosed that behind the world of man's experience is an entirely different world, a world in which he is a complete stranger, a world which he was not made for—a world of quanta, photons, electrons, electromagnetic waves, and relativity. No human experience comes to our help to "understand" these.

To penetrate this hidden world, mathematics, which is valid for all dimensions, is needed. Using mathematics, man has descended into this new world and brought up some of its components, which he has implanted in his daily life. He has replaced the speed of the horse with the speed of light. He has replaced the forces of his flimsy terrestrial fires with the cosmic energies of the atom.

THE result? The result is a new world in which we are unfit to live. The changeover has caught us unawares; it has left us no time for adjustment. It has produced a dilemma from which there is only one escape, a slow one, and we have no time. Our atomic guns are already lined up ready to fire. Atomic weapons are spreading and multiplying to the extent that soon a final conflagration will become unavoidable.

The only way out is to apply to political questions the same humble, honest, objective approach that has characterized the development of science. Yet, there is not at present one scientist in Congress. Scientists are consulted, but only on technical questions, not on basic issues of policy. Unfortunately the electorate will not vote for scientific-minded people until it can think scientifically itself, and in this it has a very long way to go. Somehow this distance must be traveled, and quickly. —ALBERT SZENT-GYORGYI.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

..IGHT IDEA, WRONG PARTY

WHILE APPLAUDING the purport of Mr. Shayon's comments on the Kennedy-McCormack debate [*SR*, Sept. 22], may I venture to correct what appears to be a misapprehension on his part—namely that Stuart Hughes was a "third [presumably Democratic] man in the [Massachusetts] primary race"? In fact, of the five potential candidates for the Senate (Kennedy, McCormack, Curtis, Lodge, Hughes), Mr. Hughes was the only one who had no cause for nervousness in the primary election—he has been assured of a place on the November ballot ever since July 31, when he was able to file well over the 75,000 validated signatures required to enable him to run as an Independent this fall.

It is entirely true, of course, that he has not been given the same coverage as his opponents have received in the press, on radio, and on TV. Presumably, now that the Senate race is on in earnest, this situation will be remedied. (One wonders, in truth, whether it really will.)

MRS. JEROME P. FACHER.
Waban, Mass.

ROBERT SHAYON's criticism of the form of the Massachusetts preprimary television debates is well taken, but I believe he misunderstands the point of those debates when he states *Independent* U.S. Senate candidate H. Stuart Hughes should have been included.

However, as a member of the news panel which participated in the first Kennedy-McCormack debate and in the single Lodge-Curtis debate, I must agree with Mr. Shayon that the results were less than satisfying; the rigid format prevented us from returning to topics to knot some of the loose ends. I would say that the more recent direct-confrontation debate (sans questioners) between Republican George Lodge and Mr. Hughes proved to be both provocative and informational. I hope that we will see more of such encounters on domestic as well as foreign-policy issues before November 6 here in Massachusetts; perhaps then the election might be something more than a popularity poll.

DAVID MACNEILL,
Director, News/Programming,
WCRB, Boston.
Boston, Mass.

WHAT IS PRIMITIVE?

PRAISE YAHWEH for Joseph Wood Krutch and his "The Infatuation with the Primitive" [*SR*, Sept. 29]. For long years now I have watched the adulation and adoration of what properly seemed to me to be an inverted renaissance of the ugly, the barbaric, and the primitive, so that I had come privately to regard myself as a modern Ruth standing amid the alien corn, if a corny.

A few hours before the *SR* came to my hand, I saw the TV showing of the opening of the new Philharmonic Hall in the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. This Glass Menagerie appalled me. Mr. Krutch may well ask, "Why has architecture, too, moved away from Greek Grace and Roman dignity . . . ?

REV. ELLIS JONES HOUGH, D.D.
St. Louis, Mo.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH doesn't lend much clarification to the already overworked and loaded word "primitive." Among the synonyms for this word found in "Webster's" are: primeval, original, first, old-fashioned, quaint, simple, and unsophisticated. It mentions nothing about geography, intelligence, or tendency toward cruelty.

The almost realistic Lascaux paintings are ages away in time *and* in spirit from the highly stylized and sophisticated nineteenth-century African masks which he chose to illustrate his point, as these are in turn from a fifteenth-century bronze head from Ife, or a Maori house post from New Zealand. Yet, all are loosely called primitive. To complete the general misunderstanding of this word, he should also bring in such "primitive" painters as Rousseau and Grandma Moses.

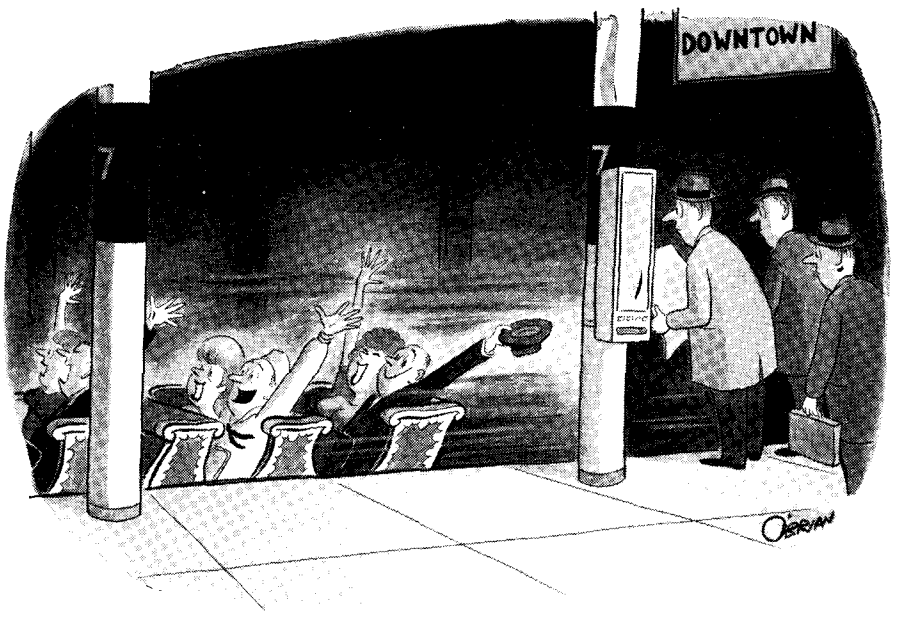
W. T. GAMBLING,
Art Department,
The State University College.
Potsdam, N.Y.

FOR A MEMBER of a society which has killed more with less effort, polluted more with greater intent, and built more skyscrapers with fewer thirteenth floors to describe primitive man as "cruel, dirty, and bedeviled by senseless taboos" seems just a bit pompous if not hypocritical.

TOM BALITI.
Tucson, Ariz.

THE ART OF THE "PRIMITIVE" people which has attracted the admiration of our great modern artists and art viewers is in my opinion no way barbarous. To think that the occasional "ugly" piece is the source of our attraction to African art is a naive generalization. The "infatuation" is based on a true art unencumbered by academic rules and commerce. The art of the Africans is startlingly free and interesting. Most important, the best pieces have great beauty, as the author's illustrations clearly demonstrate.

MRS. ROBERT MANDELBAUM.
Brooklyn, N.Y.



FRESH AIR FROM THE SOUTH?

UNLIKE YOUR APPLAUDING REVIEWER, Mr. Philip Van Slyck, who reviewed "The Alliance for Progress," a collection of essays put out by John Hopkins University Press [*SR*, Sept. 1], I fail to see any reason for publishing this book. It is merely a glib recital by all the old political stand-bys of the State Department and several dutiful Latin American yes-men. They take in each other's faded washing, mouthing a lot of empty catch-words such as social progress and economic advancement and freedom, freedom, freedom . . . all made in the USA.

Why not allow a little fresh air blow in from Latin America? Why not get the views of the vigorous commentators on the Holy Alliance from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn? The breeze would blow away a lot of the musty provincialism.

How about, for example, the brilliant statement by Carlos Fuentes that has circulated throughout Latin America, but not in the United States. The leading Mexican novelist was supposed to discuss the Holy Alliance with Assistant Secretary of State Richard N. Goodwin over the air, but at the last minute Fuentes was denied a visa. It is our loss. The rest of the world heard Fuentes's words? Why can't we hear them?

CARLETON BEALS.
Killingworth, Conn.

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Correspondence de Profundis

"The Letters of Oscar Wilde," edited by Rupert Hart-Davis *(Harcourt, Brace & World. 958 pp. $15), cover twenty-five years that saw the writer as an Oxford undergraduate, famed playwright and wit, prison inmate, and exiled outcast. Harry T. Moore is on the faculty of the University of Colorado.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

THESE 1,098 letters by Oscar Wilde were gathered from all over the English-speaking world, Los Angeles to Oxford; and the amazing thing is that only a few of them have been published before. Their energetic editor, Rupert Hart-Davis, has added helpful commentaries, though he has not solved the vexing problem of how many annotations to jam onto the same page with the main text; too many of them hamper straightforward reading of even the most compelling material.

If Wilde's letters are not as great as those of, say, Keats, they are nevertheless acutely important in their area, because they present so much new information about the man and his milieu. They will certainly induce further biographies of Wilde.

The correspondence begins in 1875, when the eager young Oxford student touring Italy writes of its wonders to his parents back home in Ireland; it ends a quarter-century later, when the man who is dying at forty-six in a dingy Left Bank hotel tries vainly to collect money from the roguish Frank Harris. In between, the years of fame glow in their yellow and purple aura.

Of all Wilde's letters, the most attractive are the unaffected early ones, many of them written to Oxford friends. (Some of the latter were included in Vyvyan Holland's "Son of Oscar Wilde.") It is good to have even the fewer than sixty pages from this period which accent the happiness of the brilliant youth about to lay siege to London. Before long he is there, sending respectful letters and copies of his first book of verse to Browning, Gladstone, and Arnold. Wilde submits his first play to Ellen Terry, whom he soon addresses as "My dear Nellie." The good years follow, with travel, marriage, and success as a playwright. The letters

—*Culver.*

Oscar Wilde in his "aesthetic" period.

from that time reflect some of the dinner-table wit of the man whose talk delights society.

But the *billets-doux* to the profligate young Lord Alfred ("Bosie") Douglas are oppressively florid; and such sentences as "Your slim gilt soul walks between passion and poetry" are to cause embarrassment when read aloud in court. Before this occurs, Wilde writes to a friend (in 1895) in much simpler language that has the chord of doom in it: "Since I saw you something has happened. Bosie's father has left a card at my club with hideous words on it." The flamboyant Marquess of Queensberry has struck. A few letters and several pages later, Wilde is serving his two-year prison term.

This phase, and the subsequent agitated wanderings until his death in 1900, take up almost 500 pages—nearly half the book. The letters of the post-prison days are the most revealing of all, with their accounts of Wilde's life in the homosexual underworld. But the shafts of mischievous wit continue to fly, as in the description of Frank Harris "thinking about Shakespeare at the top of his voice."

During Wilde's tormented last years, when he often felt the sting of "that mosquito, money," he only rarely shook off the artificiality that had become habitual with him. Except in his protests to government and press on the subject of prison reform, he was almost unable to call up the language of sincerity. That he could not do so is apparent in the famous prison letter named (by others) "De Profundis," a document which the present book prints correctly for the first time. In the course of the eighty-eight pages of this letter, Wilde speaks of his need to "weep undisturbed" in "secret valleys," and says that he hopes he will find "the right road," although he "may fall many times in the mire, and often in the mist go astray." The reproaches of Douglas are justifiable, but they are drawn out to petulant length.

If Wilde is an almost classic figure of tragedy as the man in high place who brings about his own destruction, he seems, in the serious passages of these later writings, more often fretful and merely pathetic than genuinely tragic. But this does not reduce the interest of his life story, or diminish sympathy for the man whose true "crime" was prolonged immaturity.

His letters serve to emphasize the dominance of that life story, and, indeed, of all manifestations of his personality, over his literary efforts. As he told André Gide, he gave only his talent to his writings and spent his genius on living; and today his writings seem thin. At one level his work remains interesting as an example of late nineteenth-century decadence, but it lives more brightly on the level of its wit. Who can ever forget such Wildean definitions as that of the fox-hunting squire as "the unspeakable in full pursuit of the uneatable"? Today Wilde's liveliest comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest," holds its own, as its characters move from one flashing sentence to another. Yet, after "Earnest," these letters may well prove to be Wilde's most impressive achievement, as a monument of personalia and a valuable projection of a time and place. They exhibit Wilde at his worst and best, forgivable even in some of his most outrageous faking, and always magnetically human.

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Escape Into Living

"More Lives Than One," by Joseph Wood Krutch *(William Sloane. 378 pp. $5), recalls the author's progress from Knoxville, Tennessee, to sophisticated New York literary circles, and finally to a bucolic life in Arizona. Sally Carrighar has written books on numerous themes, but chiefly on nature.*

By SALLY CARRIGHAR

THIS autobiography reports the progress of a mind even more than it does of a life—no surprise to anyone who has followed Mr. Krutch's adventures among ideas in his past books and magazine pieces. Many incidents are recorded, and many of the author's contemporaries have their intelligent and witty say, but all serves as the material of Mr. Krutch's evolving thought, whose development gives continuity to the intellectual history of the period as well as to Mr. Krutch's philosophy.

Even in writing about his childhood in Knoxville, it is less the scene that Mr. Krutch gives us than the rebellious mind of a boy. His revolt had to germinate out of his own skeptical temperament, for his family provided few excuses for discontent. He explains gratefully, "The family atmosphere was unusual only in that it was peaceful, secure, and sympathetically tolerant." Nor did he experience the other kinds of opposition that often are needed to sharpen a first-rate critical faculty. But he learned to question, and "That is probably one of the reasons why . . . I believe that the direction in which the twig is bent counts for less than the native tendency to incline one way or another." That statement expresses his iconoclasm, since the current emphasis is on the bending of twigs.

Because of the direction his later life has taken, Mr. Krutch has been accused of escapism; but he claims, convincingly, that he is not alienated from man but only "from very much contemporary psychology, sociology, and political science. They have attempted to explain me to myself and I reject the explanation." And besides, "more and more . . . I realized that there was something I wanted to escape *into* as well as something I wanted to escape from." He refers to the fairly abrupt conversion of a sophisticated New York critic of books, drama, and modern society to a bucolic life and the study of nature in Arizona. It is the climax of his autobiography, so inevitable, it seems, that it sounds almost like fiction.

His dislike of all clichés has not allowed him to describe in much detail the Bohemian Greenwich Village he knew, nor his year of research in London, nor his discovery of Paris. Mr. Krutch's view of such familiar subjects would have been different from others', and one wishes that his book might have been lengthened to include more of the colorful reality he presents so well in his memory of the Scopes trial, his military service (in Texas) during World War I, and some other episodes in which there is much humor of situation as well as comment. If one can't have everything, this book does give a perspective that is almost unique today, a balanced view derived from Mr. Krutch's intimate knowledge of two worlds fantastically opposed: Broadway and nature's regime in the desert.

Mr. Krutch's life refutes those glumly mad thinkers who see man's destiny as absurd, for its evolution from one phase to another has been logical. He always felt, even in his most pessimistic days (and they were dark), that he was going somewhere—and he got there. It was not necessary to see all the way ahead, only to believe that the road had a destination that would not be meaningless, and that the route could be sensed and followed. Mr. Krutch knows as well as anyone that the bomb may destroy him and possibly all other human beings, but he has discovered the more permanent natural universe and man's minor place in it, and in that recognition he has found peace and his own identity.

The Herald's Errant Editor

"The Scandalous Mr. Bennett," by Richard O'Connor *(Doubleday. 335 pp. $4.95), depicts the wildly eccentric newspaper editor who sent Stanley in search of Livingstone, insulted Kaiser Wilhelm II, and rode a horse into a Newport club. SR Managing Editor Richard L. Tobin was for twenty-four years on the staff of the New York Herald Tribune.*

By RICHARD L. TOBIN

TWO YEARS after the end of the Civil War, the most influential newspaper in the country passed from one James Gordon Bennett to another. As new publisher and editor of the flamboyant, enterprising, and scandalous New York *Herald*, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., would earn $30,000,000, and spent at least as much on an equally flamboyant, enterprising, and scandalous personal career. He would become a notorious fighter of duels, ride a filthy horse into Newport's most exclusive club, sail as an international yachtsman capable of cheating to win, run down an American warship, snub royalty, and never once stifle an amatory impulse. He would also have the journalistic wit to send Henry M. Stanley to find Dr. David Livingstone in darkest Africa, and expeditions toward the North Pole (though he characteristically chose Dr. Frederick Cook rather

(*Continued on page* 38)

James Gordon Bennett, Jr. —an "Errol Flynn flavor."

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The Sights and Sounds of Fury

"The Turbulent City: Paris 1783 to 1871," by André Castelot, *translated by Denise Folliot (Harper & Row. 330 pp. $4.95), takes a dim view of French revolutionary activity during the century following the fall of the Bastille. Leo Gershoy, professor of history at New York University, wrote "Bertrand Barère: A Reluctant Terrorist."*

By LEO GERSHOY

THIS new book by André Castelot, who has won both critical and popular acclaim for his biographies of Marie Antoinette and of Napleon's son, the King of Rome, is "full of lively anecdotes and unusual nuggets of information," the blurb on the dust jacket tells us. Full enough, and also of some nuggets of appreciation and judgment that are more disputable than informative, and not at all unusual but rather old hat.

Not that the anecdotes do not read well. On the contrary. A professional historian who draws skilfully upon contemporary accounts in letters, press, diaries, and memoirs, Castelot also has many of the talents of the novelist. His eye is quick for the colorful detail, his flair keen for smells, his ear acute for what was said (or might have been or should have been said). He spins a good story and turns a phrase neatly. Irony and wit give an insouciant buoyancy to his observations, and he cannot be charged with lacking a sense of the pompously ridiculous, the foolish, and the pretentious. His vignettes are sharply etched, especially those of revolutionary leaders for whom his esteem is obviously not excessive; and the episodes, some in the cloak-and-dagger vein, others more peaceful intrigues, are unfailingly interesting, even when they are very small Paris beer.

His first anecdote is a brief, amusing account of the famous flight of M. Montgolfier's balloon over Paris in November 1783; his last depicts the tragic horrors of the Commune of May 1871, when the vindictive champion of respectability, Adolphe Thiers, made the capital city safe for law and order. In between he offers the reader some forty *scènes de Paris,* chronologically arranged in sections on the Revolution, the era of Napoleon, the Restoration and the July monarchy, the Second Republic, and the Second Empire of Napoleon III.

Ironically amused by legends about the heroism of the sovereign people from the taking of the Bastille through the following century of revolutionary action, he seeks to lay them to rest. At best he stirs up the old bones, for most of them have been decently interred for a long time. A number of the episodes are twice-told tales, the stuff and texture of the genre that the French aptly call *petite histoire.* A recognized master in that field, G. Lenôtre, has told them before in his series of *"Vieux papiers, vieilles maisons,"* and Castelot improves on the original versions by being more sprightly. For him and Lenôtre and the other historians who lament or despise or condemn the revolutionary experience of France, the Paris populace is always the mob and never the crowd. When it is not merely ridiculous, it is a great beast.

No doubt it was. But it had no monopoly of cruelty, violence, stupidity, and irresponsibility, and those unamiable human attributes were not innate. The author writes vividly and fully on how these traits manifested themselves on such famous or infamous occasions as the sacking of the Tuileries palace, the massacres of September 1792, the burning of the Hotel de Ville in 1871, to mention only a few. On why those sad or mad moments occurred, however, he is neither full nor enlightening. To be sure, the young Saint-Just of 1794 was almost ludicrously naïve in his belief that his model republican institutions would regenerate France; Rigault, the exalted Communard of 1871, was assuredly half demented if not more; certainly freedom went to the heads of the revolutionists of 1848. Their deeds lend themselves easily to ridicule. But in the author's disillusioned pages there is scant intimation of the background of their privations and thwarted yearnings, of their frustrated idealism and their desire for a better world. Profound and lasting changes did take place in the estate of man during this century of *folies parisiennes.*

So, to have recourse again to the informative blurb, "The Turbulent City" may indeed "delight anyone who is interested in Paris and her past." That it "should" do so is something else again. One could also read it with regret that so capable and gifted a writer did not make the most of his opportunity to separate the chaff from the wheat that he put into the historical bin.

—*Bettman Archive.*

"The Barricade, July 20, 1830," by Eugene Delacroix.

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Rank, Ruin, and Roués

"Elegant Wits and Grand Horizontals," by Cornelia Otis Skinner *(Houghton Mifflin. 262 pp. $5), looks back nostalgically on the Paris of the 1890s and its more glittering inhabitants. Laurent LeSage is the author of "Marcel Proust and His Literary Friends."*

By LAURENT LESAGE

TO PREPARE for her show "Paris '90," which was a hit some ten years ago, Miss Skinner documented herself with thoroughness. The notes she took on French high-life of *"la belle époque"* form the basis for this presentation of the glitter—from real stones and from phony—that was Paris at the turn of the century. For anyone wishing to escape from a grubby world of nine-to-five to watch *cocottes de luxe* promenade along the fashionable thoroughfares of the Bois de Boulogne or Russian dukes throw *louis d'or* among the entertainers at Maxim's, this is the book, anecdotal history of a world that now seems farther away than the moon.

We get first a tour of the town, just to learn the geography essential to the subject and what was going on at the time. It begins on the Grands Boulevards and ends at the Bois, our guide filling us in all the while on the anarchist bombings, the Dreyfus Case, *fin-de-siècle* cultural events, and the prevailing moral code. By the time we learn that "whoever has not undressed a woman of the 1890s has missed one of the better refinements of love-making," we are worked up to a high pitch of nostalgia and ready to jump at once to the account of the "grand horizontals."

But no; with decorum or protocol in mind, Miss Skinner has left them for last. Her first portrait is of the aristocrat Robert de Montesquiou, arch-snob and poet of sorts, addicted to the esthetic life and "the pleasures of offending." He lavished as much care on his insults as on his verse, but ultimately paid the price. Instead of the acclaim he expected of posterity, he is remembered now only as a model for Proust's monster Charlus.

Other models for Proust's titled characters are shown briefly, dukes and duchesses in their ancestral châteaux or town houses in the Faubourg St. Germain. In deciding on the sequence of her chapters, Miss Skinner does indeed seem to have been not unmindful of rank. After the gentry, the fashionables of *Tout Paris*; then the boulevardiers, the salon leaders in descending order of respectability, and finally the courtesans. All in turn are presented through vignette and anecdote to bring this era most smartly into view.

In spite of the hours the author spent in the solemn libraries of Paris, there is nothing of the dissertation about this book. Miss Skinner plays out her notes with the swift dexterity of an old card hand. But only caviling specialists would worry about who actually made the celebrated *mots* at Mme. Aubernon's —which lady said she could not discuss adultery because she had come prepared on incest, or which gentleman when given the floor said, "Pass the peas."

Miss Skinner's authority is doubtless as trustworthy as any. The same cannot be said, however, for her proofreader, who does not seem to know French. But our only serious reproach is on the subject of taste. The second epithet in the title, although authentic enough, is a bit of a shocker. The bawdy jokes that pepper the text seem easier to take than

the indirect allusion or naughty wink at the reader, which become tiresome in repetition. The book is abundantly entertaining without such efforts. With a prestidigitator's skill, Miss Skinner has shown *la belle époque* in all its finery, glittering like the diamond corselet Caroline Otero used to wear.

Your Literary I. Q.

BODY ENGLISH

English, in our present context, is a spin imparted to a ball in billiards or pool. Body English is a twist imparted to the player's own person after the stricken ball is on its way. Body English is also held to be effective (psychologically) in bowling and in golf (particularly on the putting green). George B. Leonard of San Diego, California, offers a group of skeletonized words which become fully clothed words with the addition, in each instance, of a word specifying the name of some part of the human body. (Example: HANDsome, comely. Answers on page 61.

1. mo_____	kind of cloth
2. h___say	rumor
3. ____long	rash
4. s___shod	slovenly
5. s___shape	orderly
6. att___ute	trait
7. en_____en	encourage
8. ____lace	pendant
9. ch___s	amulets
10. ro____	strong
11. ____chilla	kind of fur
12. bare____	without a saddle
13. de___ate	representative
14. de____	disfigure
15. ox___	daisy
16. mistle___	parasitic plant
17. _____ling	small fish
18. _____screw	instrument of torture
19. w____s	disks
20. _____erfield	sofa
21. r_____s	festers
22. ____flint	miser
23. _____t	forerunner of the piano
24. moon____e	illicitly distilled whiskey
25. _____y	impudent

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Books with Nine Lives

By ALICE DALGLIESH

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, when I was reviewing children's books for *Parents' Magazine,* one came along that caught my attention, and that of other reviewers, immediately. It was written, in leaping verse, by "Dr. Seuss" (otherwise Theodore Geisel); its title was "And to Think that I Saw It on Mulberry Street" (Vanguard, $2.95). While for a child this was an amusing picturebook, for adults it was also a discerning presentation of the way a small boy's imagination works to create a tall tale. It might almost be a picture of the way the Seuss imagination works—piling one absurd situation on another, as Bartholomew Cubbins piled up his 500 hats ("The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins," Vanguard, $2.95).

Now two publishers are celebrating the silver anniversary of Dr. Seuss's books—Vanguard with the two already mentioned, Random House with the rest. This year there is the new "Dr. Seuss's Sleep Book" (Random House, $2.95). I yawn every time I look at it, not from boredom but because the creatures in it are yawning and: "A yawn is quite catching, you see. Like a cough! It just takes one yawn to start other yawns off."

It is an achievement to have kept children laughing for twenty-five years; but Edward Lear's "First Book of Nonsense" was published over a century ago, and children still laugh at its quirks of humor. Indeed, it is difficult to think of a time when "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" and "The Jumblies" will not continue to please.

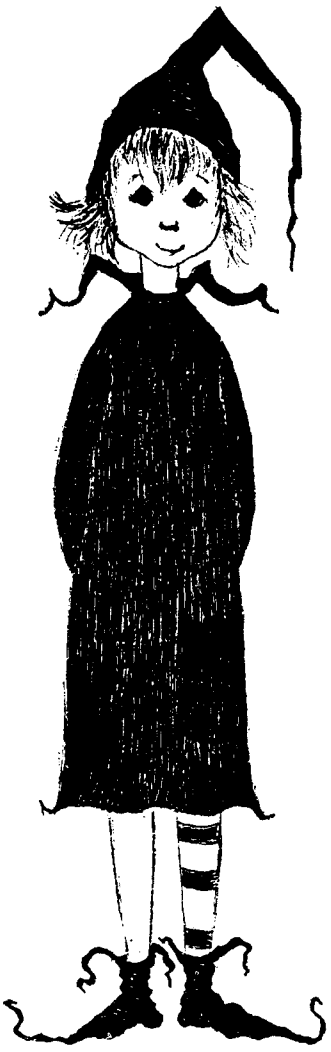
This leads into thoughts of anniversaries in general and of the long, long lives of the best children's books, those books that should never be lost sight of in the flood of new publications. Perhaps the most spectacular observance this year is a cinerama film, "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," which celebrates the 150th anniversary of the publication in Berlin of that first scholarly volume of folk tales. The brothers would possibly be surprised if they saw the version of their lives—and of their stories—given in the picture. If children enjoy it and go to bookstores and libraries looking for "Grimm's Fairy Tales," that is all to the good. I hope some of them will find Wanda Gág's "Tales from Grimm" and her other books of the stories (Coward-McCann). These have a sturdy peasant quality in the illustrations, so different from the sugar-plum books that, this year, are supposed to represent the Brothers Grimm.

The anniversary of the first telling of "Alice in Wonderland" in 1862 has been celebrated in two magazines. In 1965 the printed version will be 100 years old. Because Lewis Carroll quickly withdrew the first edition when the illustrator objected to the reproduction of his pictures, only a few very valuable copies of it remain. However, Carroll could evidently be frugal, for the "discarded" sheets were sold, with a different title page, to make up the second issue of the first edition in America, dated 1866.

Other famous books are nearing their centennials, including George McDonald's fairy tales; Louisa Alcott's "Little Women"; "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates," by Mary Mapes Dodge, and Howard Pyle's "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood." A number of publishers have this year given their long-lived books rejuvenating treatments, in some cases a new edition, in others simply a new format or a new jacket. Publicity writers throw the terms "new edition," "new format," "revision" around with considerable abandon, and sometimes it is difficult to find out just what has happened to a particular book. A shiny picture-cover does not really give a well-known book something it did not have before—it is merely a chance to re-advertise it and bring it again to public attention, which of course may be advantageous to the book, though some of us sigh for the loss of the jacket.

Meanwhile, whatever happens to their outward appearance, Happy Anniversary to the many books that are twenty-five, fifty, or seventy-five years old. For when children's books have the gift of originality of conception, of good storytelling, of laughter or other universal emotion, the children will seek them out and keep them alive.

To help those children who are not naturally seekers of books as well as the good readers, ABC and CBS, working with the American Library Association, have two new television programs which either present books or lead into them through children's interests. May they be successful; too many programs of this type have failed really to arouse interest. If they are well presented, these new programs should have the full support of adults all over the country.



—*From "Dorrie's Magic."*

Reading New and Old

POLICEMAN SMALL. *By Lois Lenski. Walck. 48 pp.* $2.25. This is a brand new book, but Mr. Small (who changes his occupation in each book) has been with us for a good many years. Now the author-artist can dedicate this: "For the children of the children who first loved Mr. Small," and they and their parents can sing together, "Oh, Do You Know Policeman Small?" However, even young children may wonder why Policeman Small fails to give the young man speeding in the sports car a ticket. Ages 4-7.

WHERE DID JOSIE GO? *By Helen E. Buckley. Illustrated by Evaline Ness. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 38 pp.* $2.95. For young children who have just discovered the joys of hiding, this is a satis-

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factory book with its travels through house and garden and its reiteration of "Is that where Josie is?" The pictures are gay and modern, though the pink and orange combination jars us a bit. Ages 2-6.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS. *In Verse. Author Unknown. Illustrated by William Pène du Bois. Viking.* 32 *pp.* $2.50. How fortunate that "a Viking editor" remembered this entertaining variant of the folk tale! I found it once in an old book, which I could never find again, and memorized that delightful beginning:

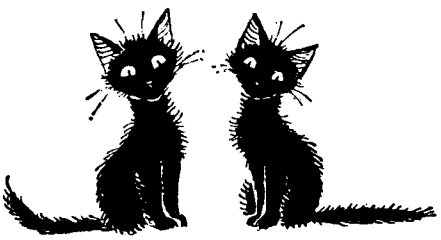
"Ah, very, very poor was she—
Old Dame Pig, with her children three!
Robust beautiful little ones
Were those three sons."

The illustrations are just right for the variant, but remember also Leslie Broke's fine pictures for this story in "The Golden Goose Book" (Warne).

OUR VERONICA GOES TO PETUNIA'S FARM. *Written and illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Knopf.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. This year Roger Duvoisin puts two of his well-liked characters together—the goose Petunia and the hippopotamus Veronica. We thought Veronica had returned to her swamp, but here she is in a moving van, arriving at Petunia's farm. Do the animals welcome her? No, indeed, for farm animals have never seen anything like her. There is tragedy and suspense when Veronica, spurned, stays in the house and sickens. The animals, regretful, rush food and attention to save her life. Veronica arises. "Cook-a-doodle-doo," sang King (the ...ster), from the top of Veronica's nose. ... is *our* hippopotamus. Cock-a-doodle-... Ages 4-8.

TOO MANY. *Story and Pictures by S. Unwin. David McKay.* 56 *pp.* A bookful of black cats, black kittens, orange pumpkins, and a witch—good measure for Hallowe'en. There is something different about this story, for these seem to be the first kittens to ride to the moon on a witch's broom. They hide in the broom, and when a collision seems inevitable, it is averted by their eyes looking like tail lights—consequently, the witch wins the Great Moon Race. The younger children will enjoy this. Ages 6-9.

—From "Dr. Seuss's Sleep Book."



—From "Two Too Many"

DORRIE'S MAGIC. *Written and Illustrated by Patricia Coombs. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 48 *pp.* $2.95. Dorrie is an elf-child, a witch's child, and one day when her mother is out she tries MAGIC, using the recipes from her mother's book. The magic is supposed to clean up Dorrie's room, which is badly in need of it; but almost everything else happens, and the room remains as it is. Amusing, original story and pictures, and the three colors—blue, red, and black—are used ingeniously to suggest the effects of blue magic and red magic. Excellent for reading aloud. Ages 6-10.

THE SINGING HILL. *By Meindert de Jong. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. Harper & Row.* 180 *pp.* $2.95. Almost any child may cherish within him the yearning for a horse. Last summer, in a country-town newspaper, I saw a poignant advertisement which appeared during the two weeks when that newspaper allows children to advertise free. It said, as nearly as I can remember: "Boy, 8 years old, wants old horse. Will give him loving care."

That feeling is what motivates Raymond, nicknamed Thee-Rim, in Meindert de Jong's new book. Moving to the country, where the older children seemed to be always at school, the adults always busy, Rim is lonely. When he finds an old horse apparently abandoned in a pasture, his joy is without bounds; he feeds the horse corn and lollipops (worrying when the horse swallows the lollipop sticks), and takes him for his own. Fortunately the horse turns out to belong to Rim's grandfather, becomes Rim's and shares his name. Now that his horse is safely in the barn, Rim, who loves words, sings a song which ends:

"And the rain can rain, but the
rain can't rain on Thee-Rim
anymore.
No more, no more, forever more."

A comparatively uneventful but satisfying story, told with understanding. Ages 6-10.

Meindert de Jong has recently been awarded the Hans Christian Andersen medal for his sixteen books for children.

THEY HAD A HORSE. *By Walter D. Edmonds. Illustrated by Douglas Gorsline. Dodd, Mead.* 64 *pp.* $2.95. Any horse-loving young reader will enjoy receiving this for Christmas, though it was a spring book. Not a young book, though it has many illustrations, it is a touching story of New York State in 1714. Six young men set out to buy a "community" horse to work their farms; they returned with a decrepit old mare, but she gave them a colt and "Tonight they had a horse." There is feeling in both text and luminous pictures. Ages 10 up.

AFRICAN TRAVELER: The Story of Mary Kingsley. *By Ronald Syme. Illustrated by Jacqueline Tomes. Morrow.* 192 *pp.* $2.95. Girls should be delighted to find a book about an early woman explorer in Africa, especially such a dauntless and resourceful one as this. Whether precariously poling a dugout (in Victorian skirt and blouse) or trading with cannibals, Mary always kept her balance and her sense of humor. In trading, "the last thing I parted with was my toothbrush." A true story, with effective excerpts from Mary's diary. Ages 10-14.

THE CHRONICLES OF NARNIA. *By C. S. Lewis. Vols 1-7. Illustrated by Pauline Baynes. Macmillan.* $2.95 *per volume.* A famous group of original fairy tales is here presented in new jackets, bright with color, and new covers. Narnia is a mythical country which four children enter in various ways—through an old wardrobe, through a picture, and so on. The first to be published was "The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe," but perhaps the best to give first to a child is Book 6, "The Magician's Nephew," which explains the beginnings of Narnia. Ages 8-12.

THE WATER BABIES. *By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated by Harold Jones. Watts.* 222 *pp.* $3.95. Last year this book was given a treatment that removed a good part of its nineteenth-century moralizing, though much of it is inherent in the story and, rightly, remains. Never having considered this a top-rank classic, I am undisturbed by the cutting, and present it here for those who feel nostalgic about it and duty-bound to give it to their grandchildren. It is well illustrated. Ages 7-10.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1003

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1003 will be found in the next issue.

EWKM QHPZO KM N
BHJVOS EH EWHMV EWNE
EWKDA, N EPNCVOS EH
EWHMV EWNE GVVZ.
WHPNBV QNZYHZV.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1002

In a topsy-turvy world, you can be thankful if your own life is right side up.

—ANON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

A Venture with "Louise" at City Center

OPERAS whose titles are also the names of the leading characters are perilous propositions at best, and much worse when the names are both French and female—as "Manon," "Thaïs," or "Mignon," not to mention "Louise." However, it is "Louise" which has to be mentioned, for Julius Rudel took his courage into his hands by choosing it for the first offering of the fall season at the New York City Center.

Actually, Charpentier made "Louise" doubly difficult for the producer. It is really two operas. The first and last acts, which are intimately concerned with Louise and her parents, and her lover, Julien, pose one kind of problem, of fine-grained character portrayal. The second and third, which involve them with the street characters of Paris and the girls with whom Louise works, broadens the scope considerably with a variety of name parts even more numerous than in "Die Meistersinger." Each must mesh perfectly with the other if the musical (in the first place) and the dramatic (in the second) purposes of the composer are to be realized even reasonably, not to say ideally.

Doubtless Rudel believed that in Arlene Saunders as Louise, John Alexander as Julien, Norman Treigle as the father, and Claramae Turner as the mother, with Jean Morel conducting, he had the makings of the solution to the first and fourth acts, especially within the friendly framework of the City Center stage. That left more or less to chance the possibility that the second and third acts would fall into place. So far as the first performance was concerned, the problems remained more formidable than the solutions proposed for them.

True, there is, in the quartet of persons mentioned, the makings of the solution to the first and fourth acts, but the success so far is inverse to the magnitude of the individual performer's part. Miss Turner, who has the least to do, clearly qualified as the most professional, closely matched by Treigle, who had a little more to do, and did it well. But Alexander, for all his vocal suavity, is an unillusive, scarcely Gallic Julien, and Miss Saunders, pretty as she is, both of face and voice, hasn't as yet the resources of character portrayal to make one responsive to, as well as sorry for her plight.

As for the friendly surroundings of the City Center stage, they were more than a little overdressed by the scenic conception of Gordon Micunis. What this aimed to do, with its cut-away set pieces and sketch-like drops, was to evoke an idea of a painter's Paris, suitable to the surroundings of Montmartre in which the action takes place. But there was, consistently, too much of everything, so that the sight lines were poorly served by the scenery interposed between the performers and the audience (the recessed upper window in the

scene of the dressmaking establishment restricted the view of what was happening there to those directly in the middle of the theatre). He scored a real success in Act III in realizing the vista overlooking Paris from Montmartre, despite the shallow stage. However, scenic inequalities can be overcome by a convincing performance of a musical score, especially one of the quality of Charpentier's. By contrast with the time when it was a literal representation of a contemporary social problem, "Louise" is now the "musical romance" of the composer's subtitle, and can transport audience to a bygone time if the performers live and breathe the atmosphere the composer evoked.

Atmosphere, however, was the particular quality in which this version of "Louise" is most deficient. Even the French-derived Morel let the listener down with his dragged-out tempi, a lack of sweep or ecstasy in those moments of the score which can redeem a good deal of the commonplace elsewhere. Miss Saunders sang her "Depuis le jour" with a vocal finesse one expected from her work of last spring, but characterization is a little out of her reach yet. As for Alexander, his Julien surely must have written prosy poetry to be so self-satisfied and unappealing despite the best efforts of Christopher West, who directed.

Among the score of performers listed on the program were several new to the company, of whom Joann Grillo attracted the ear most with her colorful mezzo in the role of Gertrude. Among others, Doris Yarick achieved the best standard in the music for Irma in Act II. All together, Micunis's fanciful backdrop for Act III, with its illuminated windows, projected more of Paris for the eye than the performance of Charpentier's score did for the ear.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

The Rose in the Book

By Welborn Hope

TRAMPING through a Western state, weary in spirit
The young poet felt he might not last long enough.
"God", he said, "nobody honors merit;
High my eagle flies, but I do need love."
So God, on his way to church, dropped by his bank,
Phoned, came out, carnation glowing in lapel.
He heard the vagabond's shy plea, fished in a flank,
And bestowed a quarter. He said: "Work, son, while you're able.

Then there she was, his dream-girl in the ticket-window:
With Theda Bara showing, he could see
The film's star on the boards, but framing a show
Of the town's blonde beauty, who lifted up a knee.
Her blue eyes fastened on him, forlorn on the curb,
She staged a show for him as customers came,
(All of whom she knew) pushed out her breasts, superb,
That he might see her greatness in his shame.

The flower-shop was open, so he bought a rose.
She kept it in her diary—later in his book:
And of this, oftentimes she said: "Lord knows,
I knew he was a famous man—from his look."
But she didn't know, as town librarian,
When she served the book in distaste and mistrust,
To the grimy gray-haired tramp, that he was the man
Who wrote it, forty years undisturbed in its dust.

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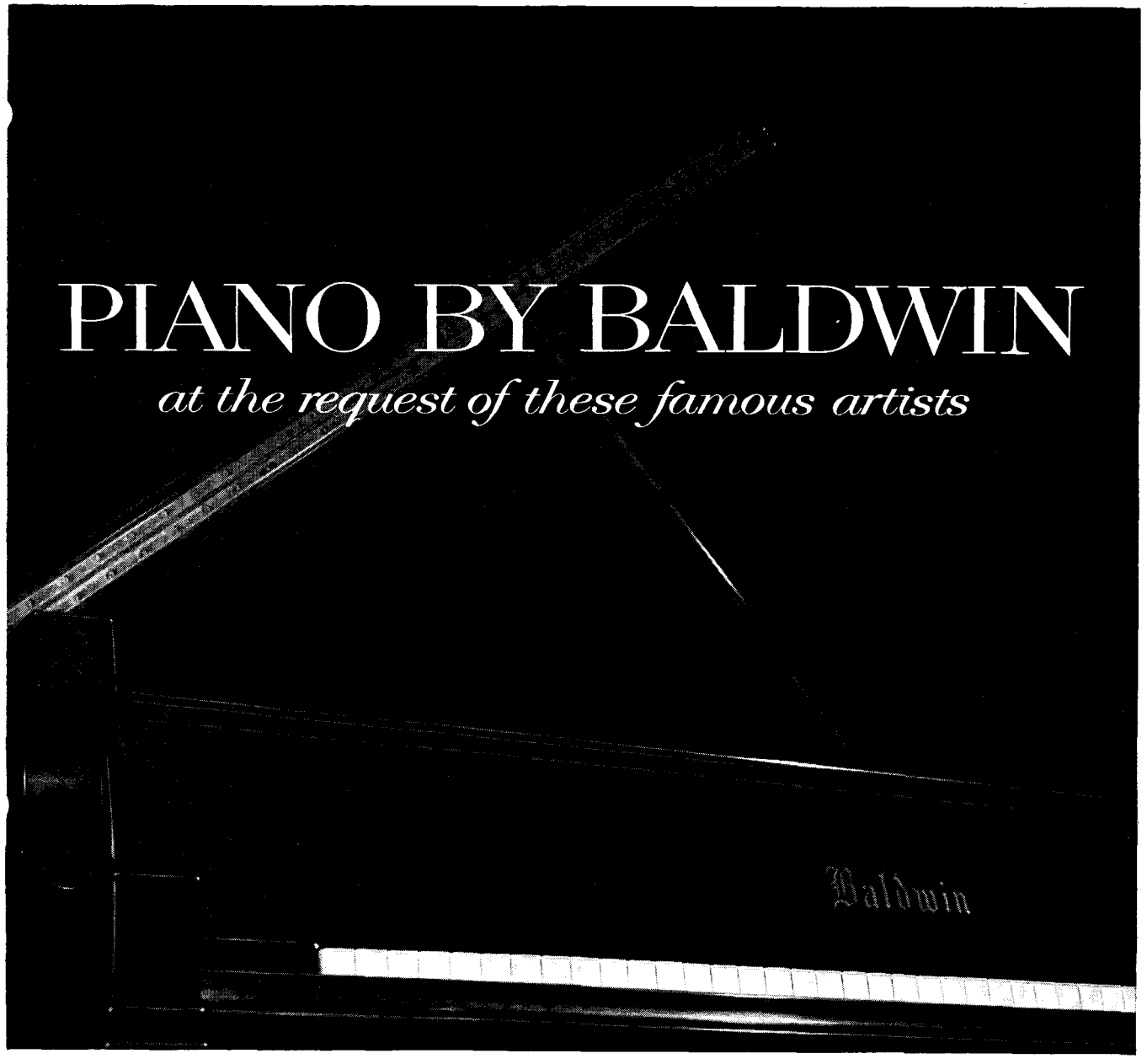
PIANO BY BALDWIN

at the request of these famous artists

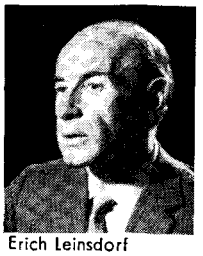


Abbey Simon

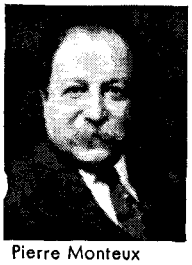
Leonard Bernstein

Daniel Ericourt

George Shearing


Erich Leinsdorf

Claudio Arrau

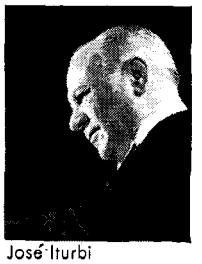

Pierre Monteux

Beveridge Webster

Amparo Iturbi

Eugene Ormandy

Max Rudolf


José Iturbi

Baldwin pianos and organs, official instruments, Seattle World's Fair, 1962

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Size and Sweep

MOST war films talk too much according to combat veterans, and while **"The Longest Day"** is a highly impressive account of the D-Day operations, it is flawed by some unseemly loquaciousness. For instance, two hardened, thoroughly trained members of a Ranger battalion spend their moments before hitting a nearly impregnable section of the Normandy coast in discussion of the nature of their mission and its value in the general strategic scheme of things. In another episode, Henry Fonda as Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., begs permission from his superior, General Barton (Edmund O'Brien) to land with the assault waves. For some reason, the name of his illustrious father is brought into the ensuing conversation, along with a reference to the latter's heroics at San Juan Hill.

In view of the fact that Cornelius Ryan wrote the screenplay and was assisted by such knowledgeable authors as Romain Gary and James Jones, it is difficult to account for several moments of preposterous dialogue. Between them, John Wayne as Lt. Col. Benjamin Vandervoort and Robert Ryan as General James Gavin provide what amounts to a basic orientation course on the airborne landings in Normandy, all in the few minutes before the operation gets under way. Perhaps it was felt that the complexity of this war subject would be too difficult for many members of the audience unless supplied with a running commentary and explanation.

However, the scope of the production is such and it explores so many levels of combat and decision that most annoyances prove to be momentary. Yes, one can carp at how nicely done is Irina Demich's hair as she assists in the blowing up of a train behind the beaches; and it is true that Peter Lawford's British commando leader is somewhat too insouciant for entire credibility; and the behavior of the German commanders seems so befogged and stupid as to dim the Allied accomplishment; but history has nevertheless been captured.

The beach battle scenes are magnificent and chilling, a glider landing in the dark is tension-filled, and the battle of troops of the 82nd Airborne Division for St. Mere Eglise has remarkable authenticity. There are individual performances that stand out because they seem right, among them Robert Mitchum's as General Cota, and that of Jeffrey Hunter as the heroic Sergeant Fuller. In fact, Hunter's is one of the most convincing enactments of a heroic act ever seen on the screen. Richard Todd is also good as a British leader of the glider troops, and Richard Burton has a fine moment as a wounded pilot.

Three directors—Andrew Marton, Ken Annakin, and Bernhard Wicki—labored hard and long to make vivid and comprehensible this enactment of history's most awesome amphibious assault, and while they are given their due credits on the screen one wonders why producer Darryl Zanuck found it necessary to claim recently that he was responsible for 65 per cent of the direction of "The Longest Day." If such was his contribution—in addition to the back-breaking logistics of the production—the screen should have so stated the fact.

SCANT mention is made of the intriguing figure of Barabbas in the Gospels of the New Testament. In St. John he is merely referred to as a robber, in St. Luke as a murderer involved in sedition "made in the city." It was the custom during the Passover festival to have released to the crowd one condemned prisoner, and some students of that Biblical period have suggested this as part of a ritual known as "the mock king ceremony." Pär Lagerkvist in his novel "Barabbas," which helped win him the Nobel Prize, imaginatively constructed the life of Barabbas after his release and reached the conclusion that the "robber and murderer" eventually became a follower of the one who had saved him, and died, too, on a Roman cross.

Lagerkvist made the fate of Barabbas harsh, but the telling of the short novel was gentle and distinguished. In the Dino De Laurentiis production of **"Barabbas,"** the telling is hardly gentle and hardly distinguished. The events of the novel are followed for the most part, but on a screen of enormous size, and in what might be called wanton color. Anthony Quinn plays the Biblical figure as a dim-witted, but sturdy fellow, and achieves about as much conviction as would seem possible in this kind of thing. Jack Palance as a champion gladiator is all gleeful menace as well as fearsomely imposing in breastplate and helmet; Arthur Kennedy and Vittorio Gassman contribute better than average spectacle performances.

However, the problem of this Technicolor, Technirama Biblical extravaganza is similar to other films of the vein. It attempts to overwhelm with its size and sweep, and it goes in for more than its share of what I guess is obligatory sadism. The gladitorial school of "Spartacus" was a second-rate institution compared to that in "Barabbas." And the gladitorial battles in the Roman arena are exceedingly inventive in their raw and refined brutality. Hardly an opportunity has been missed to fill the screen with gore, and one therefore tends to doubt the Christian devotion of those who made it.

Yet, it must be said that the direction of Richard Fleischer is painstaking and often effective, and that the sets and costuming provide some vistas of imposing grandeur. As for religious meanings, these as usual tend to wash away amid all the color, the pageantry, and the strident sound.

WE have another British director of distinction in John Schlesinger, who with **"A Kind of Loving"** has vaulted to the top of the heap with such as Jack Clayton, Carol Reisz, and Tony Richardson. The path he follows has grown faintly familiar, for his hero is a young man in a Lancashire town who faces problems of adjustment to marriage and society. Unlike his predecessors in "Room at the Top" and "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," Vic Brown (Alan Bates) is neither a climber nor a rebel. He is a young draftsman who courts a pretty typist in his firm, and then follows a course of disillusionment into marriage. There is nothing very untypical about him, nor much of anything too untypical that happens to him.

His girl becomes pregnant, he marries her, and moves into his mother-in-law's house. The mother is not unusual either; she is possessive toward her daughter, small-minded about her house. Quite understandably, Vic comes to the conclusion that he and his wife must have a place of their own. Yet, this is no ordinary movie stuff, mainly because it is played and filmed with the most rigorous belief on everyone's part in the story's reality. It is all painfully, poignantly alive and true. Every detail of background and performance has the right ring. The girl, June Ritchie, even looks right. Her mother, Thora Hird, is unfortunately all too recognizable. If there is a slight vagueness to the character of Vic, it is perhaps due to his passiveness as he is drawn into the maw of middle-class English respectability. Mr. Schlesinger, aided by a fine Willis Hall and Keith Waterhouse screenplay, has made a first film of power and sensitivity.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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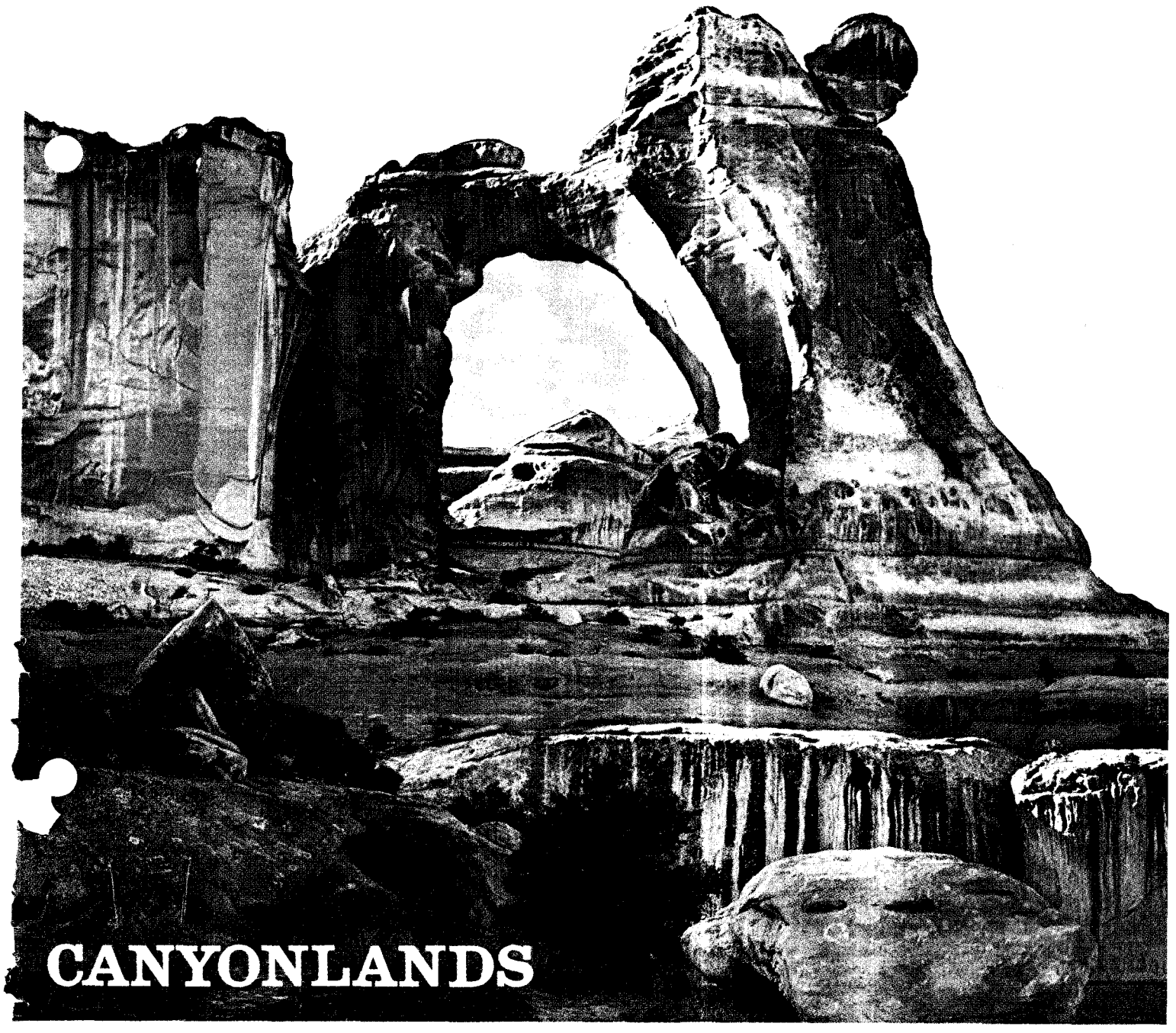

Angel Arch stands guard in Utah's Canyonlands

"Curiouser and curiouser" said Alice of this Wonderland

If you think America is all explored and discovered, look at Utah's Canyonlands. So little is known of this vast area of cliff and canyon that *Angel Arch was sighted and named only six years ago*...and it stands 190 feet high!

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Those primitive people probably knew this strange land better than we do now. But if Canyonlands is added to the National Park System, the thousands who visit nearby Arches National Monument can also see these marvels. Conservationists hope so, for as our population grows, *more of our scenic heritage should be preserved*... to give all Americans, for all time, the spiritual refreshment of Nature's spectacular wonders.

FREE TOUR INFORMATION: Let Sinclair help plan your trip to the Canyonlands area or other scenic and historic areas in the U.S. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

O Brave Newley World!

IN THESE days when musicals are getting colder, louder, and faster, it is a pleasure to come across something like "**Stop the World—I Want to Get Off.**" This new British musical hit, created by Leslie Bricusse and Anthony Newley, glows with theatrical imagination and ambles at its own pace with no apparent concern about commonplaces any objective observer might feel obliged to note.

For if one takes the magical mixture apart, the elements that have gone into this imported concoction can seem deceptively ordinary and borrowed. Furthermore, almost everything in the show is repeated so often that at times it appears to be a stage adaptation of "Old MacDonald Had a Farm."

Yet, if one puts oneself in the warm and skilful hands of its director and star, one finds oneself entertained, charmed, and even moved. Dressed as a clown, Mr. Newley enters Sean Kenny's gaily designed circus-tent arena (of which the audience forms the other half) and attempts a few half-hearted tricks which draw a negative response from the pretty young girls who are both his audience and his collaborators. There is for him, alas, no escaping the necessity of clowning through something a little more real, something that will define him and us; in short, a human life. So he mimes his way quickly through infancy and childhood to a point where his adult life begins to be specific. We then meet the clown-faced Mr. Littlechap, who employs a music-hall comedian's delivery—including that special variety of entertainer's willingness to use corny, and frequently dirty jokes and to play on the sentimental vulnerabilities of susceptible audiences—to describe how this ordinary Englishman gradually lets life "lumber" him into a restrictive conformity, and how each comformity leads him to success and social position. Poignantly at the end he complains to us that he has completely lost any identity of his own as he sings "What Kind of Fool Am I?"

Along the way, Mr. Littlechap also has a number of comeuppances which cause him to shout, "Stop the World!" But he always swallows the rest of the sentence in nasalized clown-talk that suggests he is rejecting drastic commitment. Like most of us he personifies the comic view of life, a view that incidentally becomes increasingly essential as the dangers of total destruction mount.

The score is catchy with the music seeming more married to emotional states than usual. "I Want to Be Rich" is a determined march; "Typically English" sounds all tea-and-crumpets, which makes its punch line all the more effective; "Lumbered" achieves full concussion by spelling out the title word letter-by-letter in mid-refrain; "Meilinki Meilchick" uses the novelty of the Russian phrase to permit a Britisher to express a maudlin sentiment; and "Once in a Lifetime" expands pleasure into ecstasy.

But the triumph of this musical lies less in the craft and substance of its text than it does in its utterly theatrical performance. Mr. Newley uses his versatility almost apologetically as he shuffles, jokes, and sings his way through incidents which keep taking him back to the center of the maze. What at first seemed repetitious to the audience gradually emerges instead as patterns that echo the futility of seeking variety.

No less expert is Anna Quayle who impersonates Littlechap's "typically English" wife, and the typically Russian, German, and American girls with whom he dallies. The most amusing is the latter, all breathless, innocent, and dumb.

Above all is the performers' fidelity to the notion of making everything happen out of the plain materials at hand: the circus tent, some visible lighting equipment, some simple melodies, and the other quail who attractively play at being whatever is required at the moment. By doing this it becomes "Total Theatre," in which the artist creates out of the theatre and its traditions, instead of out of applied psychology.

"Stop the World—I Want to Get Off" unashamedly borrows traditional techniques (just as Marceau borrowed from the purer Decroux, so Newley has borrowed from the purer Marceau) and melodies ("Going to Build a Mountain" sounds dangerously close to the traditional "Won't You Come Home, Jim Dooley?") and jokes ("We must throw out these old conservatives and put in some new ones" is but a variation of a familiar device). And it assumes the responsibility to carry through a theme once started even when it knows that it is going on too long. In short it has character, which is to say that *it* knows what kind of musical *it* is.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Book of the Week

Continued from page 22

the irrational can become supreme in human destiny. And his entire perspective on the present world crisis is bound to be altered.

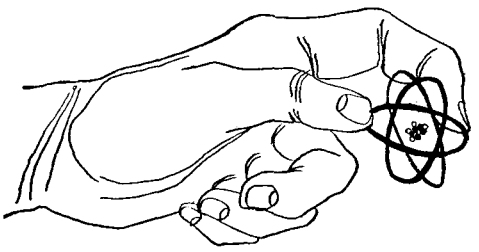
For this book, without saying so explicitly, reveals how shallow are the men who cannot think beyond the ideological and national competitions that divide the world today, or beyond the thrust-and-counter-thrust of power blocs—men, in short, who don't know a human crisis when they see one. It becomes clear that the inability to comprehend the human situation today in other than we-or-they terms marks the prime failure of the age.

Could it actually happen? That is, is it conceivable that the very system designed to guard this nation against surprise attack could, through error or accident, result in nuclear disaster? Is the "fail-safe" mechanism prone to the kind of grisly failure dramatized in the book by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler? Inevitably, these are the questions that grow in the reader's mind as he becomes caught up in this book. I therefore telephoned Mr. Burdick at his home in Berkeley.

My first question to Mr. Burdick was whether the technical and scientific material in his book was authentic. He said he wanted to assure me that, while the book did not impart classified information, it did represent a competent estimate of the technical and scientific factors involved in the "fail-safe" system.

The next question to Mr. Burdick: "Based on your knowledge of the 'fail-safe' system, what are the chances that the kind of accident you describe in your book could actually happen?"

His answer: "I believe it to be inevitable under the present circumstances. That is why we wrote this book. I don't know of a scientist who has a direct knowledge of 'fail-safe' who isn't worried. This is something people ought to know."



As a result of this book, a great many people *are* going to know. There is a strong probability, in fact, that it will be the most discussed book of the year. This is as it should be. Any book that gives people a glimpse of reality in our time is a precious commodity in the world. And this is one case where the value of a commodity increases, not decreases, with volume and use.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Saturday Review asked Dr. Vannevar Bush, Honorary Chairman of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, whether, in his opinion, an accident could lead to nuclear war. Here is his answer:*

THERE certainly is no doubt that Mr. Burdick's thesis is correct. The system of holding in readiness bombing planes and missiles is subject to human error, or mechanical failure, and indeed there is danger that an atomic war might be started by accident or miscalculation. I believe the danger of war from this source is serious. I do not think that it is critical, and I certainly do not think war from this source is inevitable. It merits very close attention, and I think it is getting it.

The other dangers we all know. I believe that the danger of a war of desperation is not great at the present time. It might become great if the number of nations holding missiles armed with atomic war heads increases. The danger of war from this source is, of course, closely tied with the great problem of the explosion of population. I believe that the danger of a war of aggression, that is, a war started by a dictator or a ruling clique for military glory, or for plunder, has almost disappeared. This is important because of the fact that a very large proportion of wars in the past have been started in just this manner. The danger has almost disappeared, since a dictator planning such a war today could be almost sure of one result, namely, that he would not survive it. The final danger, of course, is that a small war with conventional weapons might expand into a world war with atomic weapons. The clear example here was of course in Korea. Fortunately the folly of introducing atomic weapons into that war was completely avoided, and this precedent is very important, indeed.

Personally, I do not think we are going to have a great war for some time to come, but we would be blind not to see the dangers.

V. Bush

Personal History

Continued from page 27

than Commander Robert E. Peary, its true discoverer). He had on his staff at one time or another Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Richard Harding Davis, and Stephen Crane. He once fired a dozen of his best staffers simply because his editors insisted they were indispensable.

The younger Bennett was capable of insulting anyone, including royalty. Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany was on one occasion not thoroughly briefed on the social and journalistic importance of Commodore Bennett of New York, and when the Kaiser's regatta aides had been advised that Bennett would not object to being invited aboard the imperial yacht and the invitation did not come, Bennett sailed off in a rage. The Commodore's action was an unmistakable affront. Greatly aggrieved, the Kaiser wished to know why this important American had taken such an impolite and abrupt departure from the imperial regatta. No one had ever insulted the Kaiser before; His Majesty did everything he could think of to make amends; but the American Commodore did not even answer the personal messages of apology sent from the head of the Imperial German Government, an unthinkable insult. For the next pre-war decade, the Kaiser brought up the Bennett matter with every American, official or private, to whom he was introduced, and the chances are that James Gordon Bennett, Jr., was the only human being ever to insult Wilhelm II socially and get away with it.

Richard O'Connor has in other years recreated some pretty colorful characters, Bat Masterson, Wild Bill Hickok, and Jay Gould among them. He must have felt immediately at home with the Bennett files, for if any publisher, including Hearst, has been wilder than the eccentric and sometimes competent dictator of the *Herald*, he is lost to posterity. Mr. O'Connor's long training as a Hearst reporter stands him in good stead here ; he knows color when he smells it, and isn't ashamed to splash staccato sentences as from a gatling gun.

The result is highly readable, if oversimplified and perhaps imaginative biography. Bennett's utter lack of inhibition in all fields gives his life a sort of Errol Flynn flavor that somehow taints the editor's undeniable brilliance An old-timer in the business can only sigh with relief that he never had to work for one so arbitrary, spoiled, and totally unstable. It must have been plain hell.

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Frederic Remington's "From the Night Herd." —*Culver.*

THE WEST

THE WEST

THE AMERICAN WEST

THROUGH the mountain passes that lead through the Rockies, and along the air corridors above them, they ride, the new migrants. On the far side of that rock wall the West begins, the West of the High Sierras and the deep Canyon, the mesa, the mesquite and Hood and Rainier. The fog and the films, the missions and the wine, the fruit plains, the date trees, evergreens to the north, ever-young to the south. Cable car and Pebble Beach, Muscle Beach and make-believe, oil out of sand, dreams out of celluloid, health out of a bottle, life out-of-doors. Westward moves the new migrant overwhelming the last frontier, sending the population figures into *grands jetés*, changing the nation.

We are in the midst of the Great Westward Tilt, the title of a study commenced on the next page by Neil Morgan, columnist of The San Diego *Evening Tribune*, which is excerpted from his book "Westward Tilt" to be published by Random next spring. Eric Sevareid, the sober-sided CBS commentator and newspaper columnist, writes, wistfully perhaps, of Colorado and of his Dakota boyhood. Gene Sherman, Pulitzer-prize-winning columnist of the Los Angeles *Times*, explains the eating habits of his native land, a chilling report. Joseph Wechsberg, SR's agent in *Mitteleuropa*, proves one can have a Western-tilted boyhood even though what was home on the range was goulash. The stirrings in the Pacific paint pot are explained by Mitchell Wilder of the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art in Fort Worth. The rubber-necking redskin on the cover is the product of Isadore Seltzer who won awards from the art directors of Los Angeles, a city in which he worked and studied. Robert Lewis Shayon, the house television appraiser, examines the cultural trend of The Oaters. Paine Knickerbocker, who wonders over the state of theatre in the West, is correspondent in those matters for the San Francisco *Chronicle*. That leaves the redoubtable Lucius Beebe, author, eater, curator, historian, who examines sin in the One Sound State. The state, to be sure, is Nevada, where next week 1,500 delegates to the World Travel Congress of the American Travel Agents will begin arriving from their stations all over the globe for a first-hand look at the vanishing American frontier. Veni, vidi, Vegas is doubtless the cry of the travel men. And all points west. —HORACE SUTTON.

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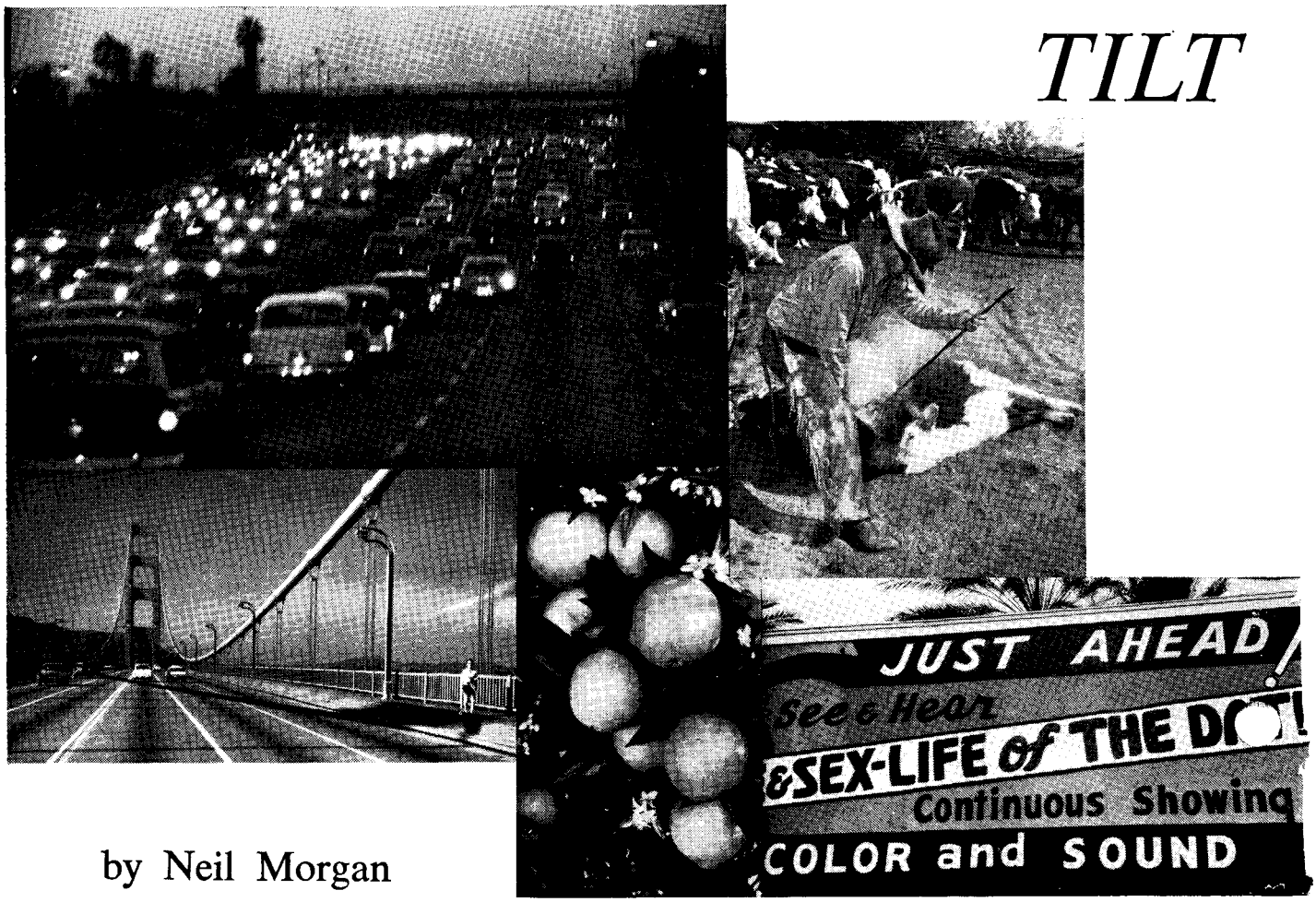
THE GREAT WESTWARD *TILT*



by Neil Morgan

IN THAT dimly recalled era when it was *de rigueur* to deplore California, even Frank Lloyd Wright was a conformist. He propounded a puckish theory that America was tilted, and that everything loose was sliding into Southern California.

Today an awesome hunk of America has come loose. The move to Western America is the largest migration in the history of the world. Since the birth of the nation, the geographical center of population has been moving inexorably westward across West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, and into Illinois. Now it is within fifty miles of crossing the Mississippi River, and California is supplanting New York as the most populous state. The five boroughs of New York City would have to be emptied of every man, woman, and child to match the population increase of the past decade in the eleven states between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.

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The West is that third of the nation lying between the Rockies and the Pacific. It includes all of California, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, and Idaho and much of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico. Historically, this region has been a citadel of natural resources, raided and plundered by the East. Thus, for the Westerner, there is poetic justice in this westward tilt induced by migration. Now the West is raiding the Midwest, the East, and the South: stealing scientists, teachers, industrialists, and technicians, and bright young men who have a restless probing spirit that drives them in search of some better life. The West is plundering the rest of the nation of that most dynamic resource of all: human energies.

The realms of greatest change today in the West are those in which these fresh energies are most quickly put to work: in the arts and cultural affairs, in education, in the new white-collar world where science and industry merge, in combating social injustice, in conservation and urban planning.

The regional cultures which once were thought to make the West quaint are crumbling in the avalanche of the westward tilt. Highways slash through Mormon country now, and Mormons are leaving the farms for missile factories. Jet liners put the homeland of the Navajo and Hopi within commuting range of the Eastern anthropologist. Industry begins to push logging aside in Oregon, and paeans to Northwest forests take on an air of literary mustiness. San Francisco is threatened by freeways, slums, and subdivisions; Indians of the Laguna Pueblo grow prosperous by mining uranium; in Nevada, the prospector has given way to the pit boss; Los Angeles grapples with the ravages of megalopolis, and the old jokes about Southern California barbecue culture begin to boomerang.

The new Western culture is coming on. It is not a finished thing, but a few

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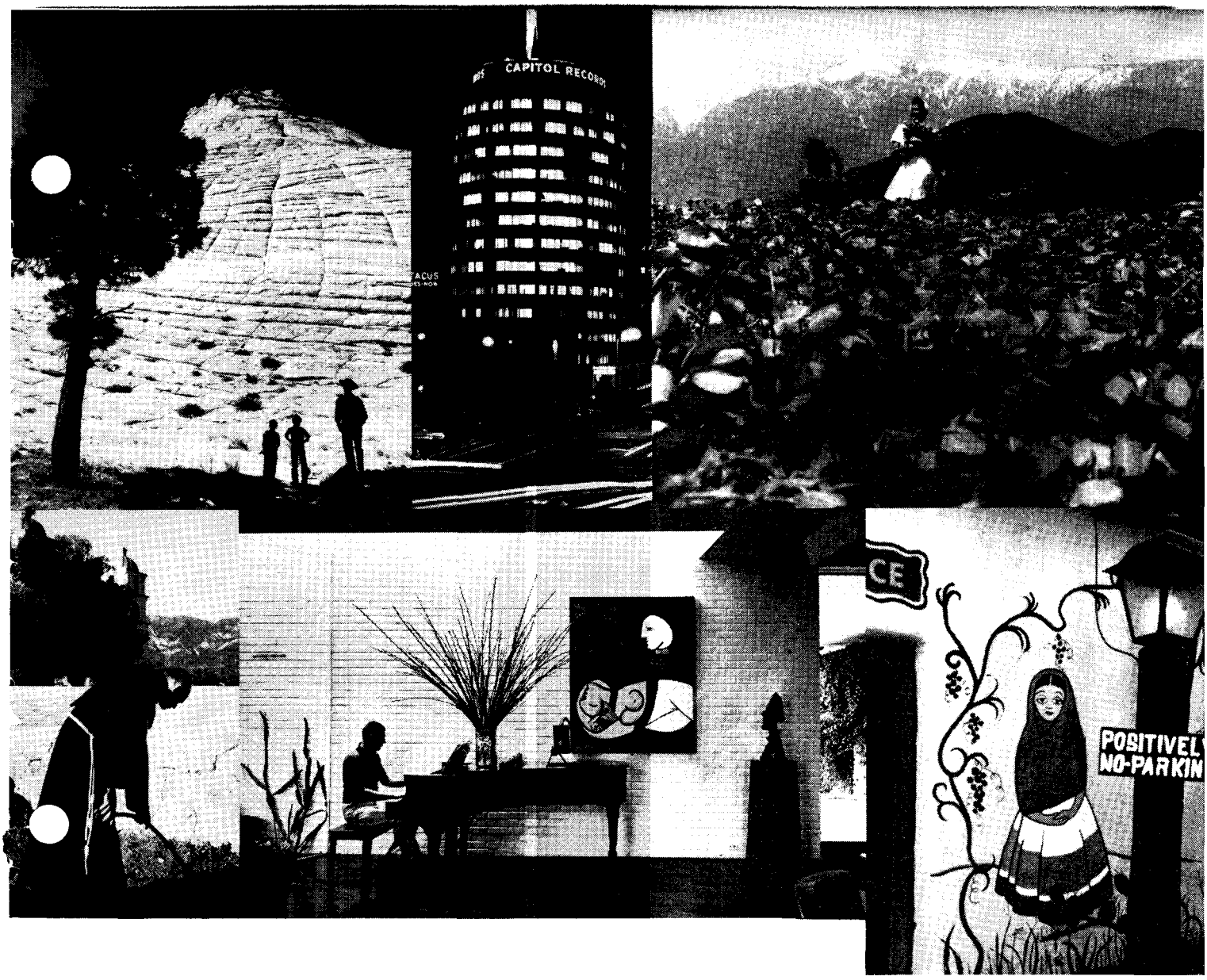

points are certain. There is very little of a regional nature about it. It belongs to the people of all the states of the nation—for they form the composite of the Westerner today. Its common bonds are energetic creativity and supreme self-confidence. It does not pause to defend itself against charges of cultural immaturity; it is too busy, and it is not self-conscious.

The assumption outside the West is that the Westerner still is a sybarite, excited only by the clear and present challenge of how to expend his unparalleled prosperity. This has been, until recently, a defensible generalization; it is no longer valid. The changing cultural patterns of the West, on the surface, seem easy to dismiss as insignificant; a closer look reveals a hungry, energetic drive to compensate for lost time. It is epitomized by the transplanted family of a scientist, a technician, or an educator, who are hardly unpacked before plunging into civic symphony, little theatre, or art classes; whatever accustomed amenity is absent on the local Western scene, the new arrival sets out to establish.

A casual, easy manner of living continues to be an inherent part of the Western culture. But those from other areas find it difficult to understand that this is not evidence of a shallow culture. The good life is a Western trademark, not a Western obsession. New Westerners believe they can both live better and do more. From their high threshold of abundance and energy, Westerners are devoting time and patronage in support of cultural and scholarly activities at such a rate that they seem likely to accomplish within a century what it has taken most of the nation 200 or 300 years to build.

Just five years ago, Walter Prescott Webb, a historian of the West, found that ten standard school histories of the United States devoted an average of only six or seven pages out of each 100 pages to the western three-fifths of America. He concluded that this disparity was due to the brief span of Western history, and to the relative scarcity in the West of the historical problems of labor, industry, urbanization, and the Negro. But if Webb's theory is true, American history is being written today in the West with a heavy hand and on many pages. The West has become one of the most urban regions of America. Its booming cities and the influx of science and industry are the overwhelming facts of the contemporary West. Moreover, the Negro is moving Westward in avalanches.

The truth is that this is a vastly misunderstood region, even by those who live in it. Americans have sought to interpret the twentieth-century move westward in historic terms, but this is a move without precedent. It does not fit traditional migratory patterns. It has been born of a modern American phenomenon: a nation so prosperous and so mobile that its people are free to go in search of a better life. The

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Westerners of today are the first people in world history to attain that freedom in the mass.

They seek a wide spectrum of amenities: sunshine and warmth in California, Nevada, Arizona, and New Mexico, fishing in Oregon, boating in Washington, hunting in Wyoming, skiing in Colorado—and almost everywhere, the scenic extravagances of the rawboned West, the escape from conventional urban crowding, the leisurely pace and the more amiable human relationships which derive from that pace and which lead many toward concentration on the less tangible pursuits of the arts and the intellect.

Because of this quest, growth in the West has been at the rate of about 40 per cent each decade, twice the national average. And many cities of California and Arizona have grown at four to fifteen times the national average. There is an air of inevitability about growth, but its causes and its nature are widely misinterpreted.

Migration to Florida, heavily weighted by the retired, comes close to being a purely climatic migration, but the move West is a younger one. The median age of the West is dropping below the national average. The millions moving there seek far more than warmth and sunshine; they are moving West to build their future, and they have dreams of the super-life.

As the new Westerner has been set free from other regions to build this life, there has evolved a new world of industry so footloose that it can move with him, oblivious to the traditional industrial requirements of location. The industries of the space age are less dependent on pivotal market areas and power resources than on an environment which will lure the scientist and skilled technician. Western factories are short on smokestacks and spur lines. Their products may be tiny electronic parts or whole planes that, once manufactured, are flown away. But one of the most significant products of Western factories is ideas; the "think factory" and the laboratory epitomize the industrial move West.

Thus, sustained by footloose industry, the newcomer to the West develops a sense of having discovered the life of tomorrow. The selectivity that dominates this migration provides a unity among its diverse people. They are integrated by common bonds of supreme self-confidence and hope in the future. And it is this common spirit of the new breed dominating the westward tilt which has unified for the first time the vast area between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. Its vitality is obvious from the pulp mills of Montana to the electronics plants of Phoenix, from the missile producers of Denver to the aircraft and space industry of Seattle. It is obvious in the rapid urbanization of Western cities.

This eleven-state West was unified until the past decade only tenuously, and largely by the overwhelming factor of aridity. As recently as 1957, Webb could label the West an oasis civilization, a land of deficiencies whose most dependable asset might be tourism. Webb called Westerners "a normal people trying to create and maintain a normal civilization in an abnormal land . . . seeking to conquer the Great American Desert." He noted that the West of that day had contributed less than its share of listings to "Who's Who."

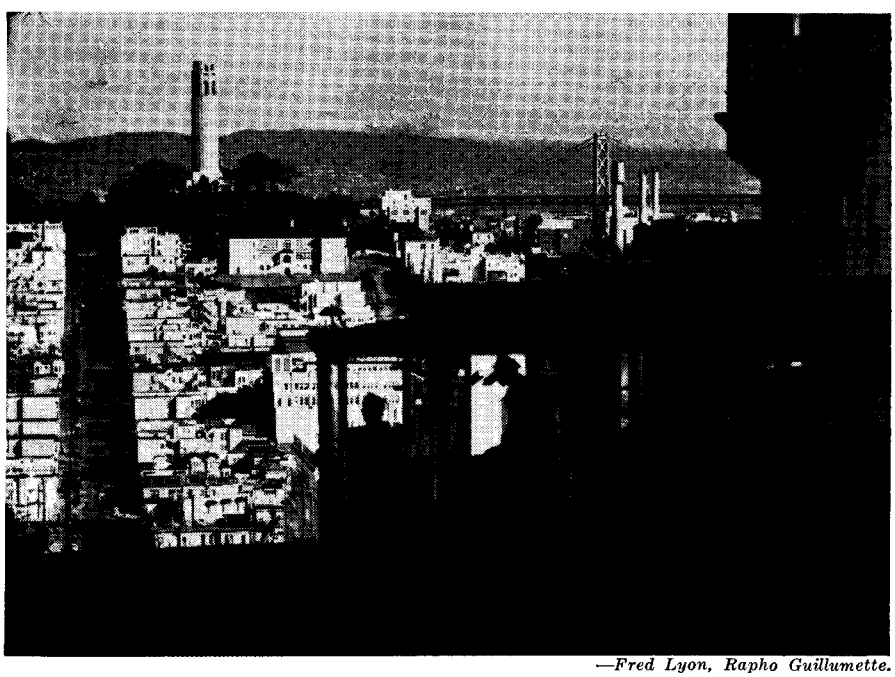
Then the explosions began in science, industry, and education—even in sophistication and in cultural affairs. Nobel laureates and scholars began the trek to Western campuses. From special public school classes for emotionally disturbed children at Las Vegas to nuclear laboratories on the teeming university campuses of California, the new West embraced education as a creature of its own discovery, and a panacea for the ills of violent growth. Research men and industrialists found an eager market for their abilities everywhere—in the eternal sunshine of the Arizona desert, near the coves and straits of Puget Sound, beside the skiing slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and all along the pounding Pacific Coast.

DURING the first two years of the graduate fellowship program of the National Defense Education Act, from 1959 to 1961, Californians received far more fellowships than any other state. The University of California has bred or lured eleven Nobel laureates, enough to field as a football team; no other American campus comes close. After such men followed skilled technicians and workers. Museums, concert halls, theatres, and galleries began to spring up at an accelerated rate. The Western newcomer was obviously moving with giant strides to plug the gaps of Western life, to speed the West through its muscle-bound adolescence, to create the super-America which the West has suggested in men's minds for more than a century.

Slowly until recent years, but now with a rush, the West is shouldering its appropriate burden of leadership in the federal government. Westerners in major Washington roles in 1940 included one undersecretary, three assistant secretaries, four chairmen, fourteen members or commissioners, and four administrators or directors. In 1960, there was one cabinet member, the treasurer, two undersecretaries, six assistant secretaries, seven chairmen, fourteen members or commissioners, and five administrators or directors. The appointments of President Kennedy reflect the rising tide of Western power.

Despite the regional unity of the new West, its surface pattern is a marvel of diversity. Party politics are unpredictable. Nine of the eleven Western states gave Richard Nixon pluralities over President Kennedy in the 1960 election. But on the eve of the 1962 elections, only five of twenty-two Western United States Senators are Republicans, while Republican Governors outnumber Democrats by six to five. Whatever his party, the Westerner is a political paradox. He has an almost emotional commitment to individualism, and a generally stronger abhorrence for federal inter-

(*Continued on page 64*)



—Fred Lyon, Rapho Guillumette.

San Francisco—"threatened by freeways, slums, and subdivisions . . ."

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The Fountain of Trevi in Rome. You can fly there with KLM and visit 22 extra cities for no extra fare.

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SR-3

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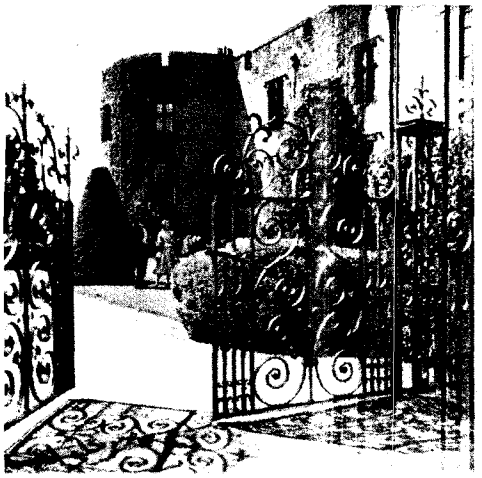
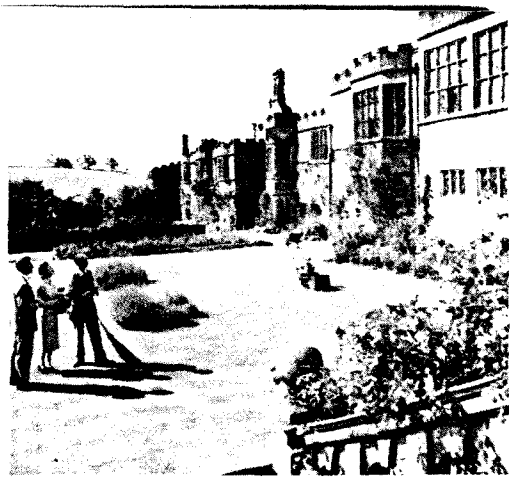
Guide to the stately homes of Britain

(Over 650 stately homes now welcome visitors in Britain—only 6½ hours or 5 lovely sea-days from New York.)



CHIRK CASTLE. This Welsh border castle has been lived in for 650 years. That's the charm of so many stately homes in Britain. They are *homes*, not musty old museums.

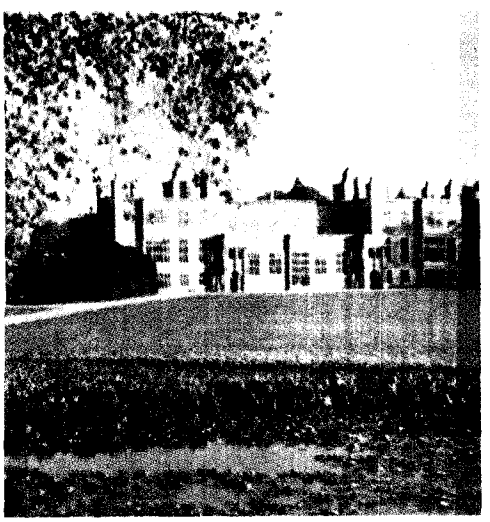


HADDON HALL. This mediaeval mansion belongs to the Duke of Rutland. If you rent a small car (about $36 a week), you can easily visit three ducal homes in a single day.

HARDWICK HALL. "Hardwick Hall—more glass than wall," says an old jingle. See for yourself—for 42 cents. That's the usual admission price to most of Britain's stately homes.

HAREWOOD HOUSE. Antique-lovers dote on it. Adam did the interior. The furniture is mostly Chippendale. Harewood is 203 years old, yet it is 643 years *younger* than the local church!

HATFIELD HOUSE. Queen Elizabeth I roamed its gardens as a *prisoner*. (Recipe for an English lawn: seed, then mow for 500 years.) The Cecil family own Hatfield and *live* in it.



AUDLEY END. This was once a palace of Charles II; he *summered* here. Your best touring time is Spring or Fall, when the roads and hotels are uncrowded and the temperature is ideal.

KIRBY HALL. This renaissance extravagance has a garden with 4,000 rose bushes. A nearby castle has hedges sculptured like elephants. British gardens are glorious. Labors of love.

GLAMIS CASTLE. Princess Margaret's birthplace—and Macbeth's home. It now houses an Earl and a nameless red-headed ghost. Fall and Spring are best for ghost-hunting. Nights are longer.

For free color booklet "Stately Homes in Britain," see your travel agent or write Box 451, British Travel Association.
In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—612 So. Flower St.; In Chicago—39 So. La Salle St.; In Canada—90 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

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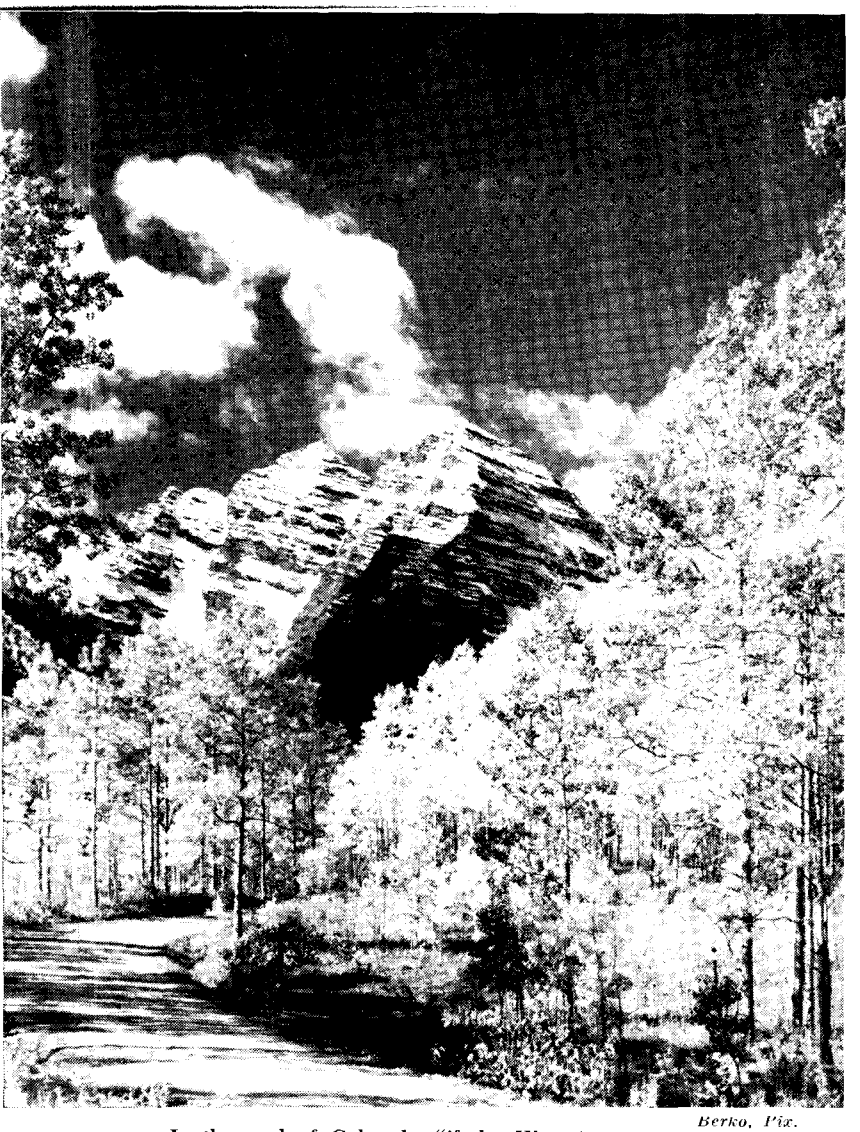
WHY THE ASPENS QUAKE

by Eric Sevareid



Berko, Pix.

In the cool of Colorado—"if the West is gone we will become a different, a diminished people."

ASPEN, COLORADO.

THE ROAD around Red Mountain to the trout stretches in Hunter Creek is "jeepable," as the Army's maps in the last war defined such pathways—jeepable and barely that. Robert Anderson, the New Mexico rancher and banker, who is easy and authentic in blue jeans and Stetson, had the bucking jeep under control. But it was rough on the rib joints, and that engaging young lady, Mrs. Ethel Kennedy, probably spoke the natural sentiment of a New Frontierswoman when she gasped from her precarious perch in the back, "Don't you think the government ought to come in here and make a good road?"

Instantly and instinctively, both Anderson and I said, "No!"

Improve that road and that's the end of the trout fishing in Hunter Creek, the end of one more secret joy in life, of one more dream for the winter nights in the Eastern cities, the finish of one more jeweled valley where the mule deer come out to drink and the ruffed grouse make the hollow logs boom in the mornings of spring. Maybe it will soon be finished, anyway; a private combine from the West Coast is trying to buy it up and raze the aspen and the pine for rows of little houses. This is happening in the high, narrow valleys all through the Rockies, our last frontier of serenity and space, the ultimate Holy Grail, the spirit of the West. The Rockies will be its burial place unless we learn, as the English have learned, that "progress" has to be defined to mean preserving and cherishing as well as changing and "improving," and I hope I'm dead and buried, too, when the West is gone.

I mean it. A form of madness comes over me when I think of what is happening to the Great American West and what can happen. The Bob Andersons and the Stewart Udalls are my heroes these days and to hell with all the would-be Zeckendorfs, now building all over the West. If the laws won't stop this or regulate it with implacable severity, I'm for anarchy and vigilantism and would happily go to jail with those entirely respectable citizens of Aspen who obey a higher law and have been known to sneak out of their picture-window houses at night and saw down billboards.

(This is what those desperate Easterners, the cottagers on Fire Island, are going to have to do, mark my words. They are going to have to lie down in front of Robert Moses's bulldozers when he starts that doubly damnable double highway the length and breadth of that precious, irreplaceable sandspit. But I won't join them; no man should join them. Moses would run right over the men. There is a chance he might stop short of sobbing women and little children, down on their knees in the sand.)

What is the American West, after all? It is space; and if the spaciousness goes, the West is gone and something is gone out of America, out of the American tradition and dream, out of our "image" of ourselves that can never come again. We will become, I swear, a different people, a diminished people.

I know I will be told by return mail that there is no such thing as the "spirit of the West," that Westerners are just as bad and good, as unhappy and happy, as lazy and energetic, as selfish and generous as Americans in the Bronx or Boston and no more or less than Americans in Boston or the Bronx. I've been told this before, by experts, by historians and sociologists and psychologists, and they don't know what they're talking about. They almost know, but not quite.

They know all about comparable

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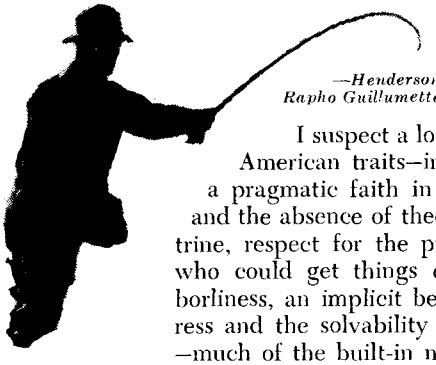
rates, West and East, of mental illness, crime, divorce, alcoholism, and general human faults and flaws. I make no counterclaims. They can take apart Professor Turner's famous history lecture of 1893 and make a strong argument that the development of the free lands did not breed any noticeably rugged independence of character in Westerners, who bullyragged Uncle Sam for more handouts and privileges in one form or another from the Homestead Act on.

They make a case, all right, but if they had seen what I saw in my childhood — years and years of Dakota farmers fighting drought and locusts and dust storms and blizzards with damn little immediate help from anybody but neighbors, just to hang on to those free land gifts and improve them—maybe they would debunk a little more cautiously. I don't claim it was tougher than growing up among the pushcarts of the Lower East Side of New York, but it was different, and in that difference lies the whole point about the West and what it means to those who know it and why their feeling about it in their bones is not false or phony.



—Henderson, Rapho Guillumette.

You grew up in the West with a sense of change, of growth and improvement that even a kid could see and feel all the time. You had a sense of anticipation, of freshness, as your town developed, as the new gravel road connected your town with the nearest city, as the new bank went up, the little college began upstairs in the Opera House, the new shipment of books arrived for the town library in the back room of the bank. The future seemed as wide as the horizon. Maybe a youngster growing up in an old New England town or in the Old South had similar sensations, but I just don't believe they could have been quite the same.

Turner, as I recollect him, had the theory that the West of the moving frontier was the "typical America" and that America couldn't be understood unless the West was understood. I would be wary of designating any part of this immense and varied country as typical, and surely a New Englander or a Southerner must resent this notion about the West. America is the sum of its parts, at the least reckoning.

But the Western communities grew in a way those in the Atlantic states didn't grow, or hadn't grown for so many generations as not to count for our time. It always seemed to me that Turner was right when he described each frontier community developing from scratch, from birch bark canoe and moccasin or from sod hut and hand plow. That's the way it happened in my town from the time when August Peterson, I think it was, walked overland from the Devil's Lake region and built his shack among the oaks in our little river valley. No prefab shipment of European or Eastern culture, institutions and amenities could be brought or sent for. It all came later, bit by bit, and so a Westerner grew up as his own culture grew up. I just don't see how anybody growing to manhood in an old and settled community, whether in the American East or in Europe, just inheriting what others had created long before, can have the same sensations of participation, the same keen sense of shortcomings, but also the same keen sense of accomplishment and pride. In the West, you grew up not only with an electric feeling about the future, but a sober sense of the past, because both past and future seemed so close at hand.

I suspect a lot of "typical" American traits—inventiveness, a pragmatic faith in what works and the absence of theory and doctrine, respect for the practical man who could get things done, neighborliness, an implicit belief in progress and the solvability of problems —much of the built-in nature of our people that foreigners, at least, regard as "typically American," must have come out of that whole process, and unless I am blindly prejudiced, I still feel this spirit the moment I get back to the region of the mountains and the great plains.

I know it's changing, but then it has always been changing. Turner described three distinct evolvements—the drifting squatter who grew a few necessities, then drifted on; the good farmer who put in roads and fences and permanent buildings; then the developer who brought in railroads and industries and parks. You see the third stage in operation now, everywhere in the West, with the developers adding mass housing or buying up the good but small farms and ranches for amalgamation and corporate operation. Those eighteen separate farms that immediately surrounded my small town in North Dakota are now six separate farms. In the mountains, uncounted numbers of Hunter Creek valleys with their cluster of one-family ranch houses are going to housing developments or resorts or corporate farming.

The spaciousness of the West will remain, in mountains or plains, as seen from a plane or a peak, but will it feel spacious when you're on the ground? It isn't any pressure of sheer population that is changing the West this side of the Pacific Coast because, actually, most of the essentially rural counties are losing population to the already big cities. It's the pressure for different *uses* of the space that can make it harder and harder for Americans to enjoy the space. Federal legislation can't save it all, and the efforts of Aspen citizens to encourage, by tax-deductible trust arrangements, the withholding of valley land for camp sites and fishing and hunting grounds, ought to be a pattern for a thousand potential Shangri-las in the Great West.

Space is the key to it all; I think most Americans are slowly suffocating for want of space whether they're aware of it or not. Our genes haven't had time to adjust to the neat, tidy, orderly little life of a Britain or a Denmark; millions of us just don't thrive, in our spirits or in our flesh, in the big city. There is a craving in us for space, and the big boom in boating, in hunting and fishing proves our quiet desperation.

I stroll along the half-empty, dusty streets of Aspen, as I could stroll through any small Western town, and I feel different. I feel the way I used to feel. The man strolling toward me is different. I can *see* him, his clothes, his gait, his whole nature, and he can see me. If I slow down, he will slow down; he'll know I want to talk and he will want to talk. You think it's just leisure that does this, the absence of pressures on a couple of fellows enjoying their annual vacations? It's that, but it's more than that—it's space. I'm sure that space is more important to the well-being of the human creature than leisure. In ten years, maybe, Aspen's summer population will be tripled; the streets will be crowded, and we'll walk and stop walking when and where the signs say we can. Then all will be changed; I won't see that man anymore and he won't see me, and we certainly won't stop and talk, unless we bump each other, in which case we'll exchange a few nasty remarks.

You think empty space diminishes the individual, makes him feel lost and little? Any individual who feels that way in the mountains or on the prairies has felt lost and little all his life. It's crowds and close quarters that make most of us feel lost and little; you can't increase the density of human beings without increasing the individual sense of anonymity, in a street, an apartment house, or an organization.

I'm a displaced person, and a sentimental fool perhaps, but I have a notion that I have a lot of company in

(*Continued on page* 94)

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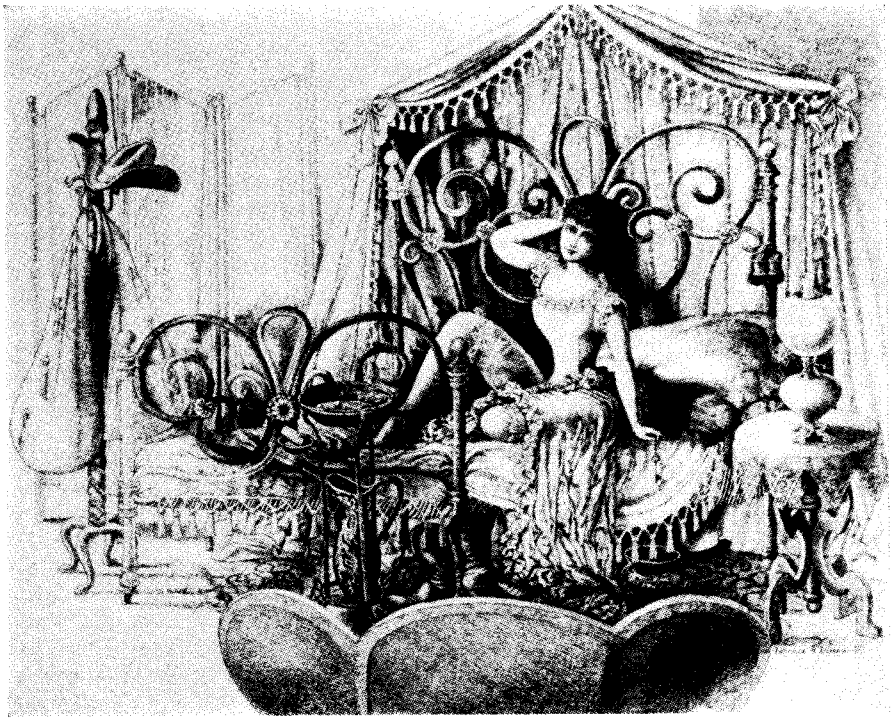
THE SINCERE SINNING OF THE ONE SOUND STATE

by Lucius Beebe



—*Terence Duren from "The American West."*

The Everleigh sisters, legendary figures in the annals of commercialized love in the American west.

WHEN less than a decade ago Nevada's most venerable newspaper, the *Territorial Enterprise*, where Mark Twain had served his literary apprenticeship, and which was once the miners' Bible of the entire West, espoused legalized and socially sanctioned prostitution so emphatically as to make national news, there was an element of head-shaking throughout the land that flatly refused to credit the validity of this reversion to a wilder and far older American West.

The widely publicized "Searchlight Plan," put forth by the *Enterprise*, grew out of a minor civic scuffle in a tiny crossroads in the Southern Deserts. Here, in a dusty ghost town called Searchlight that had once harbored a brief mining boom, the "cocktail waitresses" (as the girls were euphemistically known), were found to outnumber residents engaged in more conventional occupations by about five to one. The reason was an adjacent military installation, and the crisis was brought to public attention when the Nevada State Highway Department complained that the midnight motor traffic to Searchlight had ruined the surface of the only existing highway and that it had no funds for its rehabilitation. The girls were found, too, to be operating within 500 feet of the tiny hamlet's one-room school, a violation of state law, and a hearty old-time frontier free-for-all was inaugurated largely by the *Territorial Enterprise*.

"Don't move the girls," thundered the *Enterprise* in accents which made every wire service in the land. "Move the school."

This was the Searchlight Plan.

An especially provocative statement of the One Sound State's philosophy of live and let live, its explicit moral intransigence and reversion to a pioneer way of thinking may be taken as symptomatic of what makes Nevada still a maverick state, a howling wilderness of free-wheeling tumults that find their expression in easy divorces, legal gambling, and no closing hours for any of the gorgeous multiplicity of saloons and wide-open red-light districts in a number of its neon-lit townships, which

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scorn the evasions of sanctimoniousness and which cheered like mad for the Searchlight Plan and its implications.

The Nevada Constitution specifically forbids an income tax. There is no state inheritance tax; property taxes are microscopic, although there is a two per cent sales tax; and its per capita income a year or so back was the highest in the nation and may well still be. It is a perfectly horrible example of the wages of sin, which, from every available evidence and statistic, is not death but a shocking prosperity: Porterhouse for dinner every night and envy that endangers the blood pressure of less fortunate communities.

California's envy of its affluent and hospitable neighbor is perhaps the most pitiable because of the vast quantities of California money which every weekend in the year flies, motors, or takes the cars to Reno and Las Vegas and very little of which comes back. Las Vegas gets the Southern California trade, Reno the conservative or San Francisco element of craps shooters. It used to be seasonal in each case: Las Vegas was untenable in the Nevada summers, and Reno was often inaccessible in winter due to blockades in the High Sierras. Air conditioning put Vegas on a year-round basis, and improved highways now almost never see Reno isolated from its source of folding money. Even Lake Tahoe, high in a saucer of the continental cordillera, which used to have a scant ninety days to get off the nut, is now a year-round carnival with buses from downtown San Francisco on the hour every hour, 365 days a year, shuttling prospects at minimal rates to the doors of Harold's, Harrah's, and Cal Neva. It congeals the marrow of San Francisco to see them leaving in such a steady parade.

Indeed, and even as these vagrant paragraphs are being penned in the early autumn of 1962, it is apparent that the lure of Nevada's many freedoms appeals not only to the excursion-rate element that takes passage from California on the buses and on the deplorable independently operated airlines (which will inevitably end in a monstrous holocaust one of these days), and, at the opposite end of the social scale, to those in the 80 per cent income tax brackets who find in Nevada the last millionaire's roost and refuge from the rapacity of the tax gatherers. The lure has extended itself to the highly volatile fringe of California's literary and intellectual elements, who threaten a mass exodus from their hitherto impervious groves of Sausalito and Big Sur to establish a literary colony in the Nevada desert, where no inhibitions of any sort may impede total self-expression in whatever wayward direction fancy listeth. Sponsors of this project, a sort of red-light Brook Farm, are Sausalito novelist Calvin Kentfield and publisher William Ryan, head of the Angel Island Press and publisher of the highly successful "Artists & Writers Cookbook."

These two prophets of enlightened chaos have obtained option to buy an isolated one-time copper mining community, now of ghost town dimensions, named "Contact." It is located some 650 miles inland from Sausalito hard by the Nevada-Idaho border. That its name is identical with the literary publication owned by the two jet-age Bohemians seemed a happy augury, and bus loads of potential prospectors in the sex-and-alcohol diggings are being ferried in every weekend. On the way to the wilderness they hope may become paradise, they receive indoctrination in the Nevada scheme of things at Elko and Wells, communities which many persons feel approximate the role of cramming schools for admission to Sodom and Gomorrah. Travelers aboard the Southern Pacific's *City of San Francisco*, which traverses the seemingly limitless Nevada desert at night, raise the shades of their drawing rooms as the train pauses briefly and know where they are without reference to the names on the depots. If, hard by the tracks and ablaze with neon trim and letters six feet tall, they encounter the Coq Rouge, they are in Elko; if the night landscape is dominated by the gaudy allurements of the Why Not? they are at Winnemucca; if the business shingle reads Ida's Place, they are in Wells.

—*Mercaldo Archives.*

Poker Alice Tubbs—"peopled by characters from Central Casting."

The promoters of *Contact* and Contact have announced that they will install literary bordellos when they take over, as well as gambling casinos dedicated to the fine arts of painting and sculpture. In general, they intend to inaugurate a reign of benevolent but militant immorality populated by voluptuaries who will quote Swinburne to the madame and shoot craps to the antiphonal choruses from "Antigone."

Should the five permanent residents of Contact be puritanically inclined, a highly improbable contingency, their voices would be feeble under Nevada law, which is committed to the proposition that communities that want prostitution can have prostitution.

The problem that confronts orderly appraisal of Nevada's rich and well advertised disorders is to distinguish whether the One Sound State's overall façade of tolerance and, indeed, active advocacy of a free-wheeling scheme of things that wouldn't be approved, say, in Vermont or Maryland, is maintaining continuity with the heroic past and the Old West, or whether Nevada is simply a tourist trap peopled by characters from Central Casting and physical props borrowed from a Culver City Western. Is sin in Nevada the McCoy or is it a fakement mounted for the tourist trade on a scale of meretricious fraudulence to dwarf to insignificance the carny corn of Coney Island?

That the continuity is valid and authentic is, to any student of the Nevada past, beyond doubting. From the time of the discovery of the Comstock Lode in Virginia City in 1858 right down to 1910, when the curtain descended upon the last great gold rush in the continental United States at Tonopah and Goldfield, tumults and hooray have gravitated to Nevada through the agency of a seemingly immutable law of nature. By convention as impervious to exception as etiquette at the Court of St. James, the first substantial structure in any new diggings was the town's first saloon; the second was its first love store; and the arrival at any time thereafter of a local Wells Fargo agency made it a proven camp and entitled to include the magic word "City" in its postal address. The pattern revealed itself without fault or flaw excepting the incorporation as a "City," which was optional; and its outline can be traced in Virginia City, Gold Hill, Silver City, Austin, Eureka, Treasure Hill, Candelaria, Hamilton, Golconda, Midas, Jumbo, Goldfield, Tonopah, Rhyolite, Rawhide, and all the others in the long tally of Nevada bonanzas.

LAS VEGAS—for all that it may embarrass the judicious beholder and represent an aesthetic catastrophe from which sophistication will avert its gaze as from a particularly nasty street accident—and to a lesser extent Reno, Carson City, and Lake Tahoe are just so many new bonanzas in the Nevada succession. That they are neon-lit leprosaria, where the walking dead never emerge to sunlight and the jungle night life is deadlier than in the Congo, in no way separates them from continuity with the glorious past. Only the properties are different: the Colt's Navy six-guns, the bourbon and branch with the bottle on the bar, the coal oil lamps, and tipping the keno goose have largely yielded place to swimming pools, sports cars, martinis, and the headier excitements of craps. And sex is a continuum, except that it is not accorded the billing it used to enjoy because the gambling managements don't encourage any activity that will remove the customers

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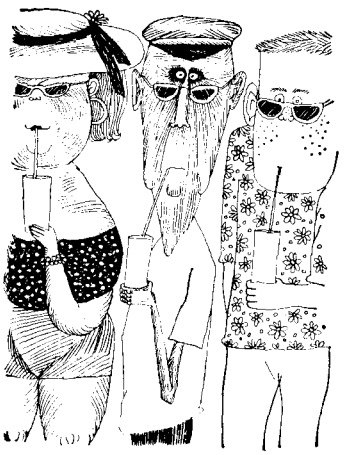
—Drawings by Susan Perl.

WHERE THE BARBECUED CANTELOUPE PLAY



by Gene Sherman

THE GASTRONOMICAL thing to remember across the Rockies is that digestion is still wild. Of the savage traits of the West, it is one of the last to be tamed.

There is historical precedence for this. While the red man was introducing the Pilgrims to the succulence of roast turkey, the digger Indian of the Pacific Coast was subsisting—in a manner of speaking—on grasshoppers.

Thus it should come as no surprise when grasshoppers are offered occasionally, crisply French fried, at cocktail parties. An Easterner who refuses a crunchy, salted grasshopper simply doesn't appreciate folklore.

Actually, they don't show up as often on hors d'oeuvre trays as they do on the counters of specialty food shops, of which there is a bewildering assortment in Southern California. Stocked with a shocking inventory of chocolate covered ants, rattlesnake steak, lizard eggs, and candied caterpillars, their revolting catalogue of tidbits would make a digger blanch.

But even in a land widely condemned for Epicurean sacrilege, rattlesnake steak is seldom served—even well done. The sins against *gourmandise* are less mortal, though barely more appetizing.

The two cardinal gustatory sins of the West have their roots in—alas!—familiarity. They stem from much too close an association with the hamburger and the frankfurter whose Teutonic origins have been twisted appallingly. It is possible with patience and determination to locate a respectable, unmolested hamburger, but the quest is likely to turn up some ghastly variations, as well as your stomach. One place in Los Angeles has the audacity to advertise a peanut burger. Inquiry reveals that this comprises a normal hamburger over which peanut butter has been spread. Not creamy peanut butter, either—the crunchy kind.

One plaster place on Sunset Boulevard dispenses mushroom burgers for people who are sensitive about contributing to the demise of a steer by eating meat. It isn't a hamburger at all; it's a mushroom sandwich.

The frankfurter has been subjected to every possible contumely, including being skewered on a stick and eaten like a lollipop. Among a sports-crazed people it has degenerated into a dyspeptic tradition to be bolted between halves of a football game or between baseball innings as a sacrifice to Walter O'Malley.

Occasionally, however, someone tries valiantly to restore its identity, but the means may hasten its end. Dana's at the Farmers Market, a renowned and bizarre bazaar, recently introduced a frankfurter sprinkled with coconut, pineapple, and mustard. It's called the Hawaiian hot dog. Aloha.

No doubt about it, the West is a land of opportunity for the adventurous appetite, filling its wide-open faces with monstrous concoctions. The young man who heeds Mr. Greeley's advice at this late date would do well to take along his bicarbonate.

PART of the fun at the table is experimentation. There's a lively exchange of recipes among the young marrieds, ably accomplished by an expanding recipe-chain-letter movement. By the time an enthusiastic housewife's name reaches the top of the list, there's no telling what sort of lethal culinary directions may come her way, dredged up from an exhausted card file of "Western living." One startled member of such a chain-letter gang received as part of her exchange a recipe for avocado and banana meat loaf. It made her feel better about sending along her recipe for barbecued cantaloupe. Experimentation in food of all kinds seems to follow the free-wheeling approach to dress and behavior in the West. Any girl who would do her grocery shopping in a bikini can be counted on to barbecue a cantaloupe.

One example of the constant attempt at novelty is the continuous competition for different ice creams. It's nothing for the better confectioneries to carry scores of flavors, from apple to zucchini. One Hollywood ice cream parlor that

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freezes its own offers to whip up a batch in any flavor a customer desires. Recently they got an order for ten gallons of spinach ice cream, which was duly filled.

One can imagine the comment of a small boy who might have been served a dish of this exotic nectar: "I say it's spinach and I say the hell with it."

Certain influences bear continually on eating habits in the West, particularly in California, and among them are produce, barbecue pits, and the pursuit of health. It's natural that in a locality where fruits and vegetables abound the year round they form a substantial part of the diet. If there's one thing that characterizes a California meal more than anything else, it's the greenery. The salad menu at almost any restaurant on the Pacific Coast is longer than a waiter's arm, and some idea of the pre-eminence of the fare can be gained from the fact that it's shoved at you first and you're expected to eat it first. It's barely permissible to ask a Western waiter to serve your salad with your entrée, but it's next to impossible to get it served between the entrée and dessert. For that, you must have influence.

Largely responsible for the insistence that you consume your roughage first is the El Centro Chamber of Commerce, which calls the Imperial Valley he "Salad Bowl of America." Each year the chamber throws a salad tossing contest to glamorize the enormous lettuce crop of the area. The contest winds up the lettuce festival and generally turns into a riotous affair with salad being tossed all over the auditorium of the Barbara Worth Hotel. Its management grimly presents the chamber with its annual bill for cleaning the dressing off the rafters.

As for barbecuing, it's not restricted to cantaloupes. It's not restricted to anything. Western living is synonymous with outdoor living, and the barbecue is synonymous with that. Squinting through the smoke and grabbing a long-handled fork in an asbestos mitten, every Westerner, when he tosses a club steak on the grill, fancies himself presiding at the roasting of a whole steer over an open pit. This sort of gusto is dandy on a far-flung ranch, but it can be overdone (and usually is) on a six-by-six patio behind the house. Nevertheless, the Western dinner guest must undergo the ordeal of watching the host fire up the charcoal with his electrical charcoal starter and cremate the teak to the consistency and appearance of cracked leather. It's all part of outdoor living.

During the meal there's a fair chance he'll be subjected to a discourse

(*Continued on page* 68)

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WINNETOU OF DER WILD WEST

by Joseph Wechsberg

I KNEW all about the American West at the tender age of ten—twenty-two years before I actually saw America. The source of my early, and extremely bizarre, information was the German adventure writer Karl May, who has been dead since 1912 but is still one of the best-selling authors of all times. His seventy books have sold over fifteen million copies in various German editions alone; and they have been translated into "more than twenty cultural languages," including Volapük and Braille—but not English.

Perhaps English and American youths, brought up on real cowboy stuff, wouldn't have swallowed May's fantasies. But, to the boys of my generation in Central Europe, and to countless boys before and after me, the "German J. Fenimore Cooper" was the greatest writer since Homer. May was a contemporary of two other famous Saxonians, Richard Wagner and Friedrich Nietzsche, but we had never heard of *them*.

It has been claimed that Karl May never saw the American West on which he was such an authority. That isn't true. He made a short trip to America in 1908, when he was sixty-six and a millionaire, but that was long *after* he'd written his masterpieces about the Wild West. His ignorance was offset by his vivid imagination. Although he didn't believe in research, he had the goods when it came to spinning a yarn, and he kept me in breathless suspense for the best years of my adolescent life. In Germany today, he is still popular with adolescents, many in their forties and fifties. The American West is the favorite locale of his most popular books (written in something of a Kit Carson style), but occasionally he took his fascinated readers into the Unknown Near East, the Sudan, the Cordilleras—always with a maximum of imagination and a minimum of facts.

The great Goethe once told Eckermann that any writer whose work survives him for twenty years is "something of an author." Karl May has stood the test of time. Fifty years after his death he is still read by innumerable small (and not so small) boys all over the world. His most popular book, "Winnetou," has sold over 800,000 copies in Germany alone. Not surprisingly, the author later added "Winnetou II" and "Winnetou III," and as the demand kept up, he wrote "Winnetou's Heirs."

Two noted Karl May fans, Albert Einstein and Albert Schweitzer, years ago met in Colorado, watched an Indian show, and fondly talked about Winnetou, the hero of their youthful days. Karl Zuckmayer, the German playwright, named his daughter Winnetou—something of a literary joke because Karl May's Winnetou, "the great chief of the Apaches," was a man. And the unfortunately unforgotten author of another best seller called "Mein Kampf" was a great Karl May admirer and kept over seven and a half feet of May's collected works in his private library.

Sometimes Hitler borrowed May quotations for his speeches, for instance to describe the ideal German type as a man "with muscles of iron and sinews of steel." What Hitler did not tell his mesmerized listeners was the fact that Karl May's description concerned an American character called "Westmann" (with two n's), and not a German. As a researcher, Hitler wasn't much better than May.

The man whose creations impressed such diverse personalities as Schweitzer and Hitler was born in 1842 in Hohenstein-Ernstthal, a small town in the Saxonian Erzgebirge. His father was an impoverished weaver, and the boy didn't get much of an education. In fact, his favorite reading matter as a boy were "The Robbers' Den in Sierra Morena," "The Angel of the Oppressed," and "Emilia, the Walled-In Nun"—masterpieces, no doubt, whose authors have been mercifully forgotten.

At the age of twenty the young man got in trouble with the law, and during the next twelve years Karl May served various prison sentences for minor thefts. Altogether he spent almost eight years in prison, and it was there that

KARL MAY
Heft 17
Der Schwarze Mustang
Halbblut, 2. Teil
Im Firewood-Camp, der vorläufigen Endstation einer im Bau befindlichen Eisenbahnlinie im Südwesten Nordamerikas, sind neben den weißen Bahnarbeitern über hundert Chinesen als Schienenleger beschäftigt. Ihre langen Zöpfe reizen den Schwarzen Mustang, den berüchtigten Häuptling der Nauni-Komanschen, und
er schickt seinen Enkel Ik Senanda, ein Halbblut, in das Camp, um die Gelegenheit für einen Überfall auszuspionieren.
Zwei Chinesen stehlen die Gewehre Old Shatterhands und Winnetous, die zum Besuch ins Camp kommen, laufen damit aber dem Schwarzen Mustang in den Weg, als dieser sich heimlich mit seinem Enkel im Lager getroffen hat. Der Komantsche nimmt ihnen die Gewehre als willkommene Beute ab. Aus den Spuren lesen Old Shatterhand und Winnetou, was geschehen ist, und treffen ihre Maßnahmen.
Sie lassen Ik Senanda absichtlich aus dem Camp entfliehen, und fahren auf einer Lokomotive mit den beiden Westmännern Kas und Has Timpe, die auf der Suche nach einem Vetter sind, der sie um ihre Erbschaft begaunert hat, nach der nächsten Bahnstation Rocky Ground.
Dort treffen sie ihre alten Freunde Hobble-Frank und Tante Droll und reiten mit ihnen zum Alder Spring, um die Komantschen zu belauschen. Old Shatterhand und Winnetou werden Zeuge, wie der Schwarze Mustang von seinem Enkel gewarnt wird und mit seinen Kriegern aufbricht. Ik Senanda bleibt zurück und fällt mit den gestohlenen Gewehren in ihre Hände.
Soweit lasen Sie in Heft 16: „Der Spion vom Firewood-Camp."

"'Deadly-gun!' rief der maschinist, auf den fremden zutrend."

"Mitten in der Stirn sass Bloody-Fox Kugel."

—Illustrations from the paperbacks of Karl May.

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he began to write his adventure books —to break the monotony of cell life or to escape into a never-never world. Most of his books are written in the first person. The author-narrator calls imself at various times Old Shatternand, Old Surehand, or Old Firehand. By the time May was out of prison he had earned so much money with his books that he was able to buy himself a large villa with a small park in Radebeul, a suburb of Dresden. He spent most of his life there and set up his own publishing company.

I would never have believed that my great author-explorer rarely walked farther than into the park behind his house in search of inspiration, or that he had never seen the Wild West. To me, Winnetou was very much alive, a great and noble Indian Chief "with his black hair falling down," and I was intimately acquainted with Old Shatterhand "who felled every enemy with a strong blow against the temple," and in critical moments relied on his magnificent rifles, the *Henrystutzen*, a sort of carbine "with drawn-out barrel," and the *Bärentöter* ("bear-killer"), a muzzle-loader with which Old Shatterhand would hit a bull's eye 1,500 meters away.

THE current paperback edition of "Winnetou" shows a picture of the great Chief, together with a map of North America. New York, St. Louis, New Orleans, and San Francisco are included solely for orientation; the main feature is the narrator's journey "from Kiowa Village to Nugget-tsil to Pueblo, Colorado."

May's books—like the works of many popular novelists—all seem strangely alike. His characters are strictly black or white, either horrible villains or wonderful heroes. The narrator faces certain death every fifty pages or so, but he always extricates himself from a hopeless trap with one of his magic rifles. May often refers to the German ancestry and Teutonic virtues of Old Shatterhand, but he knows no color line: there are good and bad Palefaces, and good and bad Indians. The Palefaces exclaim "Zounds!" or "The devil!," the cowboys say, "Good day, Mesch'schurs!" (sic), and the Indians express their feelings in monosyllables such as "Pshaw!," "Uff!," or "Howgh!". Some of the white heroes have a fatal resemblance to the late Kaiser Wilhelm II and Fürst Bismarck, who were obviously May's heroes. There are veiled and mystic theories of racism, and the hero-narrator tries to convert his enemies to Christianity.

It's not great literature; yet today, fifty years after his death, Karl May is for the first time discussed by serious

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WHERE DO EUROPEANS GO FOR THEIR VACATION?

To a cultivated European, superb food, excellent service, exciting cities, great works of art are part of his way of life—they are to be found all over Europe. If that was all he wanted from a vacation, he probably could stay home. But he doesn't stay home. He takes vacations—and often in Switzerland.

Why Switzerland? Because it satisfies his most cosmopolitan tastes for refinement and luxury and provides the most perfect atmosphere in Europe for a vacation. The natural grandeur and beauty of the country...the contentment and warm hospitality of its people have an extraordinary effect on the spirit. Subtly, surely, one feels again the joy of harmony with nature and man.

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THESPIS IN SUN GLASSES

by Paine Knickerbocker

THE PACIFIC Coast was settled by doughty pioneers whose pursuits were neither intellectual nor artistic. They came to a region where the towering redwoods, the picturesque Sierra, and the vast reaches of desert and ocean combined to calm a man when he becomes frenetic, to suggest to him that he slow down and take a breath. And the kind of life evolved by the descendants of these pioneers has been a gracious, generously varied, and generally unfrustrated one, and it has been readily adapted to by those taking part in the tremendous migration to the area since World War II.

The result is that theatre on the West Coast is more fashionable than adventurous or challenging. In Los Angeles, the film tradition still dominates. Arthur Kober says that if he announces he is there with a play, no one even asks what play. In San Francisco, it is the opera that causes excitement. The cost of the four new productions being designed for this season by the San Francisco Opera Company exceeds the annual budget of the celebrated Actor's Workshop.

Attending current stage hits in both cities is approved, but the proposal that the theatre might also instruct or prove healthily disquieting is apt to be regarded with surprise, if, indeed, it is noted at all. Furthermore, there is a general belief that the theatre is there to be enjoyed, but produced by someone else. This is reflected in the theatrical activity on the West Coast, a large part of which consists of importing hits from Broadway and from Europe.

This activity is nonetheless considerable. Edwin Lester, for example, has formed one of the most extraordinary theatrical ventures in the United States. As general director, he heads an organization known in Los Angeles as the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera, and in San Francisco as the San Francisco Light Opera, the difference being local boards of directors, made up of social and civic leaders, and local financial guarantors. He now presents four shows annually, each for seven weeks in both cities, two playing simultaneously.

Before this season opened, his advance sale in Los Angeles was $2 million; in San Francisco, where the theatre audience is smaller, $1.4 million, a virtual sellout from April to October, when the tourists arrive in greatest numbers. He imports productions from New York, helps underwrite national companies, and co-operates with Broadway producers, this year making a deal with David Merrick to have London's "Oliver!" open on the coast as part of his season. It grossed $73,000 during its first week in Los Angeles.

He produces at least one musical each year, which may be a revival. His "Kismet" this season, starring Alfred Drake, Anne Jeffries, and Lee Venora, is the most opulent version of that musical ever staged. This was for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Civic Light Opera Association. He was the original producer of the show, as he was with "Song of Norway," also handsomely revived this summer. His financial stability is the envy of the American theatre, for he operates his venture as a nonprofit organization. Thus he must plow back profits, permitting him subsequently to budget some productions, such as "Kismet," with calculated losses.

His power is such that when the national company of "Carnival" came to the West Coast, he arranged to have Anna Maria Alberghetti and James Mitchell yanked from the Broadway cast for the San Francisco and Los Angeles engagements. He favors rich, conventional productions which reflect the West Coast's traditional delight in dramatic splendor.

The Greek Theatre Association, operated by James Doolittle, is also nonprofit. It is named after the outdoor theatre Doolittle supervises in Los Angeles. With profits from programs featuring such performers as Danny Kaye and Harry Belafonte, he, too, can schedule deliberate losses. This summer he interrupted the London run of Tyrone Guthrie's "HMS Pinafore" to fly over the entire company for performances in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Vancouver. A special set was built from a model sent over in advance. Also, he was instrumental this season in bringing the Comédie Française to the West Coast for the first time in history, and he brings in from other lands unusual productions too cumbersome for the one-night stops of Sol Hurok attractions.

There is, however, theatrical activity operating on a different level from that of Lester and Doolittle. One instance is the Actor's Workshop in San Francisco, and another a new theatre pro-

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Shakespeare in San Diego—"more fashionable than adventurous or challenging."

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gram at the University of California at Los Angeles under the direction of John Houseman and Abbott Kaplan.

Since its founding a decade ago, the Workshop, organized by Jules Irving and Herbert Blau, has grown increasingly in stature, if not in chic. It has been a long and dogged struggle, with financial problems still persisting. The company, which represented American regional theatre at the World's Fair in Brussels and at Seattle, consistently offers both classic and avant-garde drama to San Francisco and other ports of call that have been found profitable to visit. It staged the American première of Brecht's "Mother Courage," and it produced Harold Pinter's "The Birthday Party" before "The Caretaker" opened on Broadway. Plays by Edward Albee, Genet, and Beckett, as well as by O'Neill, Shaw, Shakespeare, and Chekhov, are in its repertory. One of the four theatres to receive a Ford Foundation grant to import actors to implement its talents, the workshop is lively, uncompromising, and often controversial.

Similar in many ways to the Workshop, and admittedly influenced by it, is the UCLA development. Here the casting is open to take advantage of the many skilled players in Southern California, whereas the Workshop stresses its own ensemble.

The problems awaiting potential producers on the West Coast are many. When Guthrie was scouting for a location for the theatre he has since established in Minneapolis, he confessed that in San Francisco there were too many other organizations of long standing, such as the opera, the symphony, and art museums, all preceding theatre as civic and cultural enterprises requiring a handout. San Francisco has less than a million population, and its wealthy citizens and municipal budget can be tapped for only so many ventures. (The Workshop is a comparative newcomer.)

Sprawling Los Angeles lacks a geographic focus, without which it is not encouraging for theatre, and certainly the area's benign climate and the novelty of big-league professional teams in baseball, hockey, and basketball also detract from potential support. The entertainment buck is up for many grabs.

So perhaps it is understandable that few individual producers have dared take the financial gamble. Randolph Hale tried it, but his presentations were pallid imitations of Broadway. Beguiled by his early success with "Anniversary Waltz," which ran for a surprising year in San Francisco, he constantly searched for the same feather-

(*Continued on page 62*)

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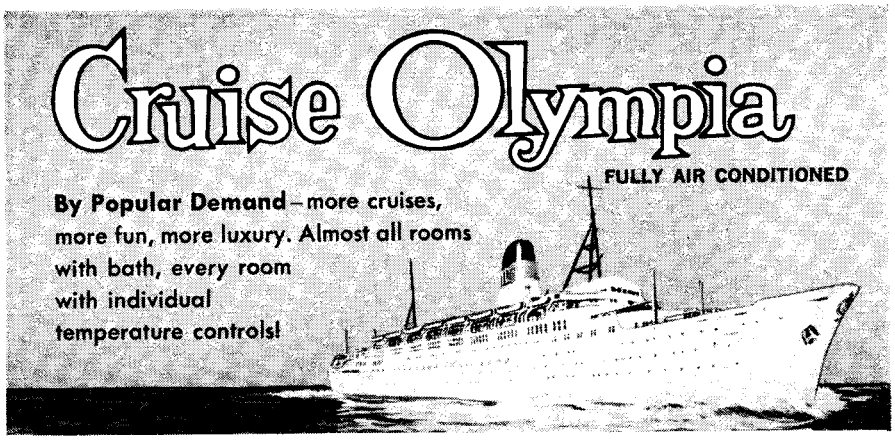
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A STIRRING IN THE PACIFIC PAINT POT

by Mitchell Wilder

SOMETIME this autumn California will become the largest state in the Union, a nugget of intelligence that comes not from the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, but from the demographers at the Census Bureau. The Bureau might be further relied upon to supply another figure confirming my belief that there are more artists in California than in any other part of the country, New York City in the winter excepted. Artists *live* in California, and this fact lures them into the web. This enormous artistic population makes any report of art events in the West seem slanted to the Golden State, or at least to the Pacific Coast. It is a simple fact; artists and their doings are myriad along the Pacific in marked contrast to the other Western states.

New York and Texas will soon have a first-hand opportunity to appraise the Western (sic) West Coast product. In October, the Whitney Museum of American Art opens an exhibition of fifty Californians. On November 5, Fort Worth's new Amon Carter Museum presents the first of a series of shows concerned with art in the West, "The Artist's Environment: The West Coast." While the two shows are organized differently, there is a considerable overlap of names: MacDonald Wright, Feitelson, Lebrun; Diebenkorn, Park, Rothko, Still. The Texas show, selected by Frederick S. Wight of UCLA, goes to the Northwest for the perennials Tobey and Graves, along with Kenneth Callahan, James Lee Hansen, and Spencer Moseley, all in Washington, and Oregon's man and wife team, Carl and Hilda Morris. If this roster has a ring of long-time familiarity, the impression is correct. Many of the "pioneers" out here are still around and still very much in the van: MacDonald Wright, Tobey, Feitelson, et al.

California boasts the greatest public education machine in the country and has provided it with some standout artists. The departments at Berkeley and Los Angeles have outstanding names on the faculty—some of the "best in the West." The new Santa Barbara campus is on the way up. The University sweetens the pot from time to time with "visitors," and the exhibitions on campus are of museum quality. All this to indicate that the official climate is good for the arts, as is the natural environment. The same, on a smaller scale (one campus, not three), can be reported from Austin, Texas, and Albuquerque, New Mexico. Both these state universities are finishing construction of new art galleries on campus—museums designed to serve both the student and the community. Through much of the West the artistic burden, both education and exhibition, is carried by state-supported colleges and universities. In many states this is about the only spot we will find working artists. Out here public money is being spent on art at the state level as it is elsewhere, the important difference being that frequently it is the only art activity available.

The economics of art in the West are healthy. Los Angeles is, as everyone knows by this time, second only to New York City as an art market. A Monday night opening on La Cienega Boulevard is a frolic on foot that has drawn comment from every visitor relating his California experiences. Galleries have their openings, many simultaneously on Monday. Most are within a stone's throw of one another and you can do the whole show in a leisurely circuit. This phenomenon, walking, is peculiar to the Los Angeles art world. Nothing else I can think of in California living offers an occasion which isn't made secondary to the problem of driving and parking.

The fact that people buy in California is but one reason for the density of the creative population. It is one of the few places in the country where artists seem able to live decently, support their families, and work at their trade. This fact has kept the old names producing and has produced many new names. This magnet, acceptance and dignity, will pull painters and sculptors across the continent. The process is still going on and will continue.

For the reader who would keep abreast of the arts along the coast, a new monthly, *Artforum*, appeared in San Francisco this June. Well written and good looking, *Artforum* "is an art magazine published in the West, but not only a magazine of Western art." This quote from the first issue sums up the thinking and the influences which stir artists throughout the country; interest in everything, everywhere. I don't see any regionalism, and would

THE WEST PAINTS: Exhibitions in New York and Texas this fall will offer a new national exposure to the art of the West. A certain overlap of names shows up in both shows, among them the artists whose works appear here. Morris Graves of Seattle is known for his fossil-like birds. David Park, who died last year at forty-nine, was a San Francisco artist who had abandoned abstraction for an image which he achieved with strength and brevity. Feitelson, of the L. A. old guard, was painting abstractions before the present generation was born. John McLaughlin, as well as Graves, shows Japanese influence. Simpson's horizontal paintings rely on color, and are frequently referred to as landscapes.

CREDITS: Graves and Park, from "American Art of Our Century," by Lloyd Goodrich and John I. H. Baur, Praeger. McLaughlin, Feitelson, and Simpson are reproduced from "Abstract Painting," by Michel Seuphor. Abrams. ➔

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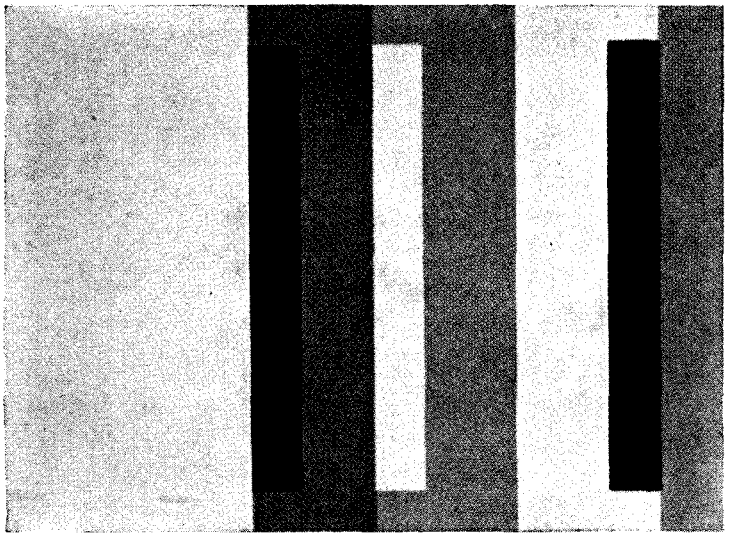

Felix Landau Gallery, Los Angeles.

John McLaughlin: Painting No. 6

EASELS WEST

An Autumnal Exposure

Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Gift of the Friends of the museum

Morris Graves: Bird in the Spirit

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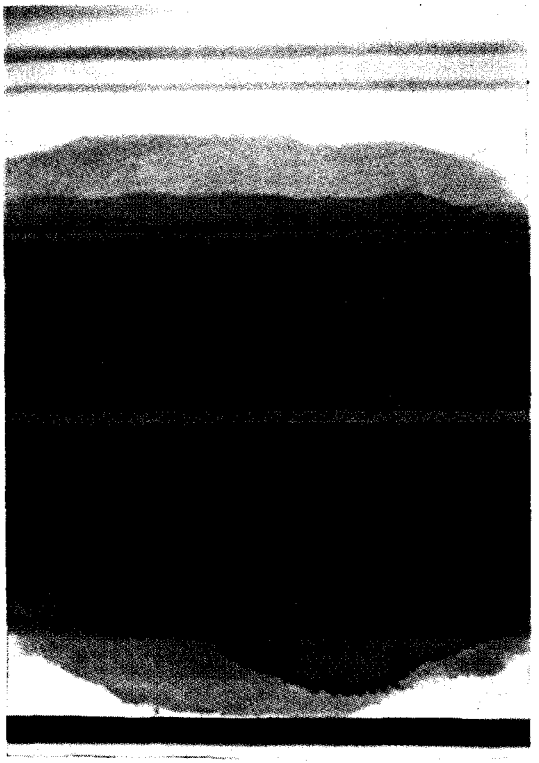
—*Ankrum Gallery, Los Angeles.*

Lorser Feitelson: Spatial Magic Forms

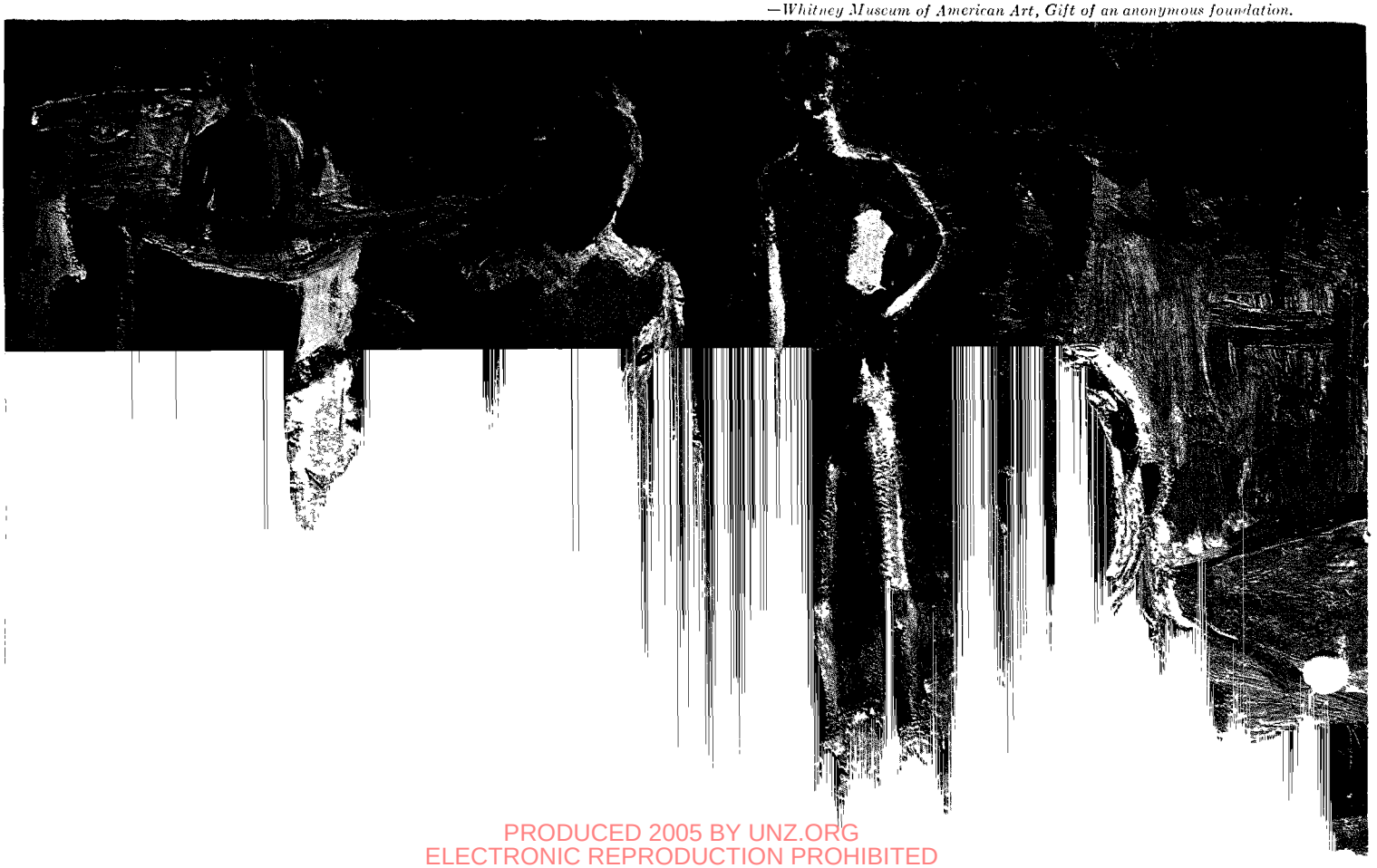


David Cole Gallery, San Francisco.

David Simpson: Blue, Green Stripe

David Park: Four Men

—*Whitney Museum of American Art, Gift of an anonymous foundation.*



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suggest that we are exporting as many ideas as we are bringing in, both in the West and in the nation as a whole.

A glance at the coverage given Western cities in the art magazines suggests that the West consists of the Coast, Arizona, Texas (*Artforum*), Los Angeles (*Art International*), San Francisco, Houston (*Art in America*)—or, as in most cases, it hasn't arrived until it gets to a New York gallery. The population shift may have left a lot of the country out here without the wherewithal to support the arts, but, more likely, the reporting is spotty. The voids on the map are really filled in by the schools, college art departments, and museums. Not so numerous as their West Coast friends, and dependent upon teaching for the most part, artists here as elsewhere in the country are enjoying a degree of recognition and acceptance unknown a few years back. Most importantly, they are being shown

"If there is anyway in which art in California differs from Eastern work it is in the intangible of pace or degree of tension. The work here seems to me somehow more open, informal, outgoing than that of Eastern centers, and at the same time lacking in some of the nervous brilliance exhibited elsewhere."

—George D. Culler in "Art in America."

and are providing the initiative in keeping an art exhibition program going in their communities. There is still some pioneering to be done.

Ignored for years by Eastern critics, the West has been enjoying better, i.e., sensitive, intelligent criticism from within the area. Apart from the metropolitan press, which devotes good space to the arts, the pages of some smaller publications are top flight. Jules Langsner covers for *Art International* as well as contributing to *Arts & Architecture, Beverly Hills Time, Artforum*, el al. Gerald Nordland writes a discerning column for *Frontier*, the liberally slanted voice of publisher and second-generation art patron Gifford Phillips. (The Phillips Collection, one of the best on the Coast, is being shown for the first time this autumn at UCLA.) Much of the interest in the arts has been established through the support which the artists, galleries, and museums have received from the press. A corresponding dearth of coverage exists elsewhere, Texas being a modest exception. In most spots, art struggles for attention.

The artists were complaining for years over the few opportunities to show in the East. Whether justified or not, the present exhibition calendar suggests that the West, especially the Coast, is coming up for a record-breaking exposure to the American public.

THE NEW BRONCS CHEER

By ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON

IN THE first program of "Empire," the new NBC Television hour-long Western, Richard Egan, playing a ranch boss, strides manfully into the town saloon. The ranch hands, at tables and bar, are drinking—but they're also watching a television set high in a corner. Shots and yowls are coming from the tube. That's where the old West is—in that TV Western within a Western—it's certainly not on "Empire."

The ranch boss doesn't whip a six-shooter from his holster; he pulls the electric plug of the TV set from its wall-socket. He wears expensive, modern suits, he has his boots custom-made, and he totes a solid-gold cigarette lighter. True, he lives in a big ranch house and he runs a million-and-a-half-acre spread for a ranching family, whose matriarch is a widow; but we see him, as the story begins, in a New York skyscraper office—closing, with impressive Wall Street lingo, a potential $3,500,000 deal without so much as a handshake.

True, too, the ranch-hands—in classic Western style—act like small, conforming herds of cattle, turning the tale hither and yon at the emotional tantrums of a bad guy; but the latter's

Richard Boone "Have Gun"

Richard Egan "Empire"

crime is neither horse theft nor murder—merely hate and frustrated rage. The innocent victim of his hate takes a bad beating from his fists and doesn't fight back; and in the end the bad guy dissolves and reforms in a moment of self-discernment. There's not a Freudian gun symbol in the whole hour; the ranch boss (general manager) never even sits a horse. The ranch interests are diversified, as befits a modern enterprise; the family even has its corporation lawyer. Mining, oil, lumber, and crops affect the tax position, along with the traditional cattle, horses, and sheep. One thinks of Billie Sol Estes, as "Empire's" Stetson-bearing hero leaves New York in a commercial airliner, jeeps at destination to a private helicopter, and hires the most expensive lawyer west of Dodge City for the defense of a ranch-hand accused of the assault and strangling of the daughter of the ranch foreman. "Empire" is very much a No Mischief Western—that's what the trade is calling the present television season—the Minow No Mischief Season.

In this dry-cleaning of the mayhem mystique, the Old West has suffered a slight shift of position. If it's not located in "Empire," neither is it to be found in "The Wide Country," another new sixty-minute Western on NBC. Here, too, the axis of the action is commercial—the professional rodeo. The cowpokes follow the itinerant contests, but they trek the land in house-keeping "mobile homes" and their ponies ride behind on wheels in horse-trailers. Not a gun was to be seen in the first episode of this series, but the funnin' cowboys played the pin-ball machines for laughs.

"Laramie," a Western series coming back for another season on NBC brings us closer to the Old West—yet in contrast pulls us farther away than either "Empire" or "The Wide Country." The make-believe town which gives the series its name is the authentic setting for the mythical confrontation of virtue and vice. There's a lad in this one—but he's only a whiff in the plot's passing—shot in the back by bank robbers. There is the pursuit of the bad man, and there's a lusty saloon girl double-dealing sin to the villain and the crooked sheriff—all three partners in crime. There are legitimate corpses, real belly-and-gut fighting, bloodshed, and a cabin set afire with the good guys trapped in it. There is the climactic showdown—the ritual gunfight with the bad men out-gunned but only wounded.

The passion play of the plains is enacted faithfully—with a significant difference. "Laramie" moves the Old West, in this one, to the Mason and Dixon line. It is an *integrated* Western. Jamie, a Negro veterinarian and a Civil War veteran (played by Ivan Dixon), is a stablehand in a neighboring town. He befriends the white lawman hunting the bank robber. Together they survive close death, and side by side they draw, fire, hit the dust, and win the gunfight against the two bad guys. It is a surprise twist, with a touch of a modern theme in an old charade; it is done well, and with some dignity.

The lawman urges his friend to fight for first-class citizenship and for reasonable wages. Jamie quotes back Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, recommending to the freed slaves that

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they abstain from all violence except in self-defense. He says: "I eat in my cabin; it saves me gettin' it handed out of back windows. . . . Mister, when you're born with a harness on, you don't pretend you're a racehorse." In the end he accepts a deputy's star from the lawman and walks with him into the gunfight: it eases his conscience.

It is good to see a Negro actor in a television Western—playing a man. All this heresy on the TV range must not be construed as ubiquitous. There's still plenty of mischief in the conventional big-time Westerns which have returned to the networks for the new season; and those that didn't make it still go thataway like syndicated ghost riders on the local TV ranges. Finally, the Old West has opened up a big new frontier—outside the U.S. In Europe, the Far East, and Latin America, the Hollywood Western rerun boom is on: it's another Oklahoma Land Rush. Even in Nigeria natives watch American Westerns on TV—where the puritan desert confronts the wicked town with its temptations of the flesh. With shoot-em-ups sweeping like a prairie fire through the African bush, what has become of the impressive sociological theory that the lure of the Western is to be explained by the psychological castration of the frontiersman in an industrial society?

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Wechsberg

Continued from page 53

German critics and *Professoren* of literature who agree, somewhat reluctantly, that he was more than a mere producer of readable "*Schund*" (trash). Arno Schmidt calls him "ten per cent genius and ninety per cent hack, an awful mishmash."

Actually, Karl May is that typical German, split-level phenomenon who at his best has something of Goethe and at his worst a lot of Goebbels. At any rate, he is still around, in the memories of the older generation and in the dreams of the younger one. Many boys in Europe would rather believe Karl May's fictitious description of the American West than a televised documentary from Pueblo, Colorado. If May didn't know the whole truth, he had a sense of the deeper truth—the one people like to believe. A short extract from "Winnetou" shows how he did it:

> "Here you see Old Shatterhand," Winnetou told the warriors of the Apaches. "He stabbed the grizzly bear with his knife and fells every enemy with his fist. Intschu tschuna and Winnetou were several times in his power. But he didn't kill us, he let us live because he loves us and is a friend of the red man. Is that so?"
>
> "Howgh!"

And again:

> "It was Klekih-petra's last word and will that Old Shatterhand should become his successor. He will be accepted as a member of our tribe and he will be an Apache Chief, as if he'd been born here. He should smoke the peace pipe with every warrior of the Apaches, but instead he will drink Winnetou's blood, and Winnetou will drink his. Then Old Shatterhand will be blood of our blood, and flesh of our flesh. Do the warriors of the Apaches agree?"
>
> "Howgh, howgh, howgh!" was their answer.

Karl May was a tormented man. Twice married, he spent his money as fast as he made it. He drank black coffee all night to be able to write, and doped himself with sleeping pills in the morning. He took part in the spiritualistic seances that were then the fashion. In his last years he wrote an autobiography which a noted German critic calls "strange and mysterious and not silly at all." And his books "Ardistan" and "Dschinnistan" have little in common with his adventure novels, but then they were not written for us boys. A few years before his death May began to fight back against his detractors. In 1912, toward the end, he lectured before Vienna's "Academic Society for Literature and Music" on "Empor ins Reich der Edelmenschen!" Many years later, when I saw the not-so-wild American West, I heard the late Aimee McPherson discuss a similar topic in Los Angeles, California.

A few months ago, when I happened to be in Dresden, I went to Radebeul to visit the home of my erstwhile hero. The "Villa Shatterhand" is now inhabited by strangers—the street that was once called after Karl May is now named after the German poet, Hölderlin—but a sign at the gate says: "The Greenhorns Are Informed That the Museum Is Behind the Villa."

> A Greenhorn [writes May in the first chapter of "Winnetou"] is a man who greets the man in the house before he has bowed to the Mistress and the Miss; who loads his rifle by putting in the shell upside down; who speaks no English at all or very stilted English, and hates Yankee-English; who thinks a raccoon is an opossum; who, after being slapped by a Paddy (an Irishman), runs to the justice of the peace instead of shooting the offender on the spot as a real Yankee would do. . . .

The Karl-May Museum, built in 1926 by May's widow as a memorial to her husband, is shaped like an "American Blockhouse in Wild West Style." I'm glad to report that it remains an attraction for boys of all ages who make the pilgrimage there to travel right back into their more uninhibited youth.

There are only two pictures and a bust of Karl May in the blockhouse. They show a mild man with silvery hair and white mustache, a black coat, and a large bow tie of black silk. He might be a missionary, a country quack, or one of the painters in Montmartre who used to prop up their water colors against the trees of the Boulevard de Clichy. He did not look to me like a hero with sinews of steel who fells his enemies with his bare fist.

The blockhouse contains a fascinating, improbable selection of Wild West memorabilia, ranging from a rather gruesome, monumental painting by one Professor Elk Eber, Munich (perhaps the local Tintoretto there) to the weapons of "Tatanka Yotanka, better known as Sitting Bull." There is a fine collection of totem poles, tomahawks, shrunken heads, and peace pipes; a life-sized statue under glass of "Apache Warrior on Way to Enemy"; and a tomahawk allegedly taken by General Sheridan from the Sioux Chief Sitting Bull.

But the *pièce de résistance* is a framed scalp, with a notice underneath:

> Tucson, Arizona, April 22, 1930 (INS). Riding out of their wilderness mountain hideout, high up in the Sierra Madre, a band of wild Apache

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Indians attacked and scalped three men last April 10, in a camp near Nacori Chico, Sonora, Mexico, it was reliably reported today by V. M. White, American mining engineer. The three victims were believed to be Mexicans who had opened fire on the marauders while the Apaches were looting the camp.

Obviously that wouldn't have happened if Winnetou had been there.

The notice doesn't say that the scalp was from one of the victims, but this is tacitly assumed by the awed visitors, who included when I was there several Vopos off duty and two Russian soldiers. The Russians were as fascinated by the exhibit as if it had been brought by their cosmonauts straight from the moon. This surprised me because Karl May was never translated into Russian.

One room is dedicated to General George A. Custer and another to that great promoter of the Wild West, Colonel William C. Cody. It exhibits, among other things, a framed page from the German newspaper *Buffalo Bill's Wild West* (circulation 62,000), offering 3,500 one-mark seats for Buffalo Bill's first personal appearance in Frankfurt am Main in the early years of the century. Outside in the hall an elderly lady, Frau Hoffmann, sells the "Greenhorns" colored postcards of "Apache on War Path." She told me of her late husband, who had made a career and good living by following the traces of Karl May's imaginary heroes and bringing back trophies that were later ascribed to the nonexisting heroes.

A visit to the Karl May Museum seems a harmless Sunday morning escape for East German "Greenhorns," but perhaps the Ulbricht regime doesn't agree, for there is talk in Dresden that the Museum will soon be closed. Karl May, who preached Christian tolerance and semiracial theories, is not exactly *persona grata* in the DDR. Also, he committed the sin of never writing about the DDR's heroes, the workers and peasants; perhaps he didn't even know they existed.

A few years ago the Karl May Verlag in Radebeul packed up its reserves, filled a freight car with unsold books, and moved to Bamberg in West Germany where they will presumably publish Karl May forever. Howgh!

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

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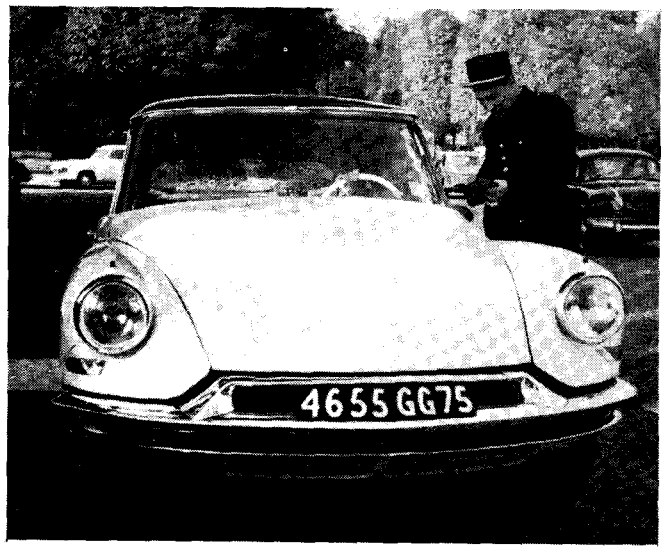

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Knickerbocker

Continued from page 55

weight charm in other light comedies.

San Francisco and Los Angeles are used occasionally for tryouts before New York. With "The Caine Mutiny Courtmartial" and "Marriage-Go-Round," Paul Gregory felt San Francisco brought him good luck—but after his last several turkeys, he has vowed never to return. Regular touring companies generally do well, especially if the casts are well known. "Mary, Mary" was a recent sellout in both cities, and there have been cases, where—if the productions are not excessively heavy—companies have played on the Eastern seaboard through Saturday night, and have then flown out for Monday openings on the West Coast, thus linking the East and West more closely.

Of course, many unprofessional theatres in both San Francisco and Los Angeles are busy with varied programs, often producing originals like "San Francisco's Burning," a musical of unusual distinction which Kermit Sheets's San Francisco Playhouse presented this year.

San Diego, a community off the trail of touring companies, supports several local theatres, often drawing on Hollywood for talent. The Globe presents a commendable program of summer Shakespeare under the supervision of such directors as William Ball; and the Starlight Opera, Circle Arts, and La Jolla Playhouse are busy with popular, pretested fare.

Then, too, 1,000 miles to the north, in southern Oregon, the Ashland Shakespearean Festival prospers for six weeks during the summer. Established in 1935 by Angus Bowmer, who is still in charge, it operates in an outdoor theatre, the stage of which—modeled on the Fortune—is perhaps more faithful in proportions to the Elizabethan than any other in the United States. Four plays, rehearsed for six weeks, are produced in rotation each season, meaning that each of the first four nights is an opening night. Directors and actors, generally from academic ranks, are attracted by the authenticity and high standards of the company. Bowmer calls it a "mail order" theatre because he receives 5,000 applications each year. These must be reduced to the 100 who form the company. Nonprofessional, it is vigorously supported by the community. Most performances in the 1,400 seat theatre are sold out.

Among the problems faced by producers of professional theatre is the shortage of theatre houses. Even Lester, now building a Los Angeles Civic Light Opera Theatre as his headquarters, has been occasionally handicapped. He currently uses the Philharmonic Auditorium owned by the Baptist Church, which refused to permit him to present "Gypsy" when Ethel Merman was making her first national tour. That year he scheduled it in San Francisco, where is was a smash, and revived "Guys and Dolls" for his fourth show in Los Angeles.

But when he ties up the Curran for twenty-eight weeks in San Francisco, and with the Alcazar having been razed this year, this leaves available for the commercial theatre only the Geary and the Opera House. The latter swallows musicals. When Anne Rogers was starring in "My Fair Lady" its first time around, she learned that because of the apron and orchestra pit, she was always at least forty-seven feet from the audience. A new and handsomely furnished cabaret-theatre, the On-Broadway, opened this season, but its stage is so small only a limited sort of production can be fitted in.

Last winter in San Francisco, Russell Lewis and Howard Young, who have managed for many years a summer tent presenting musicals in-the-round in Sacramento, happily struck on the elegant Garden Court at the Sheraton-Palace for a restaurant-theatre. After dinner is served, a full-length musical with top stars is staged in-the-round, the price of dinner including the entertainment. It has been warmly received.

The Actor's Workshop is obviously handicapped by having to use a second-floor theatre in a building Philip Bourneuf commented on as seeming to feel ashamed that it contained a stage. A new theatre, like that of the Arena in Washington, would aid the group immeasurably, but no one seems interested in undertaking such a project at present.

The problem of increasing interesting theatre on the West Coast can perhaps be summed up in this example: Robert Symonds, one of the leading actors of the Workshop, attended the University of Texas with Pat Hingle. Since then, Hingle has become nationally known through a relatively small number of commercially successful and often quite similar roles in New York and Hollywood. Symonds has remained in San Francisco to play Falstaff, Lear, Archie Rice, Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne, one of Godot's fretful tramps, Krapp, "The Miser," and countless others. He is a superb performer. But only when his artistic success is locally and nationally equated with that of the Broadway actor will regional theatre be sufficiently recognized to encourage the exploration and production of a wider professional expression of genuine theatrical excitement on the Coast.

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Beebe

Continued from page 49

for more than a few moments from the tables.

The pattern is visible in the time allowed for even the most costly and spectacular floor show: an hour flat and not a minute longer. There are no à la carte dishes on any casino, only steam table entrées available to instant service. Men's rooms are handier than anywhere else in the world. Time must not be wasted that could be profitably spent losing money.

"Here they celebrate the Sabbath the way we celebrate Fourth of July," an outraged New Englander wrote of Virginia City a century ago, and every day is Fourth of July in Nevada still.

Here and there in remote backwashes it is occasionally possible to encounter less streamlined and calculated continuity with the old frontier, as in the crossroads hamlet of Beatty, where at the peak of the business rush at Saturday midnight, the proprietor of a rival lupinarium emptied a bushel basket of live rattlesnakes through the central transom of a bordello she felt was stealing her customers by unfair trade practices. Or in Virginia City, where a miscreant promptly identified by the press as the "meanest thief" stole the portable lighting plant on the night of the gala opening of a new brothel, a contretemps brushed off by Madame Mina with the superb remark: "It was not essential to our business."

Only last summer a young lady imported from Las Vegas and attached in a professional capacity to one of the vast department stores of chance now lining the Nevada margins of Lake Tahoe happened, as the sun was coming up, to venture out onto a handy terrace where she encountered the matchless vista of sunrise on that incomparable body of water.

All excitement, she bounced back to the nearest table of intent craps shooters with the exhortation, "Quick everybody come out and look; there's one of those things you think you see in the desert but isn't there!" The word mirage was not in her vocabulary, but the delusion may in a way have been symbolic.

Nevada isn't a mirage; it's for real, and taking a couple of aspirins won't make Las Vegas go away. Those of us who live in the One Sound State (so called because there is no public debt of any sort), and who may be tempted to throw up in contemplation of the matchless vulgarity of our surroundings, somehow manage to make do. There's nothing for quieting an uneasy stomach like no taxes at all.

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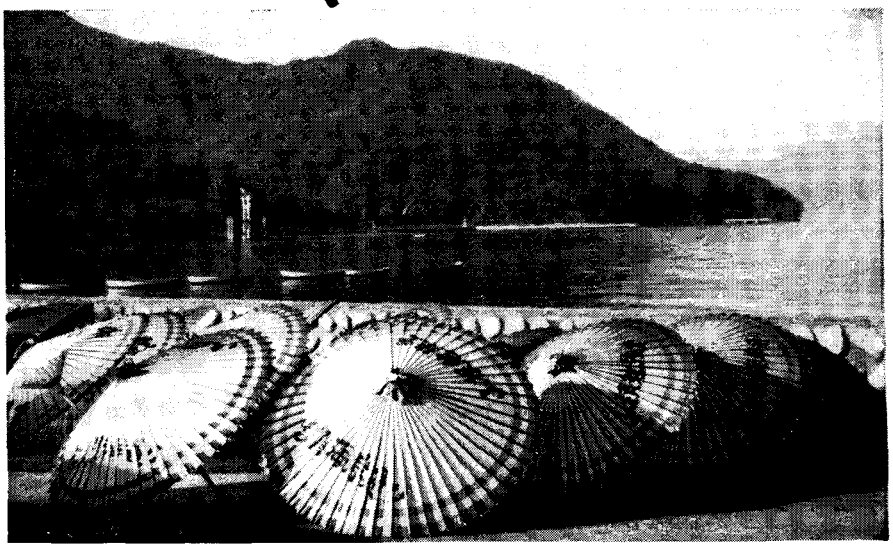

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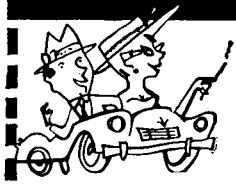

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ASTA

Maupintour

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Morgan

Continued from page 42

vention than the people of other regions. He is aggressively liberal in economic affairs, but distrustful of big debt. He is slow to move toward sociological reform, lacking in the cultural flexibility of older regions, and yet he bears the scars of some of the most extreme reform movements in American history. More recently, a voluble small group of extremists has unfairly stamped parts of the West as reactionary.

The current contest between Pat Brown and Richard Nixon for Governor of California has an intriguing undertone as a testing ground of the extent of Westerners' interest in their own stature. It cannot make much difference at which moment in time California surpasses the state of New York to become the most populous in the nation. Yet, in a television speech, Brown spoke with enthusiasm of plans for a statewide celebration on that day late this year when, he predicted, California will pass New York. Nixon, a native Californian who lost all sense of regionalism during his years in the Vice-Presidency, took an attitude typical of the Westerner who, having lived and worked in the East, is acutely aware of both the new power and old shortcomings of the West. Nixon told me: "Californians must recognize that they are now first in many areas, and they have to be worthy of that responsibility. Westerners need to step up their pace. California has hardly scratched the surface of its potential influence and impact on the nation."

ONE characteristic shared by the states of the new West is the relative lack of social need. In this prospering land, the burning cause is the bizarre oddity. At Christmas, service clubs cast about frantically for targets for their charitable instincts. The migrant worker has the lowest net income in America, but often he is driving a late-model car. Welfare systems, usually generous, give him a last-line bulwark against crisis. The slums of Western cities cannot be compared in terms of misery with those of cities in older regions; no settlement house exists in the West. Racial conflicts are milder than in other regions; the few serious racial crises of the West have been related to the tensions of wartime. No strong voice of social consciousness has been heard in the West since World War II; social crisis has not reached a level to provoke reform.

The mobility of the Westerner is another regional trait which accents his differences from other Americans. It is not surprising, since he is the kind who has lifted up his roots and migrated, that even in the West he keeps moving. In 1960 barely one-third of the Californians over five years old were living in the same house they had occupied five years previously. In Northern California, utility company records show that one in three householders changes residence each year; in urban Southern California, the figure soars as high as one in two. (Random comparison shows that about one in ten householders moves each year in Waukegan, Illinois, and even fewer in Brooklyn.) The Westerner, usually having experienced a major move already just by coming West, is quick to exploit opportunities for other moves which will bring him closer to his job or to a better one, or provide him more comforts, or better suit his changing family status. He is freer because generations have not tied him to the land or to the home; nor is he usually as involved with neighbors as in other regions. The Westerner who thinks he can improve his status with a move picks up his telephone and calls for a moving van.

Such mobility blurs the Westerner's sense of community responsibility and creates a fluid community pattern which often frustrates accomplishment. Westerners have a lower rate of church affiliation than those of other regions. Many problems of city planning in the West are attributable to mobility.

But this mobility has its virtue. Because he travels more than the people of other regions, the Westerner is less provincial. He buys 52 per cent more passports than the national average. On transcontinental flights, there are more Westerners than Easterners. Statistics for the entire air transport industry are not available, but an American Airlines survey of its 1961 passenger traffic on non-stop flights between Los Angeles and New York showed that 45 per cent of the passengers resided in metropolitan Los Angeles and only 33 per cent in metropolitan New York, an area with half again as many people. Metropolitan Los Angeles only recently has passed metropolitan Chicago in population, but another American Airlines survey showed that between those two cities more than twice as many passengers are residents of Los Angeles as of Chicago. The growth rate of all airline passenger traffic in Western cities has been far above the national average.

The sheer fact of distance has made a traveler of the Westerner. A defense industry executive living in La Jolla made fifty-nine round trips between California and the East Coast during the year 1959. He flew at night to save time, and in that year he slept one night out of every three in the air.

It is California which dominates the new West. Of every 100 Westerners in eleven states, fifty-eight are in California and twenty-five in metropolitan Los Angeles. Washington, the second most populous Western state, ranks twenty-third among the fifty states.

There are so many more people in California than in the rest of the West that an almost colonial quality sometimes is detected in the relations between California and the other Western states. In 1961, I attended a conference of Western Governors in Salt Lake City, at which California's Governor Pat Brown arrived two days late. It was obvious that nothing much would be settled until Brown appeared. In those two days, resentments of other states against California occasionally flared—most of them involved with California's aggressive search for Western water and power, some of them connected with California's tremendous market for the raw products of Western states which are less economically sophisticated. When Governor Brown finally arrived at this conference, there was a subtle closing of ranks among some other governors. Although California leads the way, and certain tensions inevitably result from one state's being so rich and so large, there is widespread economic strength among the Western states. With one-third of the land area of the fifty states, these eleven have 15 per cent of the national population, earn 17 per cent of the nation's personal income, produce 19 per cent of the agricultural commodities, furnish 54 per cent of the lumber, extract 23 per cent of the minerals, and erect 27 per cent of the buildings.

SOME of the notable misconceptions about the West are economic. The West is not agrarian. Agricultural employment represents a lower percentage of the labor force than the national average. More Westerners live in the cities than the national average. Industry dominates the job market—and so does the federal government. In New Mexico, Utah, and Wyoming, government employment by federal, state, and local agencies is the primary source of work. Only in Nevada, where tourism dominates, do services loom near the top as the source of jobs. Manufacturing is the leading source of employment in California, Oregon, and Washington, the three Pacific Coast states. In agriculture, crops are more important than livestock in the coastal states and in Idaho and Arizona; livestock dominates in the other Western states.

The overriding factor in Western unity is growth. Between 1950 and 1960, the population increase of these eleven Western states was more than seven and two-thirds million. This accounted for more than one-fourth of

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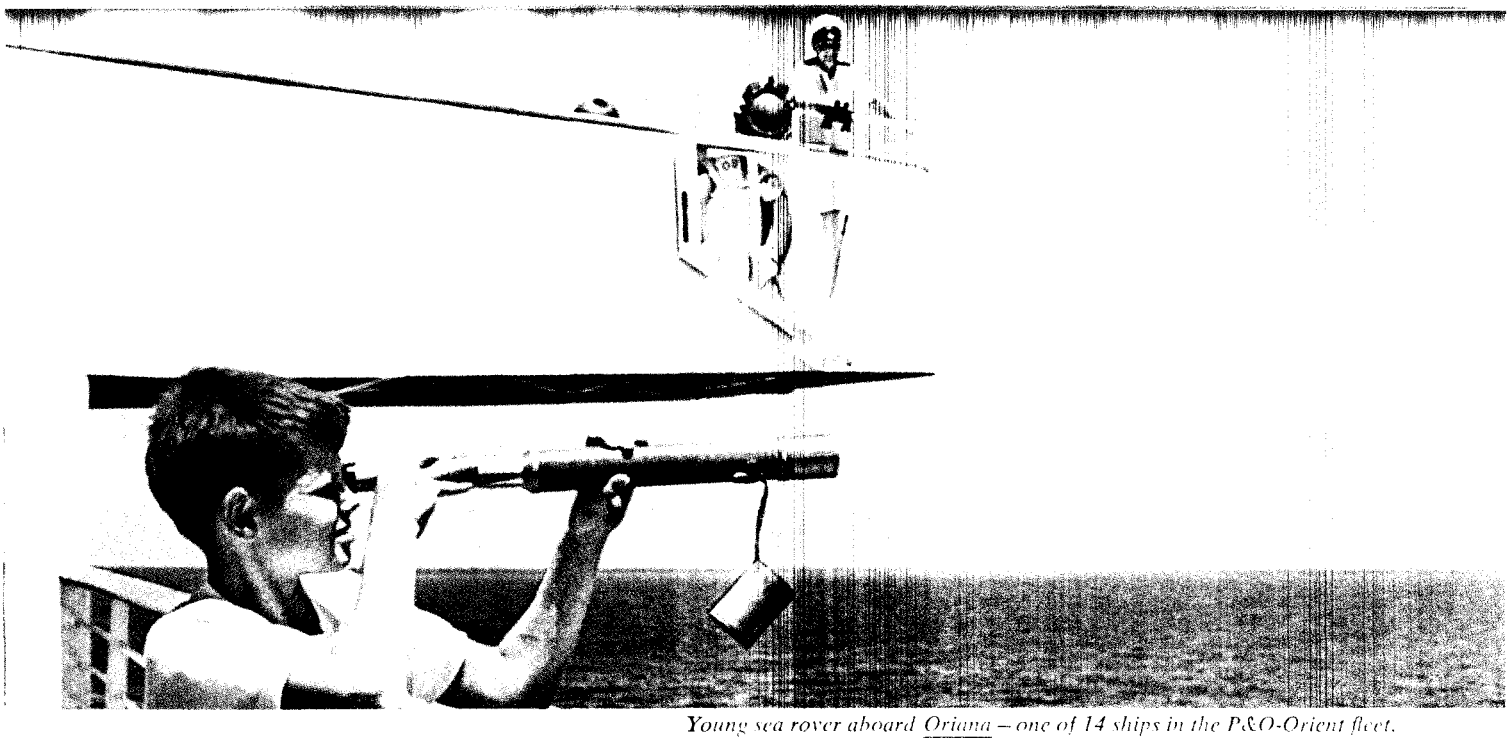

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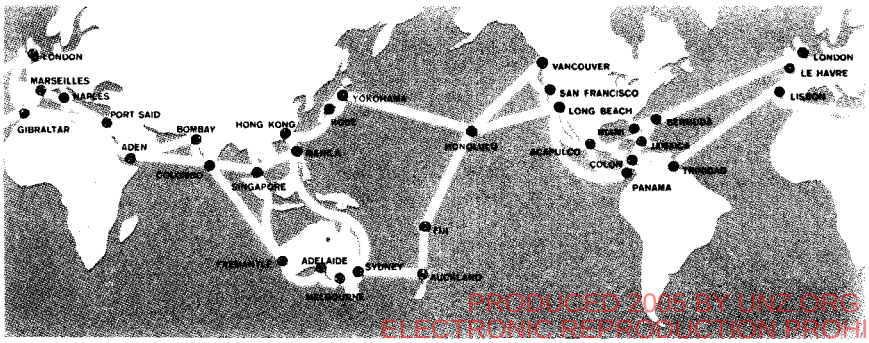

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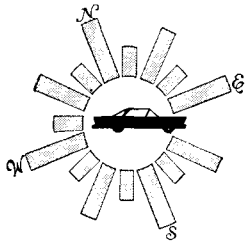

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the nation's growth. California's growth made up two-thirds of this. The Californian increase of nearly five million persons was far more than the combined growth of Florida and Texas, the next ranking states in growth.

California has been the hardest hit of the Western states by the four big problems of growth: urban sprawl, traffic congestion, air pollution, and water shortage. But it moves, often aggressively, to solve its problems; it must, or be buried under the avalanche. The voters of California approved the largest bond issue ever submitted to American voters—$1.75 billion—to channel water as far as 600 miles from the lush green north to the arid ocher south. In the opinion of the Stanford Research Institute, this water shortage will prove the simplest to solve of the four major physical crises of California.

Lewis Mumford wrote in "The Culture of Cities" that "the natural conditions of a region, so far from being nullified by the increase of culture and technical skill, are actually magnified." Californians will argue that point. More than any other Americans, more than the people of any other country or any other age, they are controlling their environment with their technical skills, their massive self-confidence, their boundless energy, and their unprecedented prosperity.

It is yet to be seen whether Californians and other Westerners, having conquered their environment, will in turn be subdued by that environment into taking their hard-won ease and lolling in the sunshine. But there is increasing introspection among Westerners, and encouraging signs that the transition is being made from the raw, youthful phase of hacking out the clearing for a cabin to a period in which affairs of culture are of primary concern.

Wherever the impact of a spiraling population is felt, Westerners today begin to talk fast about saving the West that they knew, even yesterday. Because they are so mobile a people, they are vitally interested in both urban planning and in conservation of rural or wilderness areas. In each case, their motivation is their quest to control their new environment. They join planning or conservation groups in unprecedented numbers. The power of those vested interests which have exploited the natural resources of the West is declining; the rising power is with the millions who have more leisure and more money and are more prone to travel through the West than ever before.

With California in the van, the West has struck out ahead of the rest of America like a scouting party of the future. The West has become a center of innovation. The newest ideas of industry and science go into quick, full use in its new cities. It is an unorthodox land to which people are driven not by poverty but by high energy, neuroses, and daring. Its social problems are not the conventional ones of prejudice, poverty, and oppression; rather they are the new social problems of finding worthwhile goals, of aim and direction, of integrity.

To cross the mountains is an act of emancipation. Descending the western slope of the Rockies, the pilgrim imagines himself in the land of tomorrow. He is likely to try anything, because this land has little history of failure and less of restriction; since he assumes he will succeed, he has a better chance to do it. The West seethes with the spirit of "Why not?" It is young, eager, cocky, and eternally in hope.

The West is the most dynamic region of America today. It is the most intense in its feelings, the most open to commitment to causes, good or bad, right or left. But newness and bigness are not adequate in themselves. Rapid growth and vigor are not goals, but symptoms. In dedication and direction, the West flounders like America, only more so.

The westward tilt is wiping out most of the American frontier finally and forever. The driving urge of the American to move on and conquer new lands soon will have nowhere to spend itself but in space—and space will remain an arena for the few. The westward rush in America has a somber element of the climacteric. Soon there will be nowhere else to seek new resources, new values, new meaning, except within ourselves.

If the new West is indeed scouting ahead in the directions the nation will take, its responsibilities are awesome; and its actions deeply involve the future of America.

Throughout history, those people who move have been stronger individualists than those who stay. From the established places to the more recently settled regions have flowed originality, independence, and energy. If the move is indiscriminate or tempestuous, it is likely to fall short of its aim. If the move is motivated primarily by escape, rather than by search, it is less productive. If external, material goals lead to the move, it is less hopeful to mankind than if the search is for satisfaction of the inner life: freedom, creativity, and love.

By these standards, the westward tilt receives a better than passing grade. It is a more orderly migration than most; it does not pour through floodgates because of persecution or famine. With the new Westerner, search for the new is predominant over escape from the old. He seeks material prosperity, but he strives too, within the limits of his own understanding, toward achieving his inner goals.

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Sherman

Continued from page 51

on diet, with particular emphasis on nutritious foods, as distinguished from just food. Nearly everyone in Southern California seems to be on a diet. Because they appear in scanty clothing more often than people in more severe climes, they're perhaps more sensitive about their bulges.

Dieting here frequently has a twofold purpose, slenderization and health, and it is to these twin purposes that the health-food stores are dedicated. These stores differ from specialty food shops as a mule differs from a donkey. They have something in common, but they deny it.

The health-food store, which came into its own among the lotus seekers of Los Angeles, is a repository for the raw honey of bees, the germ of grain, and the eternal hope of youth. It sells vitamins in bulk and the juice of anything that grows, including alfalfa, straight or mixed as in a potassium cocktail. Its clients are largely leather-skinned, sun-wrinkled folk in search of further longevity; sober, athletic young men seeking vigor, and housewives out of control at the curves. Health-food stores offer a certain convenience. People who come West for their health can buy it at a store.

THE West has, to be sure, made a significant contribution to the eating habits of the nation. Hollywood helped to transport the pizza from the Neapolitan back alleys of Italy to the flood-lit food stands of America. Some years ago pizza houses were all the rage in Hollywood, and they still do good business. One chain of pizza houses, reminding its old customers of the succulence of the dish, asks in its advertising, "Had a piece lately?"

Presently, however, the pizza has taken the back burner to the taco, which is a folded tortilla toasted and filled with meat, shredded lettuce, and tomato. Mexican food has always been plentiful in Southern California, but it has really gotten hot with tacos, which are threatening the supremacy of the hamburger.

And California popularized the pancake house.

Six years ago an ex-insurance man in Santa Barbara named John Dahl produced chile pancakes, among thirty-eight other kinds, and today his Uncle John's Pancake Houses are all over the world, dishing up millions of what he calls his "pannycakes."

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Pounce upon and seize (2 wds.).

B. Mythical lumberjack corresponding closely to Paul Bunyan (full name).

C. Geologist's term for formed on the surface of the earth.

D. Recite in a measured manner.

E. First Ben Hur of the movies, 1926.

F. Tree that can shelter a thousand men.

G. Tendency to adopt costume, mental habit, attitudes of the other sex.

H. Any species of *Ranunculus*.

I. Penetrating vision (2 wds.).

J. What "God gives us to see" as a basis for action (2 wds.; Lincoln's 2nd Inaugural).

K. Any building architecturally like the Pantheon at Rome.

L. Make amends (1 wd.); in agreement (2 wds.).

M. Visible sign remaining of something no longer there, either lost or perished.

N. Opinionated (Fr. wd.).

WORDS

31 4 30 174 52 120 86 183 97

173 92 170 156 179 32 121 48 149 79

193 146 22 165 33 61 143

152 161 172 34 197 94

39 82 35 3 139 177 88

68 160 112 123 176 6

128 56 66 78 190 18

115 11 41 175 57 84 171 181

148 106 9 73 77 1 24 116 81

58 195 107 50 5 93 142 7

70 117 162 180 122 75 102

67 194 169 114 36

42 14 145 91 25 198 80

138 71 20 119 166 153

DEFINITIONS

O. Quit (2 wds.).

P. Segregate.

Q. Rare Amer. stag, except in reservations.

R. Surmised.

S. Another adj. for Burns' "wee, sleekit, cowerin' " beastie.

T. Any important public thoroughfare, on water as on land.

U. The man who, George Eliot said, can fight a battle he is sure of winning.

V. English romantic novelist in government service in South Africa (1856-1925).

W. Biologist's term for self-division.

X. Amer. journalist, playwright, Hearst feature writer (1880-1946).

Y. One of the two things composing "a Persian's heaven", acc'g to Thomas Moore.

Z. In what to grow better every day (2 wds.).

Z¹. Japanese general who captured Bataan and Corregidor, May 1942 (1885-1946).

WORDS

155 76 186 85 191 158 133

15 60 150 69 47 28 141 43 118

26 108 124 72 55 10

64 23 104 12 54 100 90 178

95 196 189 17 37 135 151 2

137 163 168 59 101 131 13

127 188 130 184 105 110

21 53 74 83 129 134 98

113 96 154 167 63 157 192 185

187 111 164 132 65 46

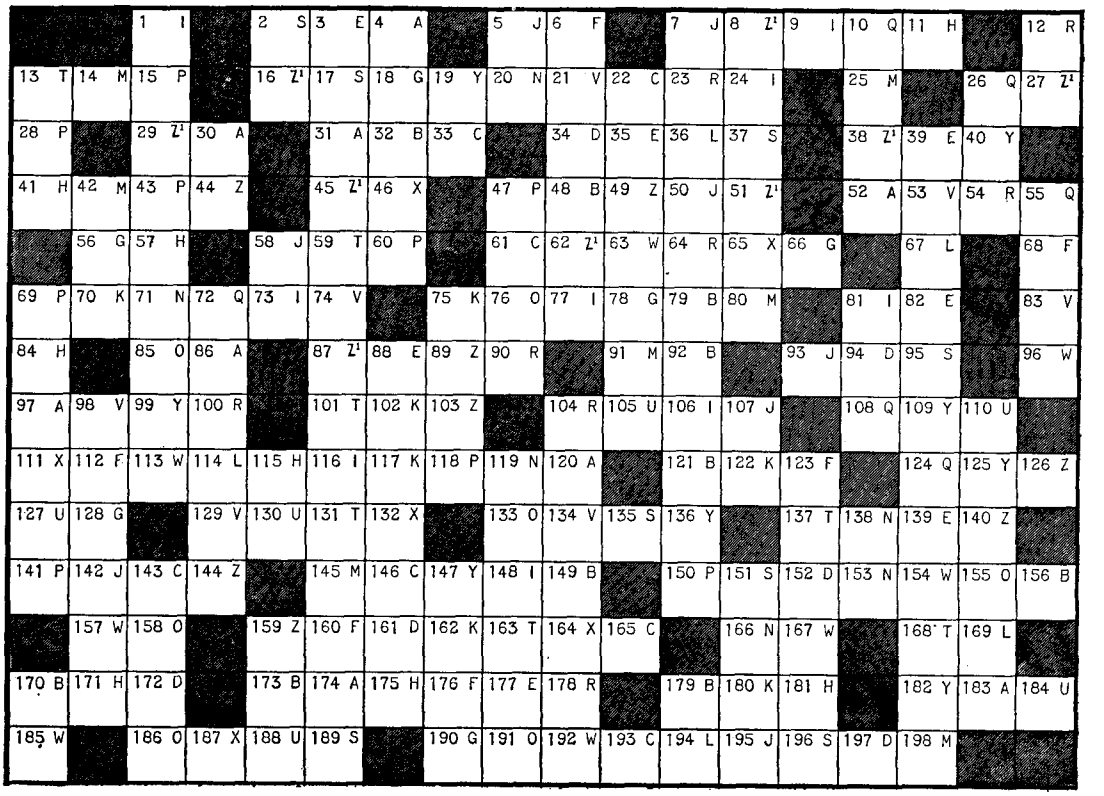
125 19 136 147 109 182 40 99

140 89 49 44 144 159 126 103

51 38 87 62 16 8 45 29 27

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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Would you pay 81¢ a loaf?

You'd be upset too, if your grocer marked up the price of bread 300 per cent. But many consumer-owned rural electric systems are paying 300 per cent more than others for the power they distribute to rural America. This is the same as paying 81 cents for 27-cent bread!

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These contracts force rural electrics to pay power suppliers two prices for electricity—one price for small consumers, and a higher price for power sold to larger users. This usually prevents rural electrics from serving larger loads, but leaves them with costly, scattered consumers—threatens the futures of many locally-owned electric systems.

No wonder, some rural electrics plan to "bake their own loaf" by building generation-transmission systems with REA loans. This is the only way they can carry out their obligation to provide plenty of reasonably-priced power for fast-growing rural America.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, which has prepared its contents in cooperation with the staff of Saturday Review. The editors of SR retain responsibility for the material appearing in this supplement.

respondence regarding manuscripts or editorial content should be addressed to: Editor, Education Supplement, Saturday Review, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING

Associate Education Editors: JOHN SCANLON, JAMES CASS

Who's Kidding Whom?

WHEN Willie brings his classwork home from the first grade, his papers are usually marked on a scale that ranges from "Good" through "Very Good" to "Excellent." If he is the first-born and his parents have not been actively involved in school affairs, there is likely to be rejoicing in the home that the young scholar is doing so well. Even at the semiannual parent-teacher conference the most critical comment on Willie's progress will probably be, "He needs to work a little harder on his numbers, but he has adjusted very well to the group." Without persistent probing the parents may never discover, until Willie is long out of the primary grades, whether he is leading his class in academic achievement or is rocking along comfortably at the very bottom.

Efforts to camouflage the grim realities of individual differences have been popular since long before the "bluebirds" and the "brownies" designated ability groupings in classrooms a generation or more ago. The intention has always been to avoid unnecessary abrasion of the youthful spirit in the institutionalized environment of the school. Yet youngsters have seldom been fooled—and never for long. And the process of avoiding the hard facts of competitive life raises serious questions of educational efficacy—as well as veracity. The unillusioned eyes of childhood see clearly who achieves in the classroom. It is much easier to deceive them about the kind of effort that is rewarded in our society and to confuse them about what words really mean when used to describe effort and attainment.

In recent years the problems of large city schools have led to similar efforts to buffer slum children against unfeeling or unthinking references to the brutal facts of their existence. Some months ago a report prepared for the use of the New York City school staff, in dealing with parents and children from deprived neighborhoods, highlighted the problems involved. Much of the report makes common-sense recommendations for treating slum dwellers with human kindness and understanding. But it is another matter to recommend that "low income children" or "deprived children" be described as "children unable to secure much beyond the necessities of today's world because of the modest finances of the family." Who's kidding whom? The children know they are poor; the parents are even more aware. The problem goes far deeper than the euphemisms of classroom or guidance office, and a flood of well-meaning words will neither spare human feelings nor clarify social issues.

The language of education has often been the target of vociferous slayers of semantic dragons. The gobbledygook of pedagogy, like the jargon of other professions, has been furiously attacked for its barbarity of style and its murkiness of expression. But perhaps even more crucial is the well-intentioned language designed to conceal the hard facts of educational issues. Laudably aimed at sparing the feelings of human beings, it too often ends by confusing and obscuring the realities of the problem.

Willie in his suburban school and his counterpart in the city both deserve our understanding, our sympathy, and our aid. But we serve them ill when we deny them the accurate and frank information that is the prerequisite for human growth and progress. —J. C.

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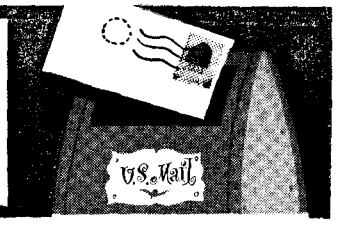
Letters to the Editor



BONNEY VS. PEI

I HAVE READ with considerable interest the articles by Mario Pei and Margaret K. Bonney respectively [*SR*, July 21 and Sept. 15]. The issue is of such importance and the handling of her point of view by Miss Bonney of such a nature that I would like to say a word in support of Mr. Pei.

If English is to become the one international language, it is all the more important that it be precise and understandable wherever it is used. The injection of a multiplicity of variable usages, as apparently advocated by the "linguistic scientists" will tend in the opposite direction.

HERBERT ASHTON.

Washington, D. C.

MISS BONNEY is to be congratulationized upon her unparallelized masterization of all those many authoritativized works on linguistivization with which she seems to have eruditionized herself with such ultimizationized perfectionization.

VICTOR HENRY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

MISS BONNEY'S ARGUMENTS seem to boil down to two main points: (1) the structural linguists cannot have had the time to do what their critics claim they have done; (2) they are misquoted, misjudged, and not as bad as their critics make them out to be.

No one in the schools paid much attention to the structural linguists and their work and theories until they were put in charge of the Government's army language program during the war. Since 1942 or thereabouts, they may not have had time to reach down into the kindergartens; but they have had time to indoctrinate a number of teachers in the universities, colleges, teachers' colleges, and even high schools, who in turn apply the structuralistic methodology in their classrooms, as witnessed by Miss Bonney's closing paragraphs.

For point No. 2, the pages of *Saturday Review* are obviously not the place to cite chapter and verse of structuralistic dogma, with precise footnotes and documentation. For this, the reader is referred to my "Voices of Man," which Harper & Row are publishing in October of 1962. Here will be found exact page references to the works of many structuralists.

MARIO PEI,
University of Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

BONNEY VS. PEI. This case comes to us on a Writ of Error from the Third Edition of Webster's Unabridged International Dictionary.

The plaintiff, Mr. Pei, contends that the structural linguists are the root cause of the present *laissez-faire* attitude toward English. Buried, unread, in the scholarly tomes was the theory that all native usage is perfect. Nurtured in the scholarly environment, this theory has now blossomed into the tendency of teachers, teachers of teachers, and lexicographers to denigrate a standard of usage. The said linguists are bad; Mr. Pei, himself a leading linguist, fails to say that any linguists are good.

The defendant, Miss Bonney, denies that structural linguists are to blame. They could not have planted the seed since their writings were not widely read until recently and since the subject is only a newly arrived fad. The tendency to believe that in language usage what is is good was in full bloom before the structural linguists applied the fertilizer. She is fond of linguists, especially the structural kind.

Then the issue must relate to linguists. Both Plaintiff and Defendant seem to be arguing, "Are the linguists to blame?" Is their concept of English correct? Mr. Pei, their foe, believes standard usage should be established as "prevailing usage among the more educated classes." Miss Bonney, on the side of the linguists, says she does not teach usage or rules. She teaches taste. One disputant encourages a tendency toward usage of the educated classes whereas the other teaches taste which, by raising the students' level, tends toward educated usage. *De minimus non curat lex.* Nor do I care for trifles—the trifling difference of opinion on English usage.

Thus, at least on two points Plaintiff and Defendant agree. Both agree that one should strive toward a desirable standard of usage. Both agree, *inter alia*, that good usage is not merely adhering to rules. The real issue, from Defendant Bonney's viewpoint, is how one is to teach language. Mr. Pei thinks the dictionary should classify usage to help those who want to follow standard usage. When he began to joust with the linguists, Miss Bonney began to fear his lance would impale some educational theorists.

They and Miss Bonney must defend a departure from the past. Years ago it was assumed that one could identify the indicia of good usage. These indicia were recorded as rules and, occasionally, memorized. The rules were learned, then applied. Following today's fad, the teacher lets the child flounder, ignorant of the rules, for a time. But she is always encouraging conduct which, in the final analysis, is compliance with the same set of rules. However, her pedagogical theory will not allow her to admit that she used the wicked old rules. If the dictionary indicates standard usage, someone may ask her to teach it. Then we are back to the rules.

Her philosophy is best revealed when she insists that we not ban the words which enable a child to express a concept. She is asking the right to guide, not coerce.

Has anyone noticed what is missing? From the title of Plaintiff Pei's brief one would expect the defendant to defend the dictionary. Instead, she defends linguists. This, too, may have its moral. She ac- 's the thesis that there are preferred l s which are higher levels or better taste. She has a high I.Q. She can lecture on linguistics to Mr. Pei. Will her attitude serve the average teacher candidate? There are no standards. Only levels of usage exist. Taste, not rules, must prevail. But where does the average teacher get the taste? She might assume that, since all levels are good, none are to be preferred. Then she need not teach grammar or usage at all. This is the criticism with Webster III. It records but does not classify usage. It is ignoring levels or categories of usage and it gives no guide to taste. However, the dictionary is not at issue and the above remarks are *obiter dicta*. Case Dismissed.

ROSS ROGERS, C.J.

Larchmont, N.Y.

SPELLING REFORM

I WAS GREATLY interested in Upton Sinclair's letter to the President on spelling reform [*SR*, Aug. 18] which I read upon my return from vacation.

We have been rather quietly testing our multiple-use synthetic alphabet here in Chicago, in St. Louis, and in other schools as well as in overseas locations where English as a second language is being taught. This self-encoding letter-set permits conversion to binary codes easily and readily without expensive reading - chines. The effect this will ultimately on typesetting, telepak communication, and similar facilities is easy to contemplate. We are working with the Business Equipment Manufacturer's Association, the American Standards Association, AT&T, the International Standards Organization, as well as educators at Columbia, Harvard, and elsewhere. By expanding and standardizing on a broader symbol-sound convention, virtually all the major industrial languages can be put into the same convention with very few digraphs. For instance I can write (rewrite) Russian using only five digraphs with this forty-character set. To write English, there is a saving of from 17 to 25 per cent in the number of characters, depending on the nature of the text.

We have been at work on this for about six years, and our exempt foundation is now about three years old. As you can guess, this is quite a large undertaking, but with the mandate from unprejudiced machines, daily flights from one side of the earth to another, and telstar interlingual communication needs, there can be no let-up.

At the educational level, this is the easiest means you ever saw of taking dreariness out of our schools and upgrading our schools by a couple of years. It will be used in nursery schools, kindergartens, and first grades this winter a number of places.

JOHN R. MALONE,
Executive Director,
The Foundation for a Compatible
and Consistent Alphabet.

Chicago, Ill.

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After reading the letters on spelling reform in the September 15 issue, I can't help wondering if anybody is going to say a word for our present and traditional spell-

To one to whom the English language is an object of devotion as well as a means of livelihood, it seems that a protest is due. Can one really contemplate such atrocities as "thru" and "nite" without a shudder? Yet that is the sort of debasement to which we should be subject if the spelling reform enthusiasts had their way.

Our spelling is in a sense a pocket-account of the origin and history of our tongue. English is the richer and more flexible for not being phonetic. Anyone who cannot learn to spell properly cannot learn to read or write properly, either. If we must, in our craze for conformity, let us put texts of Basic English for foreigners or advertisements appealing to the semi-literate into the barbaric forms the "reformers" advocate; but let us not debase literary English to the standard of a road-sign!

Miriam Allen de Ford.
San Francisco, Calif.

SEPTEMBER UNDERGRADUATE

Samuel Gould, in "September Undergraduate: Hope vs. Exasperation" [*SR*, Sept. 15], says this: "I have described it (the world in which students are living) to make it clearer to those of my generation and the one before mine who are inclined to measure all thoughts and actions in terms as they themselves knew, a world in many ways dissimilar from that today."

He has indeed made clearer those dissimilarities and their causes. To him for writing the article and to you for publishing it, my gratitude. I am sure it will help many readers. Mr. Gould has turned exasperation at the enigmatic up-coming generation into a hope which we can possibly pass on to them.

Martha Keegan.
Cincinnati, O.

I have just finished reading the article, "September Undergraduate: Hope vs. Exasperation" by Samuel B. Gould. I was so pleased by it that I had to tell someone! I graduated from Pomona College this June and am going on to Oxford in the fall. I couldn't help but be struck with the intellectual and emotional impact of what Dr. Gould had to say. His realistic view of the world and the problems and pressures which bear against people of my generation—and his hope—made this an article to cut out and reread.

I hope that it gets the wide audience among undergraduates which it deserves.

Grant P. Thompson.
Arcadia, Calif.

Heartiest congratulations and thanks for your publication of Mr. Samuel Gould's splendid article. It was most gratifying to read such pungent, well-structured, accurate, and most of all sincerely believed statements by a former university president concerning what a beginning college student faces, and the enormous responsibility which is that very intrinsic part of the higher learning. I earnestly hope that this article will have been read by many entering students, and that it will become a real part of their academic baggage throughout the collegiate experience and ever after. Mr. Gould speaks so directly, succinctly, and truthfully that I could not have been more stirred by his words. Those of us in academic life are extremely grateful, I am sure, for this magnificent message.

Charles G. Thorne, Jr.,
Graduate Student,
University of Pennsylvania.
Philadelphia, Pa.

WHODUNIT DEPARTMENT

On page 52 of your September 15 issue you reproduced a fine photograph. The artist is named "Carnegie Institute of Technology." This I don't believe. Who made the picture?

Phil Palmer.
Mill Valley, Cal.

Editor's note: *The picture of students walking in the rain was taken by Herbert K. Barnett of Carnegie Tech.*

Logan Wilson, President of the American Council on Education, gives me credit [*SR*, Aug. 18] for having described the American university as "an agglomeration of entities connected only by a common plumbing system."

I believe this phrase actually was originated by my friend Bob Hutchins, except he referred to a "central heating system."

Perhaps Dr. Wilson's misattribution of the statement to me stems from my description of a university faculty as a group of "independent entrepreneurs held together by a common grievance over parking!"

Clark Kerr,
President,
University of California.
Berkeley, Calif.

Editor's note: *Mr. Hutchins, president of the Fund for the Republic and former chancellor of the University of Chicago, has confessed to* Saturday Review *that he was, indeed, the culprit and that he wishes he had said "common plumbing system" because he likes that better than "central heating system."*

ON MAGNITUDE AND COST

Your chart on page 55 in the September 15, 1962, issue showing the bigness of education in the U.S. was very impressive. Why don't you print it in poster form so schools can post it on their bulletin boards? As a sequel, why don't you develop the costs of education in a similar manner? These two in poster form could well serve to inform and to stir interest on the part of both adults and children, educators and the public, pupils and all.

Richard K. Fox, Sr.
St. Louis, Mo.

On the Art of Cheerleading

- Cheers should be positive, not aimed at antagonizing an opponent. Care should be taken in making certain that words used in a cheer are not suggestive and do not have a connotation which would inflame an audience.
- The gestures of the cheerleaders should be synchronized, pleasing to watch, and easy to follow.
- Firm, definite movements instead of little wiggles and shakes create the positive effect necessary to effective cheerleading.
- The choice of proper wording is important. Harsh or senseless phrases are to be avoided. "Smash em," "bash em," "knock em," "skin em alive," etc., have no place in cheers. These connotations tend to inflame the audience and set the climate of rowdyism. When belligerent cheers are used a similar belligerency is often reflected in the manner of play on the court or playing field.
- Cheerleaders should never use cheers that are the least bit suggestive, or have phrases that rhyme with swear words. Cheers of this nature discourage many rooters in the stands from cooperating and encourage others to carry on with crude and inappropriate responses.
- When "booing" occurs the cheerleaders should attempt to stop it with a waving-off motion of the hands. It is important that any booing is waved off immediately. If the booing becomes louder, the cheerleaders should help to divert the crowd's attention by starting a popular yell routine. If a band is present they can be directed to "strike up" a popular tune. Immediate action is the key to the control of booing.
- Properly trained cheerleaders can be as important to the spectator behavior as the coach is to his team.
- The head cheerleader must be aware of the proper timing and length of the cheers. At no time should the cheering interfere with either the beginning of the game or resumption of play after a time-out.

—From a guide for cheerleaders prepared by the Department of Health, Physical Education, Athletics and Safety of the Washington, D. C. Public Schools.

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WHAT HAPPENS IN COLLEGE

By JAMES K. FEIBLEMAN, *Chairman, Department of Philosophy, Tulane University.*

—Roy Stevens.

"Nothing in the experience of a high school student has prepared him for life at college."

EVERY fall on every college campus you can see them—the hordes of incoming freshmen. In the excitement, the welter of new experiences and sensations, they are not aware that they are beginning the four most traumatic years of their lives.

College life is a series of shocks, some pleasant, some not, some clearly defined, some vaguely sensed. But they are shocks none the less; nothing in the experience of a high school student has prepared him for life at college.

What are the students like? They come from all sorts of backgrounds: the very wealthy, who sport Cadillacs (if cars are allowed on the campus), fur coats, impressive allowances; the poor, with the tired determined look of odd-hour jobs and too little sleep. They are tall and short, handsome and ugly, bright and dull. They come (at any fair-sized university) from all parts of the country and even from all parts of the world. Some come from fine secondary schools, some from woefully inadequate ones.

Only one thing they are certain to have in common: they are roughly in the same age group. (The older freshmen, so common under the G.I. Bill, have virtually disappeared.) Thus a similar set of biological maturations are occurring in them. They are at once callous and sensitive, baffled and intuitive, mystified and understanding, bored and interested. They are full of conflicts, fresh awakenings, contradictions and oppositions. They are basically terribly confused, because they are encountering powerful influences for the first time and are preparing to meet them first and interpret them later.

Why do they come to college? I am well acquainted with the usual reasons advanced by young people to account for their presence in college. Occasionally what they say is true, if sententious. Mostly it is not—perhaps because they themselves do not know what impels them. (To see the swarm of freshmen descend on campuses in the fall is an impressive experience; a bit, I imagine, like watching the migration of the salmon.) During years of teaching I think I have seen a well-defined set of motives reappear with each class. And these (one or a combination of them) are why young people come to college.

(1) They come because it is assumed that they will come, because almost everyone they know does. After all there are 4.5 million people in college right now and there are supposed to be another 3 million more by 1970. The herd instinct is strong in young people, and the desire to be considered a regular fellow means that if the gang goes, so do you. I've known young men to turn down a really fine school for a fourth- or fifth-rate one—to be with their friends.

Very little depends on the situation of their parents. In many less privileged groups, having a child in college is a mark of success, a public sign that the children are having a better chance than their parents ever did. The current word for this, I believe, is "status symbol."

Among other people, people of wealth, sending children to college is a foregone conclusion: educational advantages are also cultural advantages, and people of wealth, it is thought, should look and sound like people of wealth. Many young men give no thought to the selection of a college. They have been taught to assume that they will go to the college their father, their grandfather, and, in many cases, their great-grandfather attended. reasons are usually more familial and dynastical than practical.

(2) A second and related reason why students come is to make good contacts. (There is no one more cyni-

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cal than a freshman.) After all, if your roommate happens to be a boy whose father is president of a shoe manufacturing company, you may have a good opening in business when you graduate.

Such attitudes are not confined to the poor but ambitious youth. The American hierarchy is largely (even though not exclusively) a matter of money. Immediately after the question of whether or not there is money comes the question of how long it has been in the family. The older fortunes look down on the *nouveau riche,* but nobody ever asks how the older fortunes were first acquired and whether the circumstances surrounding such acquisition were moral. The passage of a few generations removes a great many stains.

Thus everybody has some reason for wanting to ascend the social scale: the poor wish to associate with the rich, the rich with the still richer, and the new rich with the old rich. The older rich send their children to acquire polish and to learn how to retain the fortunes they will inherit. Good contacts mean contacts with those higher in the social scale.

(3) Then there is sheer laziness. So very often a parent says to a child: "I will support you until you have finished college. After that you will have to support yourself." For the indolent this leaves little choice; who, under these circumstances, would refuse? They come to college with the very simple intent of avoiding work just a little longer, and they behave accordingly when there. I once had a roommate whose interests were confined to athletics. He spent the entire morning playing the tenor saxophone in bed. He arose only for lunch and the afternoon at the gym.

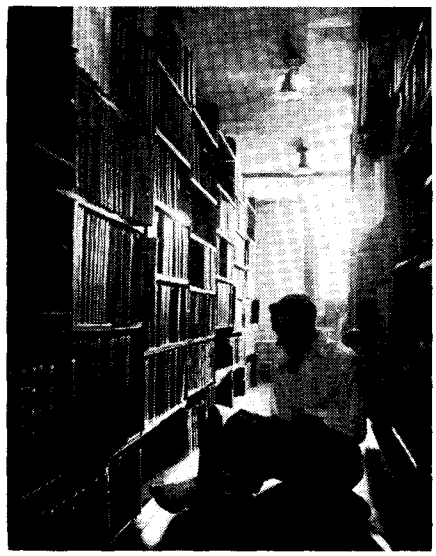
(4) There is another group of students who have come to college to bide their time, but not out of laziness. They are waiting until they can make a decision about the choice of a profession. To many high-schoolers there is nothing more frightening than the well-meant question: "What are you going to become?" They don't know. They have little idea of the requirements of the different careers open to them. They have even less understanding of themselves. They simply have not found out what they want to do, how they would enjoy making a living and how they could make the best living. They do not know what their equipment is, what they are best suited for, or what sort of work will be the most congenial.

The university is a good place to come in that frame of mind. There are so many types of activities going on simultaneously, so many professions laid out side by side, so many branches of knowledge readily available. The decision concerning a career can often best be hastened by easy and quick familiarity with a few aspects of several.

(5) To escape or at least postpone military service is another reason. Under the present draft law, students may be deferred as long as they do well in college. Thus they have a very practical motive: they prefer an education to drills and forced marches, and college dormitories to army barracks. The more honest of the group will admit this fact quite readily.

(6) Many come simply to learn to make a living. The idea is about that most of the good positions in the business world are awarded to college graduates. A Bachelor of Arts or a Bachelor of Science degree is today the equivalent of a high school diploma fifty years ago; in our technological civilization there is not much that can be done without training. Young people realize that the chance of making money, or of making more money, lies through a formal education, including often the earning of a graduate degree in medicine, law, engineering, or architecture.

(7) To have fun is still another motive. Quite a few undergraduate colleges and some universities do not require more than lip service to the curriculum, and resemble country clubs a great deal more than they do centers of higher learning. (Some of the illustrated brochures they send out seem to indicate in fact that they are quite proud of the similarity.) Even in the best of schools there are programs which are not demanding, and one of the courtesies extended by the older students to the new is the precise listing of every easy course in the curriculum.



—*Arthur E. Princehorn, Oberlin College.*

"There are thousands of books I want to read."

Here is an opportunity to extend the protected world of childhood a bit longer. Many students seem to attend college only for the extracurricular activities, including those which are approved officially, such as athletics and the supervised social diversions of the fraternities and sororities, as well as those which are not approved: drinking, gambling, and a general sowing of wild oats at the risk of life and limb.

(8) To obtain an education. There are students who actually come because they want to learn, because they are curious about many things. These are the students who will tell you: "There are thousands of books I want to read." They are aware of their own lack of information and they want to do something about it. Often these are the brighter students—but this is not necessarily so. Some are the unfortunate drones, men and women who possess the best of motives and an instinctive, strong drive in the direction of learning, but who unfortunately lack the requisite imagination and intelligence to go with it.

What happens to students in college? The teaching institution is faced with an onslaught of freshmen who are impelled toward the campus for a great variety and complexity of reasons. What happens to them there is something not even they can predict or expect. They enter college as adolescents; when they leave some four years later, with or without a degree, they are young adults. Some of this is simple maturation, of course, but some is also the direct result of their college experience. College experience itself is partly the experience of learning, the acquisition of a certain amount of ordered knowledge. It is also a combination of other forces not directly related to the classroom and the library, forces whose impact is more diffused but no less important. They are essentially part of the hurly-burly of campus life.

It is the students' first meeting, most likely, with a national and perhaps international group of men and women of their own age. Excepting those fortunate enough to have attended a very superior and international prep school (and only a tiny minority have), a high-schooler's contacts are likely to have been restricted to other inhabitants of the same town, even of the same neighborhood in a larger town. It is small wonder, then, that living in a dormitory with and attending class with, say, a Pakistani, an Italian, or a

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Norwegian, makes students overwhelmingly aware of a difference of lives, opinions, values.

Even the shift in the kind of curriculum is upsetting. The students are used to having the day arranged for them from, say, nine to three, high school fashion. They now find themselves attending classes for only fifteen hours or so a week. The concentration in depth on a few subjects is a new idea to them. The requisite self-discipline is often something they learn only after painful experience.

Furthermore, college is the students' first encounter with live intellectuals. They meet individual members of the faculty who have written important books or completed important pieces of research. The various intellectual fields become matters of personal experience. The students learn that work does not just happen to get done. They find that the productive intellectual is not a superman but an everyday figure. They will also make the discovery that there are those who consider intellectual pursuits reason enough for an entire life. Students are nearly always surprised to find such pursuits valued so highly.

Students are surprised, too, at their first meeting with really violent political opinion of all possible varieties. Their parents and/or their friends may have held violent political preferences, but it isn't until college that they see the full range of political possibility. Through student organizations and student publications, they meet for the first time with Democrats *and* Republicans, with conservatives *and* radicals. They are urged to take sides, if not as voters, then at least as partisans.

It is in college, too, that the sharp, bitter sting of failure is first experienced to any appreciable extent. A good high school student may find himself only a passing college scholar. Inequalities become painfully obvious. It is perhaps a matter of capacities. Those who develop long legs could become runners; those with short legs could not. Some are born with excellent intellectual capacities; some are not. One student will make good grades without any effort; another will fail even though he sits up most of the night with his books. The recognition of native inequalities is often hard for students to accept.

What does the student learn? At the end of his four years, what can be fairly listed as the acquisition of the average student?

On the simplest level he has acquired a considerable amount of information and has learned something of the vast range of knowledge. He has become a bit intellectualized—generically, an intellectual is simply one who is at home among the classic abstractions. If he is astute he can acquire not only a familiarity with them, but also a considerable degree of manipulative skill. Further, he will have found the way he wants to go—whether it is out into the world of business or on into the world of graduate education.

He will also have learned to question. He was born into and grew up within one state, one set of institutions, one moral code, one church, one set of fixed views held by his parents, one determinate set of preferences of his group of friends. He learns in college that, for every one of these influences there is a multiple set of possible alternatives. There are other cultures, other customs; the way things are done is not necessarily the way they have always been done or the way they have to be done. Some alternatives seem better, some much worse; but all are worthy of consideration. And, indeed, the abstract consideration of possible alternatives in every field is precisely what the universities provide. The net effect on the student is to challenge the authorities on whom he has always relied for support. Henceforth he must rely upon his own abilities to ascertain the facts, and upon his own reason as the safest guide.

This is what the educational system has given him. It is also worth seeing what the system has *not* given him. If a student has taken seriously the things he hears in college, there is one great gap in his preparation. The world of abstractions is orderly, neat, and perfectly formed. Its rules are those of necessity and determinism. The world of practical affairs, into which the student emerges after four or more years of college, is governed to some extent by laws, but it is also a jungle, full of accident, chance, and opportunism, a brutal struggle for survival where the competition is so fierce that not much stands in the way of the ruthless and the ambitious. Fail and you starve alone; succeed, and you dine with many friends.

There is no course in college designed to prepare the student for what he will encounter in the way of brute facts, and to this extent all college training is inadequate and even misleading. It is cruel to send students out to meet the world so well equipped in some ways and so ill prepared in others. We teach the ideal conditions of possible worlds passingly fair, but we do not teach the crude conditions of the actual world at all. Thus when we look at what a student learns in the university, we find that it is chiefly confined to what ought to be and is not extended to what actually is. What the student does not learn is appalling and raises the question of how well selected is the information concerning what ought to be, when the selection of what ought to be rests on a knowledge of the limitations of what is. The *theory* of practice is a theory as well as a practice, and so it can justify itself in the academic curriculum, but it is at the same time a theory of *practice*, and so is capable of arming the innocent for what he will encounter outside the academic curriculum.

"Oh, I'll get my Ph.D. in English this June, but then Daddy wants me to continue on for steno and typing."

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Gulliver finds decibels are down in little people's world

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TEACHER EDUCATION: Who Makes the Rules?

Liberal arts colleges always have prepared a large proportion of our high school teachers. Now some of them fear they will be driven out of teacher education by a new agency that accredits teacher training separately from the academic program and applies standards that many liberal arts colleges find inconsistent with their own traditions. James D. Koerner, who is nearing the end of a two-year study of teacher education, has spent some time looking into the new agency, including three days as an observer on one of its visiting teams. Here he presents the main issues as he sees them.

By JAMES D. KOERNER

OVER the last decade the field of teacher education has seen the creation and growing influence of an agency called the National Council for Accreditation of Teacher Education. This agency, known in the trade as NCATE and pronounced "En-kate," has been superimposed on several others having more restricted accrediting roles in the teacher preparatory programs of our colleges and universities. Although it generally has been well supported by professional educators, NCATE has been held strongly suspect by representatives of the liberal arts, and their suspicion has reached something of a crescendo in recent years. The basic problem is simple enough. Can NCATE, as it is presently operating, fulfill the function it has assigned itself? Can it make significant improvements in the education of American teachers through accreditation? Most professional educators do not doubt that it will, but a good many of their academic colleagues feel that it will not only fail in its mission but may do incalculable harm in the process.

Before exploring the grounds on which this often embittered conflict is based, and before looking at how NCATE has actually performed its accrediting task in two specific instances, we need to clarify somewhat the confusing tangle of accrediting bodies found in the field of teacher education. First, the only agencies having any legal authority are the states. All state departments of education have implied or explicit power to accredit teacher education within the state, and most exercise this power, seriously or perfunctorily, through examination and approval of specific programs for preparing public school teachers. After the states, there are the six regional accrediting associations, extra-legal agencies that cover the fifty states and some territories; they accredit, not teacher education programs as such, but each institution of higher education as a whole. The regionals now have about 1,360 member institutions (including junior colleges), of which 1,011 by the latest count have teacher education programs. Beyond these two sets of agencies are numerous specialized ones, arms of professional associations, that accredit particular programs in such areas as music, library science, nursing, social work, psychology, physical education, and many more that in one way or another are related to the programs for preparing teachers.

THEN there is NCATE, which was created in 1952 by various organizations in the field of professional education, notably the American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education. AACTE had been accrediting its limited list of member institutions for some time prior to NCATE, but wanted to see a more representative and more powerful agency in operation. NCATE inherited the 284 member institutions of AACTE, considered them automatically accredited, and has now added about ninety new ones, bringing its total membership to 374 schools, which train over 70 per cent of all new public school teachers. It is of course adding new schools and revisiting the AACTE ones as rapidly as possible.

Finally, over all these and other accrediting agencies now rules a sort of accreditors' supreme court, the National Commission on Accrediting, whose job it is to regulate the industry, mediate disputes, give official recognition to one organization in each field, and if possible keep the number of proliferating agencies within reasonable bounds. It was organized in 1949 by a group of college and university presidents who were unhappy about the "conflicting demands and unnecessary expenditures" being inflicted on the institutions by the myriad of accrediting agencies. NCA now has the general support of higher education, and, in the field of teacher education, it has recognized NCATE to be the principal accrediting agency.

Through the smoke and swirl of controversy, one can isolate at least five

What NCATE Evaluates

"The Council regards accreditation by a regional accrediting association as adequate insurance of the general financial stability of the institution, the effectiveness of the administration, the adequacy of the general facilities, the quality of the student personnel program, the appropriateness of the overall program including general education and subject-matter majors, the general strength of the faculty, the faculty personnel policies of the institution, and the quality of instruction.

"The Council, therefore, evaluates the teacher education program within this setting, including the teacher education objectives, the organization for teacher education, the student personnel program for teacher education, the faculty for professional education, the patterns of academic and professional courses and experiences offered in the various teacher education curricula, the facilities for the teacher education curricula offered, and the program of professional laboratory experiences. These factors will be evaluated for the total program offered in the categories for which accreditation is sought regardless of their location in the institution."

—National Council for Accreditation of Teacher Education, "Standards and Guide," 1960.

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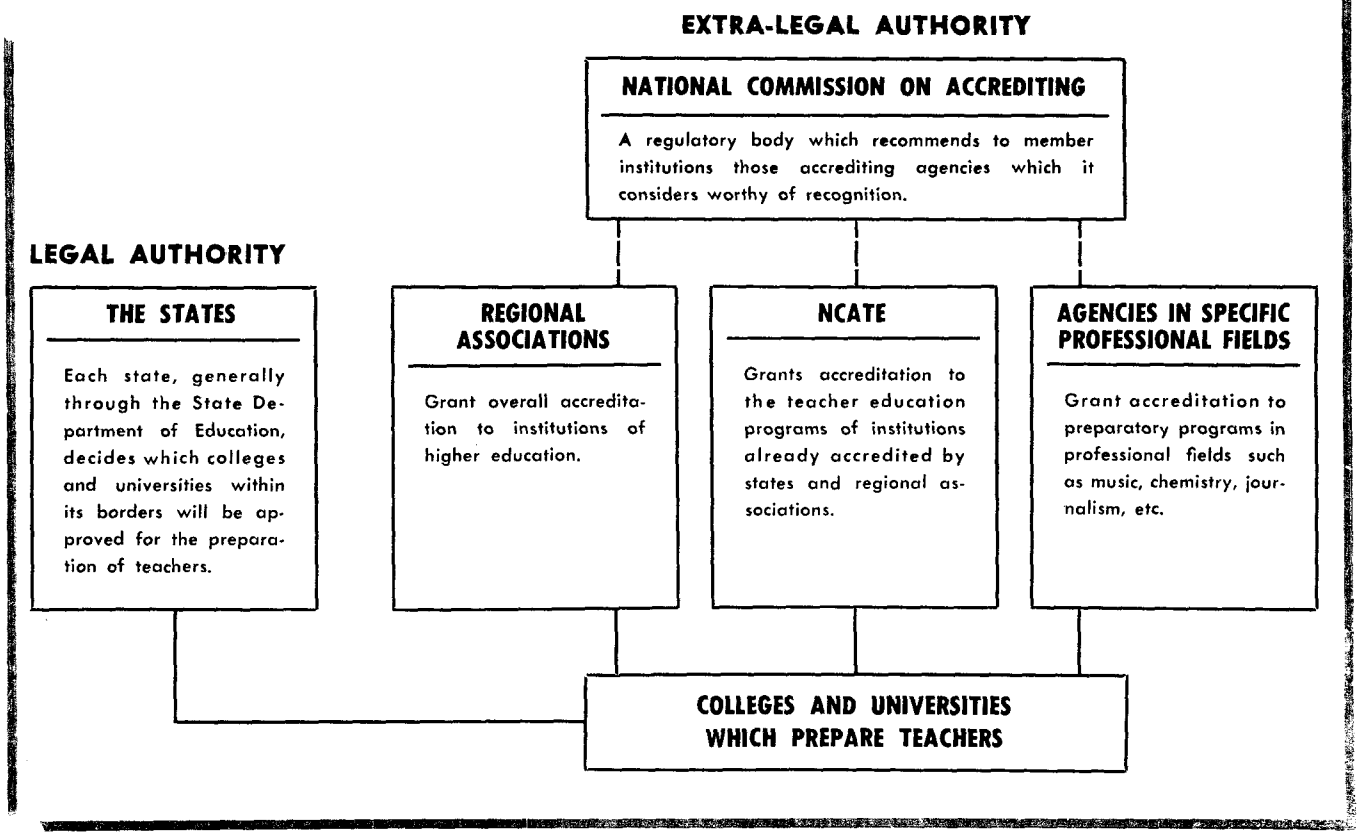
Accreditation: How it Works in Teacher Education


EXTRA-LEGAL AUTHORITY
NATIONAL COMMISSION ON ACCREDITING
A regulatory body which recommends to member institutions those accrediting agencies which it considers worthy of recognition.
LEGAL AUTHORITY
THE STATES
Each state, generally through the State Department of Education, decides which colleges and universities within its borders will be approved for the preparation of teachers.
REGIONAL ASSOCIATIONS
Grant overall accreditation to institutions of higher education.
NCATE
Grants accreditation to the teacher education programs of institutions already accredited by states and regional associations.
AGENCIES IN SPECIFIC PROFESSIONAL FIELDS
Grant accreditation to preparatory programs in professional fields such as music, chemistry, journalism, etc.
COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES WHICH PREPARE TEACHERS

major reasons that move much of the academic community to view NCATE with considerable alarm:

First: the efficacy of accreditation itself, as an instrument for improving the education of teachers, is not self-evident, whether done by NCATE or any other group. The question of whether some kinds of accrediting do more harm than good in higher education is a complex one upon which much evidence pro and con can be mustered; and it is a question, say many academics, that should have been explored at length by all the principal interests concerned before the creation of any national agency to accredit programs or institutions in this field.

Second: assuming that accreditation *is* a good way of improving the training of teachers, who should make policy about how to do it? Who, that is, should run the operation? The governing body of NCATE, itself called a "Council," is made up of nineteen persons, thirteen of whom are appointed by departments of the National Education Association; one more is appointed by the Council of Chief State School Officers; and still another by the National Association of State Directors of Teacher Education and Certification—bringing the tongue-twisting total to fifteen members out of nineteen representative of the field of professional education, and running heavily to educational administrators. To the academic eye, this concentration of power has, to say the least, an insular look. It may also serve to emphasize and perpetuate the customary separation of professional educators from the liberal arts faculty.

Third: NCATE attempts to accredit only the professional part of a teacher's education, and relies on the six regional associations to insure adequate quality in the liberal arts work and in everything else about the institution. While it is obvious that NCATE in its present form could not accredit the academic curriculum, it seems equally clear that the use of the regional associations for that purpose is ill-conceived. Such a schizophrenic accreditation process might work well enough for the training of optometrists, podiatrists, or foresters, but the dangers of it for accrediting programs that educate teachers are great. It is debatable whether the regional associations, which have now become mere "advisory" bodies to their member institutions, have managed to secure any significant degree of academic quality in higher education. A glance at the accredited list of any of them suggests that, whatever other virtues may inhere in the regionals, academic rigor isn't one of them. Yet NCATE is stuck, for assuring quality in the most important component of a teacher's preparation, liberal education, with honoring what would be widely regarded as the meaningless approval of the regionals.

Fourth: NCATE has developed a set of seven standards that comprises the instrument with which it measures and judges institutions. They cover matters of faculty, admissions, administrative machinery, library resources, and the like. To many an academic, these standards look decidedly like a way of replacing the old rigidity of state certification requirements with a new and equally invalid, but more dangerous, rigidity of their own. They are based on two extremely controversial assumptions: that the way to get good teachers in public schools is to look chiefly at what goes *into* the training programs and not at what comes out; and that the things which should go into these programs are well known, agreed upon, verified, and can be measured. Because little supporting evidence can be presented on either of these counts, NCATE's set of standards will no doubt continue to draw critical fire.

Fifth: the most serious charge against NCATE is that it threatens to become a vast academic cartel that will ultimately prevent the employment of any person for any job at any level in any public school, and perhaps in any private school as well, who has not been through an NCATE-accredited pro-

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gram. NCATE calls itself a voluntary agency, but it is rapidly becoming, like any accrediting body when it has accumulated enough power, coercive. Within the professional fraternity, more and more groups are "endorsing" NCATE and using its accreditation as a weapon to exclude schools or persons from one or another function in public education.

Twenty-four states now practice NCATE reciprocity, allowing graduates of NCATE-accredited schools to move to new teaching jobs without having to go through the same certification procedures as everybody else. State teachers' organizations as well as national associations like those within the NEA talk frankly about the time when NCATE will furnish the only acceptable route to work in the public schools.

For an idea of how exclusionist the future may be in teacher education, one has only to refer to Chapter V of the 1961 publication of The National Commission on Teacher Education and Professional Standards of the National Education Association, one of the founding groups of NCATE, and one which still appoints six of the nineteen members of NCATE's governing Council. It is called "New Horizons for the Teaching Profession," being the report of a "task force" of well-known professional educators and containing their recommendations about numerous problems in teacher education. Here is outlined a complete plan for making graduation from an NCATE-accredited institution a prerequisite for membership in any kind of professional association or for the freedom to do much of anything in the field of public education.

Or, consider a policy adopted recently by the American Association of School Administrators, the most powerful of the NEA's departments, which will prohibit anyone from joining its ranks after 1964 who has not been through two years of graduate work in an NCATE-accredited program for school administrators (which programs should have, according to NCATE's proposals, at least 75 per cent of their work in education courses).

In particular, the good liberal arts colleges are apt to see in NCATE a genuine threat to their teacher education programs. Many of these programs are in conflict with NCATE's standards, which means that, when the pressures for accreditation become strong enough, either these programs will have to change or these schools will have to get out of the business of preparing teachers. In short, the course of empire seems to academicians to have been rather plainly mapped out by NCATE; it presents a cheerless prospect to the first-line liberal arts colleges and to other high-quality institutions.

NEA's View of NCATE

"The Department believes all institutions preparing teachers should meet the requirements of and be accredited by the National Council for Accreditation of Teacher Education" (NCATE).—*From the report of the Resolutions Committee, NEA Dept. of Classroom Teachers, 1961-62.*

Other points at issue, such as the kinds of people that make up NCATE visiting teams, the large number of years between NCATE visits to member schools (ten years), and the wide range of scores consistently made on standardized teacher examinations by graduates of NCATE schools, are too numerous to survey here. The above ones are cited only to indicate something of the range of controversy involved. A look at how the organization has actually performed in the field is perhaps the best way to assess it. Chosen for illustration, therefore, are two institutions that have been visited in recent years by NCATE and that represent sharply different approaches to the job of educating teachers: Carleton College at Northfield, Minnesota, which NCATE rejected; and a school that, for propriety's sake, let us call Crossroads State Teachers College, which it accepted.

NCATE made its "visitation" to Carleton with a team of five professional educators in 1960. (Accreditors, it seems, NCATE or otherwise, never make just plain visits. Like supernatural beings, they make only "visitations".) Crossroads State Teachers College was "visitated" in 1958. Below are recorded various kinds of facts, and my own interpretations of the facts, about each school, as of the time it was evaluated by NCATE.

Carleton is, of course, one of the elite among America's private colleges, usually classed with institutions like Amherst, Oberlin, and Williams. Nearly a century old, it has built an enviable record for high-quality undergraduate liberal education. Traditionally, Carleton trained large numbers of qualified teachers for Minnesota and other states, often as much as 30 per cent of its graduating classes. A precipitate decline in these numbers became evident late in the Thirties and again after World War II. In 1954 Carleton began to give some organized attention to the problem. It held a much-noted series of faculty seminars that were addressed specifically to the question of what colleges like Carleton might best do in the preparation of secondary teachers.

Among other results of these meetings was the appointment of a standing committee to propose new programs for Carleton's prospective teachers, to maintain liaison between the education department and the academic departments, and to promote in general the education of secondary teachers at the college. It turned out to be a hard-working and extremely effective committee that guided the development of the teacher education program as it is now to be found at Carleton. In other words, Carleton led the way in doing precisely what NCATE and other groups of professional educators have been saying is indispensable to improving and accrediting teacher education programs: effecting a continuous institution-wide involvement in, and support for, the education of teachers.

AT THE time of the NCATE visit, Carleton had an enrollment of 1,175 students and a faculty of 103. Sixty-four per cent of the faculty, about twice the national average, had the Ph.D. degree, mostly from first-rank, prestige universities. Many of the faculty were solidly established scholars with wide reputations in their fields. Carleton's entering class in 1960 came overwhelmingly from the highest quintile of their high school graduating classes; 30 per cent of them clustered in the 700s on the SAT examination, most of the others in the 600s; 30 per cent qualified for scholarship help.

Those enrolled in Carleton's teacher education program, according to the transcripts of credit, took an average of 105 semester hours in academic work and 18 hours in professional education. An English major, for example, got about 40 semester hours in English and 65 hours in other academic areas, a history major got about 34 and 69, a science major about 34 and 75. Everyone, regardless of field, got substantial work in a foreign language. Near the end of his career at Carleton, each student passed a comprehensive examination in his field, consisting of a six-hour written exam and a one-hour oral. And throughout his career there, he associated and competed with students following many different academic programs, some terminal, many others pre-professional.

The fourth important component of an institution of higher education, besides the caliber of the faculty, of the students, and of the curriculum, is the library and the institution's general re-

(*Continued on page 92*)

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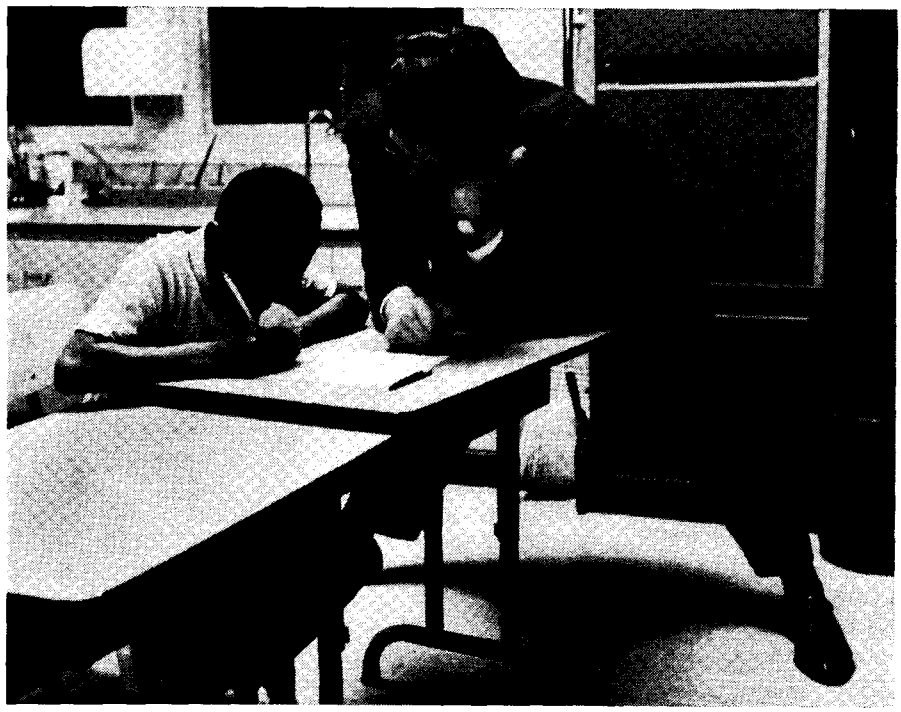
The Social Unreadiness of Negro Youth

This article is based on a study made under a grant from the Taconic Foundation. The author, a native of Texas, received his baccalaureate degree from Fisk University and his Ph.D. from Columbia. He has taught at Tuskegee Institute and at Fisk and has made several studies of Negro youth in the South.

By LEWIS WADE JONES



—*Arthur Leipzig.*

"Southern schools must give young Negroes confidence in their ability to compete effectively with others of their age group."

YOUNG Negro Americans are being prepared for lives in the world of yesterday rather than that of tomorrow. Although there is much discussion of capacities, abilities, and cultural deprivation, it has not led to bold educational ventures that will make it possible for Negro young people to achieve success in our competitive society.

Instead of whistling in a darkness peopled with obsessive specters or beating illusory notes on a drum, I prefer to make unpleasant noises like a cynic, knowing full well that "not ready" is a dangerous remark when used with reference to the Negro American. The person who by an inadvertent slip of the tongue uses the phrase is immediately in trouble. Articulate Negroes have stock-piled passionate and vituperative replies from which there is no protective shelter. Even more unreasonable than the Negroes themselves (who would agree that *some other* Negroes are not ready) are their friends who excel them in apologetics.

Some sharply critical thinking about "what is" and "what must be done about it" regardless of "what should be" or "what might have been" is long past due. The apologists can no longer ignore the tragedy of the young Negro for whom there are already more opportunities than there are individuals prepared to fill them. Within the past year, not only have bars against Negro employment been removed, but an active campaign has been initiated to recruit young Negroes for employment in jobs to which previous generations were not welcomed. Federal civil service representatives are visiting the major Negro college campuses urging students to take civil service examinations. Industries with government contracts have representatives visiting campuses to recruit employees. The offer of jobs in private industry and in state and federal employment, on the basis of levels of intelligence, scholastic achievement, and personality adjustment, has given a new value to the education of Negroes.

Results of the first year of recruitment on Negro college campuses have been disappointing to the recruiters, to say nothing about the frustration of the students who have been suddenly made aware of their lack of qualifications. An honor high school graduate is surprised to learn from her freshman college placement examination that she reads at the seventh grade level. College seniors have their dreams of places in a new order dimmed by the fact that most of them place below the national norm on standard tests. Some parents who have worked to give their children the unsegregated experience in college find that this is too late. A student who had the best scholastic standing in his high school did poorly in his first year in a northern unsegregated college and the next year enrolled in a Negro college in the South. His father reports that his son said to him, "Dad, those boys from the Northern high schools just knew so much more than I did. They knew literature and music and things I had never heard about."

The majority of the present generation of Negro college students who find themselves unprepared for the responsibilities attending the new occupational and community opportunities opened to them may well have questions about the schools they attended. Too many people responsible for education, from top-level school administrators to classroom teachers, have indulged in exculpating themselves while giving pupils a false appraisal of their level of preparation.

SOME aspects of this American educational problem have been recognized and described in a variety of reports. Most of these discussions agree on the conclusion expressed by Morton Deutsch: ". . . the lower-class child starts the race to the goal (success) with an assortment of disadvantages. Economic uncertainty, slum living, crowded homes and small value given to intellectual activity are not an adequate foundation for achievement." Dr. James B. Conant draws the broad social inference that "the position of the family in the total community . . . and the past performance of the friends and relatives of the family in getting a

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job and obtaining recognition enormously affect the attitude of the parent toward intellectual tasks and the desires and ambitions of the children."

These reports on this generation of youth crash dramatically through doors that were left standing open a generation ago in the series of studies of the American Youth Commission by E. Franklin Frazier, Charles S. Johnson, and Ira de A. Reid in collaboration with Arthur Raper.

Defense or apology in studies of the Negro have been generally supported by the demonstration that the culturally deprived population of the United States includes the Negro rather than being exclusively Negro. As far back as Otto Klineberg's analysis of racial differences in performance on I.Q. tests given in World War I, the point was made that some Negroes performed better than some whites. Allison Davis, Kenneth Clark, and Horace Mann Bond have moved back and forth through these doors for the past thirty years, bringing to the view of concerned people more and more evidence of the existence of an element in the American population so culturally deprived and socially disadvantaged as to preclude their exercise of efficient citizenship. Eli Ginzberg's "The Uneducated" ably described the social deficiency disadvantaged youth represent in a time of national peril.

The difficulties in coping with the educational aspects of this problem may be illustrated from the experience of the author and Paul N. Geisel in a research study of the "Social Readiness of Negro Youth in a Southern City." We found that social science research itself becomes tangled in the snarl of human relations made by differentiation in status and in sentiment in terms of race in the South. When our research was undertaken in 1959 we found that, because of existing racial tensions, locating the project was a more difficult task than is ordinarily anticipated in doing such a study.

In addition to the prevailing suspicion that a comparative description of any characteristics of a school system would have implications for desegregation, there was the basic anxiety, shared by white and Negro school administrators and teachers alike, that the predictable differences might be attributed to disparities in school provisions. Negro school administrators were apprehensive over possible interpretations in terms of lesser capacity of their pupils or of poorer teaching in their schools. One kindly Alabama superintendent advised: "Professor, why don't you go back and teach at the college and leave us alone? We have a big program here and I want you to come back and see the fine school the colored people will have next year when they will be in it." Even after a board of education had authorized the study and the superintendent supported it, the reluctance to participate on the part of the school principals and supervisors had to be dexterously countered.

Preparatory conferences in "Southern City" were not routine instruction sessions for the school administrators who were to co-operate in the research. The first reservation to be expressed by a white principal was that, if the "news" got around that the study was initiated by a Negro institution with a Negro directing the co-operation of white school officials, it would subject them to public embarrassment. Our explanation that a white staff associate would be the contact with the white schools and that anonymity of the city and the participating schools would be preserved in any report of findings allayed this fear.

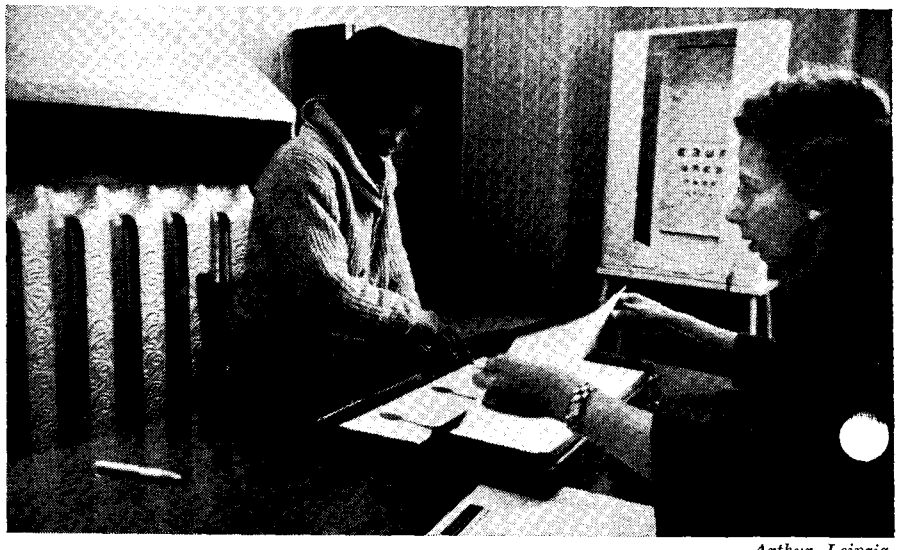
Reservations held by the Negro administrators were more tenacious and were removed only after several conferences in which the superintendent of schools and the research staff argued away the objections raised. The first suspicion on the part of the Negro administrators was that the Negro director was not truly the responsible agent but a front for the Southern university with which the staff associate was connected. The commentary is interesting in that the white administrators accepted the source of the undertaking and were uneasy about it while the Negro administrators were uneasy because they doubted the stated source.

The Negro administrators were found to be well informed about arguments against popular standardized tests as being experience-bound, not culture free, and therefore unable to give valid measurement. Further, the argument was given that any objective measurement of the relative achievement of white and Negro pupils would impair the morale of Negro teachers.

The research staff sought to counter this with the argument that the basic concept, *social readiness*, makes the explicit assumption that the success-related values are those of the middle class. Middle-class values prescribe a formula for success that requires possession of specified minimum knowledge, inculcation with certain ideas, and participation in socially approved community activities.

It was pointed out that the research sought only to measure the relative competitive positions of youth according to age, sex, socio-economic status, and race. The question for which answers were to be sought was: How do Negro youths compare to others within the same age group in terms of academic and cultural experiences that fit them for the responsibilities and opportunities they face? Assurances were given that standards of research in this area would be observed so that the validity of the results could be objectively determined.

Crude indicators of the cultural advantages of the child are socio-economic background, family income, circumstances in the home, education of parents, and the kind of area in which family lives. In addition to family background, social advantage may be measured in terms of the dimensions of the child's area of movement and his participation path in a constellation of institutions. In a segregated society the Negro's area of movement and constellation of institutions is more limited than that of white youth. The discrepancy increases with the age of the youth and with disparity associated with socio-economic status; higher-status youth obviously have more experi-



—*Arthur Leipzig.*

"Desegregation will not solve all the problems."

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ence with "cultural" institutions than do lower-status youth. The kinds of activities in which youth participate ' the degree of participation represent informal learning. The assumption is made that experience at one age level prepares the individual for participation on the next level above. Therefore, attention was focused upon those activities construed as contributing cultural experience that might enhance a youth's chance for successful competition.

White youth are more active in school clubs and organizations, while upper-status Negro youth are more active in the organizations in the community. These activities in the community are consciously directed toward "enrichment" of the cultural experience of Negro youth. The apparently more serious preoccupation of upper-status Negro youth with such activities suggests they have a meaning for them that they do not have for white youth.

A crucial question in the research was the influence of the academic experience on the youth. Differential aptitude and intelligence test (DAT) scores for the pupils were secured. There were variations in the results on the several tests, but for three DAT tests given more than 85 per cent of the Negro pupils scored below the ional norms for the tests, and on ch test for all grades twice as many Negro pupils as white pupils scored below the national norm.

A test result to ponder is that regarding findings of median achievement on I.Q. tests. At the seventh grade white boys scored twelve points higher than Negro boys and white girls ten points higher than Negro girls. At the twelfth grade white boys scored eighteen points higher than Negro boys and white girls scored twenty-three points higher than Negro girls.

From the results of achievement measures it was posited that, in the mass, Negro children are handicapped for free competition and the handicap becomes greater up to high school graduation in Southern cities because of a widening divergence with age in the cultural experiences of white and Negro youth.

To what can youths with disadvantaged family backgrounds, limited peer-group experiences, and their present level of achievement look ahead? Inquiry into the educational and occupational aspirations of the youth gave results that at first examination were confusing. The higher aspirations of gro youth in both areas appeared at first to be unrealistic, but further examination of the data proved their aspirations to be entirely realistic even if attainment of them seemed improbable. The Negro youth aspired to occupations followed by the success models within the segregated Negro community who were engaged in professional or semi-professional pursuits. These occupations required a college education or better. The middle-range white-collar and blue-collar occupations such as secretarial work or sales jobs or skilled industrial jobs were aspired to by a significant percentage of white youths but not by Negro youths. In Southern City such employment was simply not open to Negroes. White youths who selected white-collar occupations and expressed their intention to end their education with high school graduation were aspiring in terms of opportunities open to them. The *hope* of Negro youth was in leaping over the middle range occupations, because unless they did so they would have to accept employment opportunities that required less than high school education.

NEGRO high school youth are conscious of the limitations of the education they get. One very bright lad explained: "If I would have the chance I would take advantage of it. Most colored children are hidden from the facts that we don't have as good schools as the white children. For instance if we were in the same school as white children all along, we could probably beat them, but now we are so far behind we probably couldn't; but I wouldn't say that they are better or smarter than we are."

Unfortunately, Negro upper-status parents commit themselves to provide their own children with an escape from the drag of the community and its schools and avoid taking strong action to make improvements in the conditions they deplore. The young suffer because their parents feel the need to protect relationships within the Negro group and across the race line. Some parents have relationships with the power structure of the community which make it inadvisable to create embarrassment by calling public officials to give account for the school maintained. Other parents have relationships with Negro school administrators that preclude discomfiting them by challenging the schools.

With rare exceptions, the boards of education and superintendents of schools in the South are white. They appoint Negro principals and teachers whom the Negro community must accept. Some of these Negro teachers send their own children to other schools because of the deficiencies in the schools where they teach. Other Negro teachers defend their own operations as necessary protection for their well-paying, status-giving jobs. So, an intricate network of mutual protection of statuses in the Southern community becomes a web between whose strands some escape, but that effectively restricts the many. Accrediting agencies, state officials, local officials, and upper-status Negroes constitute a strongly bonded mesh that ensures the young Negro's unreadiness, with stereotyped apologies for it.

The life chances of Negro youth are prejudiced before they reach college, and the colleges are hard put to improve them. The pervading belief that a Negro must have a college degree to improve his status sends ambitious youths to all kinds of colleges for Negroes in the South. Some of these so-called colleges are a waste of four years time since their graduates are not prepared for opportunities of any merit. Other colleges recognize the deficiencies of students who come to them and offer "remedial" courses in an effort to prepare them for college instruction. A few of the colleges are highly selective and admit only the better high school graduates. There is evidence to support the charge that both Negro high schools and colleges offer the form but not the substance of the education they are alleged to provide.

A fallacy that needs to be rooted out of the thinking of Southern people, white and black alike, is that desegregation of schools, *per se* will solve the educational problems of Negro youth. Admission of Negro youths to substandard white schools is an illusory gain. Having Negro youth compare favorably with poorly achieving white youth is a false measure of achievement. Both should get a better education rather than an equally bad one. In such a likely circumstance Negro youth may lose the motivation that overcoming the disadvantage of segregation gave them. However, the segregated school for Negroes remains the major problem in the South for the foreseeable future.

There appear to be four steps that may be taken to improve the competitive potential of Negro youth: (1) Measure the extent and degree of unreadiness; (2) admit it; (3) determine the whys; and (4) do what needs to be done to remove the unreadiness. This means that the interest of the youth must be the primary consideration regardless of how the feelings and sensibilities of boards of education, administrators or teachers may be bruised.

An end must be put to the "culture free" quibbling over instruments used in measuring the level of achievement. Professor Eli Ginzberg has made sharply clear that removal of segregation barriers takes away protection of goals, however circumscribed they may be,

(*Continued on page* 91)

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Letter from an African Student

YOUR ARTICLE "Future Leaders of Africa" by Melby and Burnor [*SR*, Aug. 18] was very interesting.

As an African student, I wish to add some things which I think are very much overlooked when we think of the African student and the American Negro. Some people may not agree with me but that is beside the point.

It would be asking too much of the American Negro to expect him to react differently to the African students, considering that:

(1) Most African students, knowing the lot of the Negroes in America and the fact that when it comes to financial aid the Negro is not in a position to help them as much as a white American can, try to avoid the American Negro's company whenever possible.

(2) Some American Negroes believe (and I agree with them) that many of us use our native costumes to distinguish us from the American Negroes rather than to portray our sincere desire to reflect the African image. But we seem to forget that a Negro is a Negro regardless of his nationality; and I am sure that many Americans will accept us if they want to whether we are dressed in our native outfit or in "modern dress." There is one point I want to make clear at this time. The African student has come to study here and to know America and the Americans. He will not do this by associating with only one group of Americans. We hope that the American Negroes understand this.

(3) American colleges and universities are not making enough of an effort to send African students as guests to Negro homes during the very many money-saving (for the African students) weekends and holiday hospitality programmes arranged for us. I once asked the secretary of a foreign students' advisor who was arranging for our Thanksgiving visits to American homes to be sent to a Negro home. I was surprised at the shocked look on her face. Then I asked her if American Negroes do not celebrate Thanksgiving. She did not reply; but I was introduced and sent to the home of a Negro family. It was my turn to be shocked when I learned from my hostess that for years she had been trying to get a "foreign" student to visit their home—mind you, not just an African student; but she never received any response from the Foreign Students Advisor's office at this particular University. My Thanksgiving hosts are now some of my best friends in this country. I think it is proper to add here that, if many more Negro families and organizations would ask for foreign students to visit with them, many university officials would not refuse them.

(4) Newspaper reports indicate that some African nations do not particularly want Negro Ambassadors and that most of the African students who come here are the cream of their countries' societies. Well, there may be a reason for not wanting Negro Ambassadors. My purpose is not to judge the rightness or wrongness of it; but the implication is not one that would necessarily make the American Negro receive us with open arms. The second point about most of us being the cream of our countries' societies, by this implying our social positions, I don't think is quite as it is made to sound. Twenty years ago this might have been true. Today, I think it is mainly one's achievements and not necessarily one's social connections that qualify one for further education. The point I want to make here is that this false social elevation does not create a conducive atmosphere for the African students and the American Negroes to meet on common ground. I am sure that if the African students and the American Negroes try a little harder they can get along well. If we are not afraid to share whatever humiliations the Negroes are subjected to just because of their color I am sure that the American Negroes will appreciate us better. We have many things in common and there are many things for which each group should be proud of the other.

We are here to prepare ourselves to help build our countries into what we would like to see them become—pla[illegible] where freedom for all, regardless of c[illegible] or creed, can be guaranteed. By identifying ourselves with the American Negroes and actually sharing their humiliation with them, we will experience, first hand, what it is like to be denied constitutional and basic human rights because of color, and thereby be more determined not to see such happen to anyone in our countries. The most remarkable thing I have observed is that none of the American Negroes I have known and associated with (and they are many) tried to preach race hatred to me. They were critical and understandably felt hurt, but it was easy to see that they are proud to be Americans. Regardless of what the Negroes' position may be in this country, I feel that Africans should be proud that the Negroes have contributed to the culture and heritage of this great nation. Maybe, just maybe, that is why some of our leaders take foreign aid from the United States for granted.

SODIENYE BENDBOW,
Student from Nigeria.
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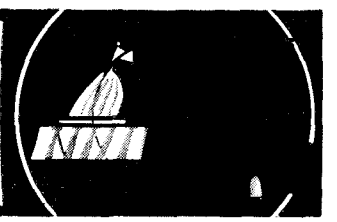
While School Keeps



CLASSROOM READERS have often been criticized as unsuitable in form and content for a substantial proportion of the school population. Typically, they reflect in both pictures and text the white, vaguely Protestant, middle-class attitudes and interests of suburban American life. It is charged that the children of minority groups living in urban slum areas have great difficulty in understanding such books, to say nothing of being unable to identify with the children and parents depicted in the totally alien environment.

An interesting attempt has been made to overcome this unnecessary reading hurdle for minority-group children by the Detroit Public Schools and the Follett Publishing Company of Chicago. Three preprimers have been developed over a period of three years and are being tested this fall in twelve "inner-city" Detroit schools. If experience indicates that they make a substantial contribution to reading instruction for big-city youngsters, a full-scale reading program for the primary grades will be developed. Called "Fun With David," "Play With Jimmy," and "Laugh With Larry," they follow the typical pattern of standard readers, with some important differences. The new books are shorter than their standard counterparts, reading skills are introduced less rapidly, and the language is designed to conform more nearly to the language patterns of recent migrants from the rural South. The most obvious difference, however, is in the illustrations which portray children and adults of mixed racial backgrounds, most of whom are colored.

It is also interesting that, although the economic level of the families portrayed in the books is substantially lower than that depicted in standard readers, it is still unmistakably suburban middle class. There are no crowded tenements; no stick-ball is being played in the city streets. Rather, there is the typical suburban backyard, complete with wading pool, picnic table, and barbecue. The question immediately arises as to whether those who developed these books consciously decided that it was appropriate to provide middle-class models for lower-class Negro children. And one is left to wonder how well recent migrant children from the rural South will be able to identify with the characters in the new readers, even though their skins are dark.

ENGLISH TEACHERS in junior and senior high schools are receiving an assist this fall in stimulating student interest and appreciation for a select number of literary classics. Eight outstanding films of recent years are being released to local theatres all over the country by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. At the same time, Scholastic Book Services is making available, through its various school book clubs, paperback reprints of these classics, together with special study guides. This fall four films are being released: "David Copperfield" (W. C. Fields and Freddie Bartholomew), "Pride and Prejudice" (Laurence Olivier and Greer Garson), "Captains Courageous" (Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney), and "Little Women" (Elizabeth Taylor and Peter Lawford). Next spring another four will appear in neighborhood theatres: "A Tale of Two Cities" (Ronald Colman), "Kim" (Errol Flynn), "Julius Caesar" (Marlon Brando), and "The Good Earth" (Paul Muni and Luise Rainer). The project is being developed jointly by MGM and Scholastic Magazines, Inc., through the World Heritage Film and Book Program, 1540 Broadway, New York 20, N.Y.

THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION has just published the 1962-63 "Calendar of Meetings of National and Regional Educational Associations." Listing dates, places, themes, and contact officers for meetings of all the major national and regional educational associations—some 200 in all—the Calendar provides handy reference information for those concerned with both public and private education. It is available for $1 from the NCEA, 1785 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

AMERICAN COLLEGES are often criticized for making freshman orientation programs an introduction to campus social life rather than a briefing on the intellectual demands of academic existence. In a radical departure from the traditional pattern, Stout State College (Menomonie, Wisconsin) presents all incoming students with a fifty-page pamphlet called "Grappling with Ideas." It contains, among other essays, Mark Van Doren, "On Attending College"; Walter Gropius, "The Curse of Conformity"; Bertrand Russell, "The Expanding Mental Universe"; and Edith Hamilton, "The Lessons of the Past." The pamphlet is required reading for all new students, its contents are discussed in small group meetings with faculty members, and each student is required to prepare a paper giving his reactions to the ideas presented. Stout State's freshman handbook is a far cry from the usual manual with its map of the campus and detailed listing of extracurricular activities.

CARAVELLE EDITIONS is a significant new paperback series of reprints in education and political science, published by Vintage Books, a division of Random House. Three eminent American historians, Richard Hofstadter and Lawrence A. Cremin of Columbia University, and V. O. Key, Jr., of Harvard, are serving as an advisory committee in development of the series. Five books on education have been published to date at prices ranging from $1.45 to $1.95. They are: "Education and Liberty," by James B. Conant; "Modern Educational Theories," by Boyd H. Bode; "Great Teachers," edited by Houston Peterson; "Education in the Forming of American Society," by Bernard Bailyn; and "Desegregation and the Law," by Albert P. Blaustein and Clarence Clyde Ferguson, Jr.

WEALTHY SUBURBIA is often selected as the whipping boy for society's ills by professional viewers-with-alarm; it is also the nation's most fruitful source of educational experimentation and innovation ,according to the National Education Association. On the basis of survey returns from seventy of the country's well-heeled communities, the NEA concludes that such experiments as team teaching and ungraded classrooms are becoming commonplace.

If a trend can be spotted among the many new programs reported in the survey, it may be found in the adoption of college level courses in humanities and world culture in secondary schools. Scarsdale, N.Y.; Mt. Lebanon, Pa.; Beachwood, Ohio; Riverside, Ill.; and University City, Mo. report such programs. In addition, Lake Forest, Ill. has introduced a course in logic.

Good education is expensive, and educational innovation is even more demanding of time, effort, and cold cash. It is not surprising, then, that our wealthier communities should provide leadership in the search for improvement through change.

—James Cass.

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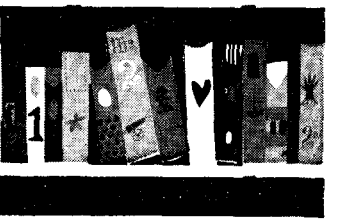
the Editor's Bookshelf



EDUCATION'S OFFICIALDOM was badly shaken by the recent report that President Kennedy was being urged to appoint Admiral Rickover U.S. Commissioner of Education. According to the rumor, Rickover was to replace Sterling McMurrin who resigned last month.

Such an appointment seems unlikely—it would mean that education's hierarchy had lost all control over the U.S. Office—but whether or not he becomes commissioner, Rickover's is an important voice because he is a vigorous and persistent critic of our schools who has gained a large public following.

Because of the vigor of his attack and the sharpness of his tone, Rickover's views on education are frequently misunderstood. His opponents charge that he is trying to develop an elite, but this is a misinterpretation of what he is proposing. What he urges is an extension of Jeffersonian rather than Jacksonian democracy—equal opportunity for all regardless of family background but with early selection of the talented in order that they may be given the intellectual training necessary for leadership. Highly educated leadership is not the same thing as an elite, as the word is commonly used. He also believes firmly in hard work, competition, and discipline.

A recent statement of what Rickover believes in and stands for is available in a publication of the U.S. Government Printing Office titled *"Education for all Children,"* subtitled "What We Can Learn from England." This is a transcription of Rickover's testimony before the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives last May 16.

When the Congressional committee asked Rickover to state his qualifications as a critic of the schools the Admiral replied, "You can inform yourself about *anything* in two ways: by *personal* experience and by *studying* the experience of others. Personal experience is necessarily limited by the kind of life you lead and the kind of work you do. But study of the experience of others is limited only by the time you can find to study, to read, to correspond, or to talk with experts." This is true enough, but a reader gets the impression that Rickover is willing to believe almost everything that European educators tell him about European schools and almost nothing that American educators tell him about American schools.

Commenting on the role of critics, Rickover said, "The most effective critics have almost always been outsiders—individuals working on their own. . . ." And he added, "I freely admit I judge schools by their products." This is fair enough—indeed, it is the only proper way to judge them, but the judgment will be sound only if it is based on an adequate sample of the products. Has Rickover had an opportunity to examine an adequate sample of the product of American schools? He says, "Literally thousands of these products pass through my hands and those of my leading scientists and engineers when we interview young people who apply for positions as designers and builders of nuclear reactors or as officers and men to operate our nuclear ships. I find the percentage so qualified to be deplorably small. . . . My 'school system' of six schools enrolls about 2,500 students at different levels from high schools to graduate university. So I can claim some personal experience with educating young Americans."

While 2,500 students is not a large sample of the fifty millions enrolled in American schools, it must be admitted that no one, either professional otherwise, has an adequate sample the *quality* of our educational product—the available statistics deal, in large part, with less important things. And, while Rickover's students are not typical, they probably are well above the average in capacity for learning.

If the graduate engineers whom Rickover employs are deficient in their base education, as he says they are, there is clearly something wrong somewhere. But it seems reasonable that some of the blame should be given to the engineering schools and military academies—they ought not to admit students deficient in basic education. And if they do, they should surely repair the deficiency before the students graduate. Yet Rickover directs most of his criticism to the elementary and secondary schools rather than to universities, colleges, and engineering schools. But this is peripheral to Rickover's thesis which is that our schools are soft, and preoccupied with conformity and "peer group adjustment" rather than with intellectual development—and that they neglect the brighter students.

Ten years ago this was true of a great many of our schools, and it is true of some today. But a considerable numb of our high schools now set high standards, and special programs for the academically talented are flourishing throughout the nation.

The students Rickover has seen are

Excerpts from Rickover's Testimony

"The official attitude of the American education establishment is that no one who is not part of the establishment can make a valid criticism of the schools. There is a standard procedure for dealing with critics. They are declared to be ill-intentioned troublemakers and ax-grinders, ignorant, uninformed, et cetera. There is no need to reply to their case against the schools except to treat these as deprecations of the critic as a person. The party line reveals on the part of the people to whom we entrust the education of our children a truly appalling misunderstanding of the working of the democratic process."

• • •

"When schooling is tuition free, it automatically ceases to be 'elite' education. What you have when you make realistic provision for differing scholastic aptitudes and needs of children is *acceleration* for those who can learn fast. These are the children who are intelligent enough to become professionals. They have to absorb a lot *more education* than the majority of our children. So what on earth is undemocratic about letting them go ahead at their own fast pace so they will not be handicapped by having to postpone overlong the time when they can earn a living?"

• • •

"Until the Federal Government sets up a standard—a permissive standard—to enable parents to judge the products the schools turn out, it will be difficult and take a long time to improve the quality of our teachers and the quality of education."

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those who attended elementary and high school during the Thirties, Forties, and early Fifties—not in the decade of the Sixties, which is a new era in education. Bestor and the other critics whom Rickover most often quotes did their most important writing ten years or more ago. Rickover seems unaware of the changes of recent years. When a member of the Congressional Committee on Appropriations asked him whether there had not been a marked improvement in recent years he replied, "My answer is that there has been a great deal of voltage but not much current." But he submitted no evidence to back up this opinion and we believe it to be in error—we have observed very substantial improvements in many schools, particularly better teaching of foreign languages, greatly improved courses of study in mathematics and science, and many new programs for the gifted.

By failing to give recognition to the educators responsible for these new programs, Rickover alienates the teachers who might otherwise sympathize with what he is trying to accomplish.

In attempting to prove the superiority of European education to our own, Rickover relies heavily on examination questions used in the schools of Europe and half the document mentioned above is given to sample questions used in English schools. Some of these questions do indeed require a high level of scholarship, but they are no more difficult than those on the College Boards or other examinations required for admission to American colleges—questions which many of our students answer successfully. In any case a list of test questions tells little about a nation's education unless we know what kind of answers the students are able to give.

Critics, including the harsh and "non-constructive" critics, play an essential role—they illuminate the errors and prepare the stage for change. But Rickover arrived late upon the educational scene. All the criticisms he is making were made a decade ago by others, and partly as a result we have entered into a period of educational reform which makes some of his charges anachronistic.

Rickover's educational philosophy, however, rests upon the firm base of the necessity for highly educated manpower and for a highly educated citizenry if our nation is to survive. He is right in his contention that an education that fails to cultivate intellectual excellence is a threat to our nation and the culture. He deserves to be heard and to be understood. Educators who reject his views merely because he is not an "educator" do so at their own peril.

BOOK REVIEW

Educational Revolution

"The Educated African: A Country-by-Country Survey of Educational Development in Africa," Compiled by Ruth Sloan Associates, Edited by Helen Kitchen *(Frederick A. Praeger, 542 pages, $12.50).*

By DAVID SCANLON, *Professor of International Education, Teachers College, Columbia University.*

THE POLITICAL revolution that has swept Africa during the past decade has been matched by an educational revolution that in terms of intensity and scope appears unique in the history of education. Literacy figures have soared, primary schools have mushroomed, and since World War II twenty-five new institutes of higher education have been established, excluding the Bantu Colleges of South Africa. While the needs of African education appear overwhelming, statistics of the past decade should be studied to appreciate the exploding nature of education in Africa today.

For Africans as well as Europeans and Americans there is a sense of urgency in expanding African education. Increasingly, the relationship of education to economic development and political stability is stressed. The result has been a spectacular increase in educational projects in Africa, the number of African students studying abroad, and expatriates teaching in African countries. Britain has established the National Council for the Supply of Teachers Overseas, France now claims 5,000 French teachers serving in former French Africa, Israel is providing scholarships for African students, and Israeli teachers are fulfilling important positions in African countries. The United States, through private agencies such as the African-American Institute, the Teachers College Project, Teachers for East Africa, sponsored by the Agency for International Development, and the Peace Corps, is sending thousands of Americans to Africa as educators. Ten years ago it was not unusual to see a photograph in the newspapers of a man who was going to teach in Africa. Today the 300 teachers sent to East Africa under the Teachers for East Africa Program or the 300 sent by the Peace Corps to Ethiopia hardly merit a paragraph.

The rush to Africa has taken place at a time when we know little about the dynamics of African education. We know far more about the *rites de passage* of some obscure African tribe than we do about the secondary school student in Nairobi or Dakar. The dearth of information about African education has been an irritant to those planning training programs for Americans going to Africa, a dead end for the student interested in studying African education, and a frustration for the layman who is interested in the area.

Harassed reference librarians will breathe a sigh of relief with the publication of "The Educated African," for here in 542 pages may be found the skeleton outline of education in forty African countries, territories, and colonies. Gathered together in a single volume is material that would be scattered throughout scores of annual education reports, government documents and United Nations publications. In organizing the "contributions and critiques of more than one hundred Americans, Europeans and Africans," the editor has performed a Herculean task. In no other single source has so much material on African education been organized so well.

The objectives of the book are stated by the editor: "Each of the chapters in this volume deals with five major aspects of a particular country: (1) the political, social, historical, and geographical context in which education developed, with particular attention to the economic, religious, ethnic, linguistic, and political factors that have influenced its evolution; (2) the stated educational goals of the colonial power or indigenous government and the relationship of educational policies to political objectives; (3) the nature and scope of the educational system as it developed up to independence or during the colonial period, with appropriate statistics; (4) the conceptual and practical changes that have been made or are envisaged by the new African leadership, and the pattern of post-independence expansion and priorities; (5) the university-educated elite and its size, political power, ideological orientation, and ties with the less educated elements of the population."

These very broad objectives will

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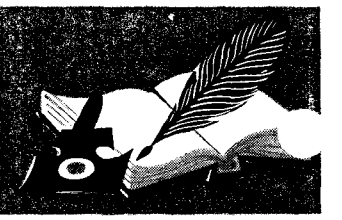
cause the serious student of African education to wince. Is it possible to cover all these "aspects" for every country and territory (with the exception of Egypt, which is not included) in a continent in 542 pages with only five or six pages given to some countries and thirteen or fourteen to the majority? The students of African education will see in each "aspect" a dozen areas of research that will require careful investigation before broad generalizations can be made. The responsibilities of the contributors have been great, and it is to their credit that in most cases the presentations do not appear superficial. But as might be expected in a book with so many contributors, the quality of presentation is uneven. Some of the finest contributions, Tanganyika, Ghana, and the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, are for some reason unsigned, and this is unfortunate in a book that will be used for basic reference. While many of the contributors are well known as Africanists, it would have been helpful for the general reader if a short biographical statement could have been included for each contributor. It would also have been helpful if a glossary of terms had been included to help the reader through the maze of terminology, such as Cambridge Overseas School Certificate, *professeurs agrégés* and *professeurs licenciés*.

As might be expected in a book covering so broad an area, there are some factual errors. For example, in discussing the joint Anglo-American plan to recruit teachers for the East African secondary schools, the writer states, ". . . preparation for the assignment was to include study at Makerere for one to three years." The plan actually called for three terms of study (approximately nine months) for the inexperienced American recruit. But such errors are minor and do not detract seriously from the accomplishment of the book.

The major limitation of the book is a fact well recognized by the editor when she wrote, "Anyone who writes a book about African education in the 1960s must accept the fact that events will move faster than the printing presses."

New Books



THE LONG REACH. *By Peter French. Ives Washburn, Inc.* 242 *pp.* $4. A report on Harvard today.

"OUT OF SMALLE BEGINNINGS . . .". *By Margery Somers Foster. Belknap Press, Harvard University.* 243 *pp.* $6.25. An economic history of Harvard University in the Puritan period, 1636-1712.

THE EDUCATION OF MAN. The Educational Philosophy of Jacques Maritain. *Edited by Donald and Idella Gallagher. Doubleday.* 191 *pp.* $3.95. An anthology of writings on the present status of Christian education.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT NEW HORIZONS. *National Education Association* (1201 *Sixteenth St., N.W., Washington* 6, *D.C.*). 39 *pp. Paperback,* 25 *cents.* This report presents specific recommendations for selection and recruitment of teacher education students, accreditation, certification, and advancement of professional standards.

THE EDUCATION OF THE SECONDARY SCHOOL TEACHER. *Edited by Ernest Stabler. Wesleyan University Press.* 233 *pp.* $5. A group of distinguished educators suggest methods of improving teacher training.

INTERNAL STRUCTURE. Organization and Administration of Institutions of Higher Education. *By Archie R. Ayers and John H. Russel. U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. (Available from Supt. of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington* 25, *D.C.*) 123 *pp. Paperbacks,* 45 *cents.* Directed primarily toward college officials, this is a guide to more efficient institutional organization at the college and university level.

WORLD PERSPECTIVES IN EDUCATION. *By Edmund J. King. Bobbs-Merrill.* 380 *pp.* $6. An Englishman on recent reforms and unresolved problems in educational systems throughout the world.

THE ECONOMICS OF EDUCATION. *By John Vaizey. Free Press of Glencoe* (*Crowell-Collier*). 165 *pp.* $4. A discussion of the inter-relationship of education and economic well-being as well as an analysis of the financing of education.

THE MIND AS NATURE. *By Loren Eiseley. Harper and Row.* 60 *pp.* $2.75. In the fifth John Dewey Society Lecture, the author discusses the teacher's role in relation to the dissemination of new ideas in society.

ECONOMICS OF HIGHER EDUCATION. *U.S. Office of Education, Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. (Available from Supt. of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington* 25, *D.C.*) 406 *pp. Paperback,* $1.50. All of the available findings by economists in the field of higher education have been gathered together in this volume.

THE COLLEGE EXPERIENCE. Materials for Analysis. *Selected and edited by Samuel I. Bellman. Chandler Publishing Co. (San Francisco, Calif.).* 272 *pp. Paperback,* $2.25. A series of articles covering the most important aspects of undergraduate life in the college and university.

REORIENTATION IN LABOR EDUCATION. *Edited by Freda H. Goldman. Center for the Study of Liberal Education for Adults* (4819 *Greenwood Ave., Chicago* 15, *Ill.*). 117 *pp. Paperback,* $1.50. A symposium on liberal education for labor in the university.

A CENTURY OF HIGHER EDUCATION. Classical Citadel to Collegiate Colossus. *Edited by William W. Brickman and Stanley Lehrer. Society for the Advancement of Education (New York).* 285 *pp.* $5.50 Scholarly contributions on the history of higher education in the past century.

EDUCATION AND THE CULT OF EFFICIENCY. *By Raymond E. Callahan. University of Chicago Press.* 273 *pp.* $5.50. A study of the social forces that have shaped the administration of the public schools.

THE HIGHWAY JUNGLE. *By Edward A. Tenney. Exposition Press.* 174 *pp.* $4. An analysis of the public safety movement and of driver education courses in the public schools. The author, a retired professor of English, concludes that driver-education programs have failed to make better drivers of young people and that the safety movement which has infiltrated the schools is doing philosophic harm to the education system.

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Most Important Books on Education, 1961-62

AT THE beginning of this school year the editors asked a panel of distinguished educators and education editors to name the most important books on education published between September 1, 1961, and August 31, 1962. The titles and authors of the books selected appear below. Comments following each title are taken from the reviews which appeared in *SR*'s Education Supplement.

TWELVE VOTES

SLUMS AND SUBURBS. By James B. Conant, McGraw-Hill. Cloth, $3.95, paperback, $1.95. "Mr. Conant takes a look at both Scarsdale and Harlem and their counterparts in Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, and other cities. He is shocked and angered by what he sees and although his emotion is well controlled it gives this volume a persuasive power that will make it one of Conant's most important contributions to American education."

SEVEN VOTES

THE EDUCATION OF TEACHERS. By G. K. Hodenfield and T. M. Stinnett. Prentice-Hall. Cloth, $3.95, paperback, $1.95. (A chapter from this book titled "Nobody Asked Me, But . . ." was published in our pages in the issue of January 20, 1962.)

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE. Edited by Nevitt Sanford. Wiley. $10. "This is a monumental work, consisting in part of research reports and in part of interpretive essays. . . . It probably contains more information about American colleges, their students and their faculties, than has ever before been brought together in a single volume. . . ."

SIX VOTES

GRADUATE EDUCATION. By Oliver C. Carmichael. Harper. $4.50. "Carmichael's criticisms of the graduate schools are as sharp as any of those which have been directed at the elementary and secondary schools."

FIVE VOTES

FOCUS ON CHANGE: GUIDE TO BETTER SCHOOLS. By J. Lloyd Trump and Dorsey Baynham. Rand McNally, $1.25. "A report . . . urging revolutionary changes in the organization and operation of the nation's high schools."

THE ACADEMIC PRESIDENT—EDUCATOR OR CARETAKER? By Harold W. Dodds. McGraw-Hill. $5.95. ". . . a systematic tour through the more publishable aspects of the duties of office . . . the recorded wisdom of a man who for a quarter-century ably conducted one of the dozen most important university posts of the nation."

EDUCATION AND INCOME. By Patricia Cayo Sexton. Viking. $6. ". . . she writes with a fervor that comes of deep personal conviction rather than mere academic interest . . ."

THREE VOTES

ON KNOWING. By Jerome S. Bruner, Belknap Press. Harvard University Press. Cambridge, Massachusetts. $3.75.

AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES. By Frederick Rudolph. A. A. Knopf. $6.75.

TWO VOTES

FEDERAL INTEREST IN HIGHER EDUCATION. By Homer D. Babbidge and Robert M. Rosenzweig.

GUINEA PIGS AFTER TWENTY YEARS. By Margaret Willis and Lou La Brant.

AMERICAN HIGHER EDUCATION. By Hofstadter and Smith.

THE AMIDON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. By Carl F. Hansen.

THE WORLD OF UNIVERSITIES. By Edward W. Weidner.

INDIVIDUALIZING INSTRUCTION, Part I, The 61st Yearbook of the NSSE. By Nelson B. Henry, Editor.

THE DUAL PROGRESS PLAN. By George D. Stoddard.

The selection of the "Most Important Books on Education" was made by the following educators and editors:

William W. Brickman, Editor, *School and Society*, and Professor of Educational History and Comparative Education, University of Pennsylvania.

Robert N. Bush, Professor of Education, Stanford University, Editor, California Secondary School Journal.

William G. Carr, Executive Secretary, National Education Association.

Lawrence A. Cremin, Frederick Barnard Professor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University.

Stanley Elam, Editor, *Phi Delta Kappan*.

Mildred S. Fenner, Editor, *National Education Association Journal*.

Terry Ferrer, Education Editor, New York *Herald Tribune*.

John H. Fischer, President, Teachers College, Columbia University.

Claude M. Fuess, Headmaster, Phillips Academy (retired), Andover, Massachusetts.

John I. Goodlad, Professor of Education and Director, University Elementary School, UCLA.

Eva H. Grant, Editor, *The PTA Magazine*.

Fred M. Hechinger, Education Editor, The New York *Times*.

Harold Howe II, Superintendent, Scarsdale Public Schools, Scarsdale, New York.

Edward Joseph Shoben, Jr., Editor, *Teachers College Record*.

Mortimer Smith, Executive Director of the Council for Basic Education and Editor, *Council for Basic Education Bulletin*.

Robert Ulich, Professor Emeritus, Graduate School of Education, Harvard University.

Benjamin C. Willis, General Superintendent of Schools, Chicago.

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A Doctor's Prescription

"The Montessori Method: A Revolution in Education," by E. M. Standing. *(Academy Library Guild, Fresno, California, 1962, 209 pages, $3.95), and* ***"Learning How to Learn—An American Approach to Montessori," by Nancy McCormick Rambusch.*** *(Helicon Press, Baltimore, Maryland, 1962, 180 pages, $4.50).*

By MIRIAM L. GOLDBERG, *Associate Professor, Teachers College, Columbia University.*

AMID the great array of new proposals for reshaping American education, it is not surprising to find some old stalwarts once again asking to be considered. By-passed by the mainstream of educational reform and practice in their own time, they, nevertheless, have held on tenaciously in one or more places, and thus have added a body of experience to theory in their current bid for acceptance. One example of such a re-entry into the educational debate is A. S. Neill's current book *"Summerhill"* which presents a modernized version of *"That Dreadful School"* (London: Purnell and Sons, 1937) in which children are truly "free to learn." Another example is the revival of the Montessori method, a venerable and, in its time, influential educational movement which is presented to the American public by E. M. Standing, a former associate of Maria Montessori, in *"The Montessori Method"* and by Nancy M. Rambusch, headmistress of the Whitbey School, in *"Learning How to Learn."*

Although its origins are remote in time and place—the Montessori method was developed in the first decade of the twentieth century in Italy—its current proponents are no less zealous in presenting the "Method" as a panacea for contemporary American education than was Maria Montessori in her time.

Dr. Montessori conceived of education as composed of three elements: the child, the "prepared environment," and the directress. As a physician and as a product of her times, she viewed the young child as a biological organism which passes through a series of age-related stages, each of which is uniquely associated with a particular learning need and readiness. These E. M. Standing refers to as the "sensitive periods." If the experiences appropriate to a sensitive period are omitted, then the particular "faculties" for which the sensitivity exists will not reach full development. Thus poor handwriting is attributed to a failure to provide preparation for writing at age four, the sensitive period for touch; or poor pronunciation is assumed to result from an "imperfect lingual environment" when the child is "at the sensitive period for picking up words." Of particular significance in the Montessori concept is the sensitive period for "order" which is most prominent at age three and which seeks gratification in a highly ordered environment. To provide the child with opportunities to make best use of his sensitive periods, Dr. Montessori evolved the "prepared environment," replete with a wide range of materials graded in difficulty and varied in purpose so that the child could find for himself at each developmental stage the teaching materials suited to his learning needs. The third element of Montessori's tripartite conception was the "directress," who sets the social limits of the environment, demonstrates (rather than explains) the standardized use of the materials to the individual child as he selects his "work," and then keeps out of the child's way. Since the materials and procedures of the "prepared environment" were intended to be self-teaching, and since the child's tempo of work was to be interfered with as little as possible, the role of the directress was seen by Montessori as different from that of the usual classroom teacher.

While predicating her educational theory on the child's need to be free to learn and to learn at his own pace and through his own efforts, the materials which Montessori prepared are highly structured, and the strictly prescribed procedures for their use allow no deviation. The rationale for the invariant approach to the didactic materials as w
as for the lack of materials on wh
the child can impose his own structure, such as paint or clay, lies in Montessori's conception of the need to impose "order" on the child's confused and disorganized world. Creative behavior is expected to follow at later stages, after the child has mastered the prescribed tasks.

But as one reads the detailed descriptions of procedure (a beautiful example can be found on pages 106-107 of *"Learning How to Learn"* in which the seventeen steps involved in learning to wash one's hands are detailed), one wonders whether children trained in this method can ever become original thinkers and bearers of creative ideas, or whether they must remain compulsive performers of tasks, even when these are on a high conceptual level.

NEITHER Standing nor Rambusch presents any objective evidence of the effects of the Montessori method on children's personality and cognitive development. They present no comparative studies, no systematic analyses. What they present, instead, are assurances that the method is good; that all children develop to their maximum
pacity; that academic competence is achieved earlier than is usual; and that the classroom is devoid of disciplinary problems. Mr. Standing's convictions are almost mystical in quality, layered with sentimentality and an evangelical concern for the souls of little children. The nineteenth-century flavor of his pronouncements is unmistakable and hardly palatable to the mid-twentieth-century seeker for educational reform. Only in the middle section of the book, where Mr. Standing presents illustrated descriptions of the various materials used in the classroom, is the reader rewarded by a clear picture of the method in action.

Rambusch, on the other hand, presents the four sections of her book in straightforward prose. In the first, she discusses the Montessori concepts of the child—his "rhythm of life," his "absorbent mind," and his "social and emotional development." She uses contemporary concepts such as "motivation," "the sense of self," and "self-mastery" in building a rationale for the Montessori method. Her second section deals with the "prepared environment" of the Montessori system. Unfortunately, this section contains more theory a
rationale than it does actual description of procedures, and one is left wondering just what a classroom situation is really like. The third part discusses the adult —both teacher and parent. Here the

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author draws some interesting contrasts in their roles, suggesting that the teacher should be viewed as "in place of the parent but not in the position of the ent." In this section she states clearly the Montessori conception of the task of the directress. Whereas the first three sections are focused on the young child (up to age six), the last section, titled "The Hope," projects the Montessori concept into the later school years, even touching briefly on secondary education. Here Mrs. Rambusch goes beyond Dr. Montessori and incorporates some current educational practices, such as the use of teaching machines, into her vision of the school of the future. The book concludes with a comprehensive 481-item bibliography prepared by Gilbert E. Donahue of works related to the Montessori movement which are available in English.

MRS. RAMBUSCH presents the Montessori method as centrally concerned with the child's cognitive development; as a means for achieving early mastery of the three "R's"; as a plan for leading the child into self-directed and continued learning in a highly individualized and child-centered setting. As such, it has great appeal today to parents and educators who want to see more substantive knowledge and academic ls in the curriculum but who do not nt this achieved at the expense of the child's full and healthy development. Yet, somehow, one wonders how effective a stimulant to true intellectual growth a learning environment for young children can be which includes no books, no opportunities for exploring ideas, no materials to which young children can bring their own sense of order, and no time allowed for play (the Montessori activities are all designated as "work") through which a child can simulate the world as he sees it, confused as his perceptions may be.

Mrs. Rambusch's implication that the Montessori method cannot be combined with other educational procedures, that it must be accepted whole or not at all, makes her book the work of an orthodox disciple, not of an innovator drawing on past wisdom. One is led to believe that the half-century since Dr. Montessori's initial efforts has produced neither new insights into children's ways of learning nor demonstrated a need for changes in the method itself. In the face of several successful attempts to bring young children to earlier mastery and understanding of academic material, such as O. K. Moore's k on reading with pre-kindergarten-age children, or the introduction of basic mathematical, scientific, or economic concepts into the first and second grade, it is hardly conceivable that a school district would commit itself to a program which demands strict and undeviating adherence.

However, there may be one group of children for whom the highly structured sensory-motor materials of the Montessori classroom may indeed prove most appropriate—the children who come culturally impoverished homes in which they fail to develop the perceptual skills needed for later academic achievment. The experimental use of the Montessori method with such children might demonstrate whether it can be effective in reducing the cognitive shortcoming which these children exhibit in school.

It is doubtful that the Montessori method will receive widespread acceptance today any more than it did in the first decades of this century. But as it did so successfully in the past, it can today alert the public to the crucial importance of early childhood education. The major contribution of Mrs. Rambusch's book lies in her conviction that: "Until early education is made respectable in its own right, and not merely 'readiness' for the lockstep supposedly *real* education which begins at six, there will be a continued waste of human potential and a corresponding need to build into existing school programs more remedial than preventive emphasis. It is ludicrous to consider the reorganizing of American education without a thoughtful glance at the origins of learning and of learning how to learn."

Any Time, Any Place

By Jeannette Nichols

THE fun house mirror
any time, any place,
makes of her face
a Modigliani
meant to be funny
but lovely,
lovely as sadness
bought at a great
price. She moves
closer, goes narrower,
any time, any place,
grows as stark
as a tiger lily.
But someone coming
into the mirror
laughs. She breaks,
and the portrait
goes comic
as she turns
on short legs
any time any place,
and all that tall
loveliness drains
off like water.

Jones

Continued from page 83

and removes restrictions on competition. Unbounded aspiration entails unmitigated competition for goals. There is evidence that the experiences of Negro youth, including the school experience, do not give him the same preparation his white peers have for success in competition. The argument that devices used to measure relative preparedness for free competition are poor indicators of capacity or potential because they are not "culture free," has little meaning in our society where the majority group's thought forms are the ones essential to effective competition for success goals.

Factors associated with academic achievement, whether causal or not, must be studied and interpreted for teachers. The understanding of the reasons for substandard achievement should be made another dimension of the teacher's professional competence. Such understanding is an essential vocational skill since many teachers, well trained in teaching methods are proved to be ineffective by the only significant measure of their skill—the achievement of the pupil.

What needs to be done is too big a task to be assigned to teachers and administrators of Southern schools alone.

However, as obstacles to constructive changes, the schools must be made to feel the full pressure of professional societies and academic organizations. Too long have they enjoyed tolerant understanding of their problems; now they must understand the problems of the children and youth. These are not problems that defy application of principles and the best methods learned in teachers colleges; they are problems whose challenges must be accepted.

Parents who have long been derelict in protecting the educational interest of their children need to be aroused to claim full community support for school improvement. What has been learned from Schreiber's "Higher Horizons" experiment in New York City, from the Ford Foundation's *"Great Cities School Improvement Program,"* and from Sheppard's work in St. Louis must be adapted and applied to Southern schools.

In shorter order than most people care to consider, Southern schools must give young Negroes confidence in their ability to compete effectively in activities entered by others of their age group. For Dr. Conant's warning that "we are allowing social dynamite to accumulate in our large cities," is as applicable to the Southern region as to urban centers outside the South.

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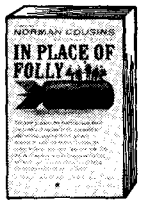

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Continued from page 80

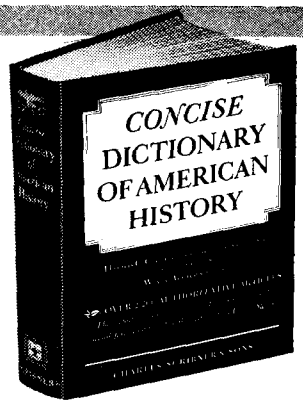
sources. Carleton's library had about 175,000 volumes in 1960, the principal holdings and special collections reflecting the school's traditional emphasis on the liberal arts. Building on this base, it spent $25,000 that year for new books (and currently spends $50,000). Carleton owns about a thousand acres of land, is handsomely housed, and generously endowed.

NCATE's Committee on Visitation and Appraisal, meeting in 1961, found Carleton unqualified and denied it accreditation. This Committee is a wholly separate body from the "visitation" teams and makes its decisions on the basis of two written reports from the teams. One report goes both to NCATE and to the institution, and is supposed to be a more or less objective description and not an evaluation of the school. In Carleton's case, this report was strongly favorable. The second report, the existence of which most schools are unaware, is secret, goes only to NCATE, and is the team's evaluation of the school.

NCATE's present appraisal committee, having too little time to review each case itself, has been split into a number of regional divisions. Carleton was in the domain of a Western division, which also has too much work to do, and therefore assigned Carleton to a subcommittee. Thus the evaluation of Carleton was made by a subcommittee (no member of which may ever have seen the institution), of one of the divisions of the committee within NCATE charged with the responsibility of accepting or rejecting institutions.

The committee cited five reasons for rejecting Carleton: (1) the institution-wide committee on teacher education that grew out of the faculty seminars was not continuously in operation overseeing the program; (2) no formal procedures were in operation for screening out of the program those students, if any, who had emotional or personality problems; (3) the faculty that taught education courses did not itself have enough work in education to handle the "scope" of Carleton's program (the scope was limited to secondary teachers, of which Carleton turned out about twenty-five a year); (4) the education courses, as taught by Carleton's regular faculty, were too theoretical, not practical enough; and (5) not enough time was spent in "professional laboratory experiences."

Our scene shifts to Crossroads State Teachers College. It has been in operation about half the time of Carleton, beginning as a normal school in 1909 and offering its first baccalaureate de-



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gree in 1928. At the time of its NCATE visit, it had a faculty of 57 persons and an enrollment of 751. Two members of the faculty had earned the Ph.D. degree and five more held the Ed.D. degree. Most of the faculty degrees at all levels were from second-rank institutions, or lower. The teaching load was fifteen hours. For admission, the school required students to be in the upper half of their high school graduating class, or to reach a score of fifty on the Armed Forces Institute Tests of General Educational Development.

About a quarter of the students at Crossroads were enrolled in the home economics or industrial arts programs. Those in programs for high school teachers of academic subjects took, as stipulated in Crossroads' report to NCATE, 43 semester hours in professional education. Most of them took between 85 and 95 hours in academic work. Crossroads also trained many elementary teachers, who took an average of 54 hours in professional education and 69 in academic.

It was impossible at Crossroads, and still is, to major in several of the academic subjects taught in high schools. One could not major in history, for example, but had to do so in "Social Studies." Here the minimum program consisted of 24 hours of work: a year's course in world history, one in economics, one in U. S. history, and a semester each of geography and sociology. Most "Social Studies" majors took more work than 24 hours in this highly protean area, but this was all that was required for Crossroads' degree and NCATE's approval. Nor could one major in *a* science, only in science, which course also consisted of 24 hours as a minimum: a year each of biology, inorganic chemistry, organic chemistry, and physics. Although Crossroads offered a major in languages, almost nobody took it; the great majority of its graduates, both secondary and elementary teachers, had taken no work whatever in a foreign language.

Although 80 per cent of the regular faculty had taken their highest degree in education, and often their undergraduate degree as well, many were teaching the academic courses. "It is doubtful," as Crossroads with disarming frankness says of itself in an official report to its regional accrediting association, "if there are any real [sic] unique or distinctive features of the curricula." Students at Crossroads, being a homogeneous group all following teacher preparatory program, were deprived of the bracing and invaluable experience of associating and competing with students preparing for a variety of graduate and professional schools and for many occupations.

The library at Crossroads in the year of NCATE's visit reported holdings in the areas of the school's major programs. It reported, for example, 1,273 titles in literature, 1,044 in science and mathematics combined, 4,461 in social sciences (including not only the field of education as such, but a multitude of other fields subsumed under this heading in the Dewey Decimal System), and 120 titles in languages. That year it spent a total of $5,500 on new and replacement books. The library undertook most acquisitions on its own, but was able to buy within that budget everything the faculty asked for! A visit to Crossroads's library quickly indicates that a plethora of deadwood on the shelves is badly in need of pruning, that the holdings run substantially to anthologies and similar collections, that the titles in major authors are either non-existent or extremely thin, and that many of the books have not been checked out for years.

OTHER items: Crossroads's physical plant occupies about eighteen acres; the school has no endowment, few aesthetic assets, and is obviously ill-supported by the state. Its bookstore, when I visited it, was the size of a tobacco shop, with *no* hard-cover books for sale except textbooks, only a handful of paperbacks, no out-of-town newspapers, no "little" magazines, no academic quarterlies. NCATE's Committee on Visitation and Appraisal gave full accreditation to all of the undergraduate programs, both elementary and secondary, of Crossroads State Teachers College. It also gave provisional accreditation for a *graduate* program in education that Crossroads had been running for some years and hoped to expand.

All this, it must be emphasized, is not to imply that Crossroads, which is no different from many other institutions on NCATE's accredited list, does not deserve its accredited status; nor is it to cast any aspersions on Crossroads's faculty; nor to offer any judgments about the quality of teachers turned out by Crossroads. Perhaps the school does the best it can with what it has. "I simply record the facts," as Mencken used to say, "in a sad, scientific spirit."

NCATE's performance at Carleton and Crossroads would seem to throw considerable light on the major issues outlined earlier. The basic question with which I began—will NCATE in fact improve the education of American teachers?—becomes sharper. And other questions press for answers: If all teachers in the United States were prepared in NCATE-accredited programs (over 70 per cent already are), would there be any discernable improvement in public schools, which is of course the point of it all? Will NCATE respond to the widespread criticism of its stand-

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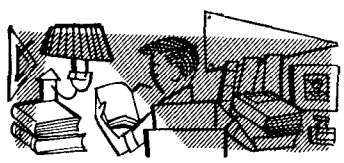
ards and procedures and transform itself into a less coercive, more representative organization? If no substantive changes are made, will first-line liberal arts colleges, as well as others of academic distinction, be driven out of the business of preparing teachers? The answers to these and many related questions are in the not-too-distant future, and they will have a lot to do with the quality of public education.

POSTSCRIPT:

After NCATE's denial of accreditation to Carleton, the College, following the strong urging of its dean, Richard Gilman, decided to make itself a test case and to appeal the decision. This meant the preparation of an answer to the alleged shortcomings of the program, and a return visit to the campus of one or more members of the original NCATE visiting team. It also meant the presentation by Carleton of a defense and general exposition of its teacher training program before NCATE's Appeals Board in April, 1962. Subsequently this Board reported to NCATE itself and made a recommendation. On the basis of the Appeals Board report, NCATE in May, 1962, reversed its original decision and awarded full accreditation to Carleton, effective as of the date of NCATE's original evaluation. Thus Carleton now enjoys equal status with Crossroads State Teachers College.

What this reversal signifies about NCATE's future work is not yet clear, but it seems to suggest a more favorable attitude than in the immediate past toward teacher preparatory programs of the Carleton type; it may also suggest the possibility of NCATE's responding to some of the criticisms that have become increasingly evident against it—which it has shown little sign of doing up to now. Carleton's decision to use itself as a test case rather than to accept NCATE's rejection may have set a most valuable precedent, and other liberal arts colleges, most of which have not yet applied for NCATE accreditation, may find themselves very much in Carleton's debt when they choose to make such application or are forced by circumstances to make it. Still, the fundamental issues of whether special accreditation for teacher training programs is a useful instrument for improving public education; and, if so, what kind of agency ought to carry it out; how much power the agency should have; and what standards it should use—these issues abide.



Strange Love

Continued from page 20

leaders do foolish things." Of course they do. Some of their leaders have not as yet made their own Orphic journey; others commit tactical errors; a few are not spiritually concerned enough for this ordeal; some of the college kids are thinking more about their rights than they are of what they will do with these rights; some of the young Northern whites in the movement feel more anger toward white Southerners than compassion, though all are courageous.

This is true. And, because they have undertaken a rigorous vocation, they must demand all that is possible of themselves or get out of the movement. But all groups, all movements, even saints come short of perfection. What this group is saying to the South and the nation is worth listening to; worth reaching out for; let us stifle our angry shouts and try to hear the "small voice" that is speaking to us. It is possible this philosophy, these conciliating, nonviolent acts may save us (even though some say we don't "deserve" saving) from the "eye for an eye, the tooth for a tooth" rage of those black supremacists who have succumbed to a ravening hunger for revenge. *If we listen in time.*

Sevareid

Continued from page 46

this country. There must be millions of us who can't sit still for an hour in the city, even on a holiday, even in the park, without getting jumpy, but who can sit beside a Hunter Creek unaware of minutes or hours until the evening chill catches us by surprise.

When I dream of spaciousness now, I dream of the West; it is destined to be our last repository of space, the final chalice hoarding the old spirit of America, or the part of that spirit that made this country something different, unmatchable and unreplaceable.

Dear God, dear Congressman, dear people, don't let the West be destroyed, not till I'm gone, anyway. If you can manage it, not till my children are gone. Otherwise, they'll think all those stories I read to them, all those youthful exploits I bragged about were phony. They ceased to believe in the Lone Ranger and Dodge City long ago, but leave them *something*!

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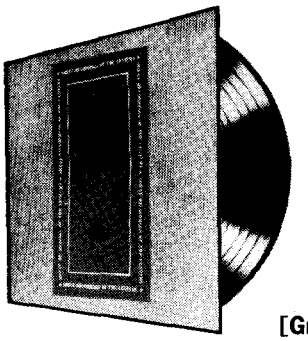

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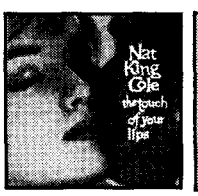

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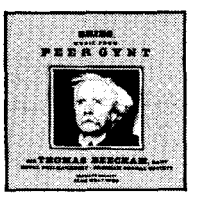

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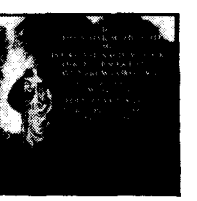

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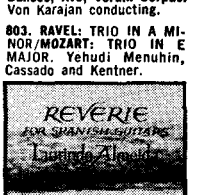

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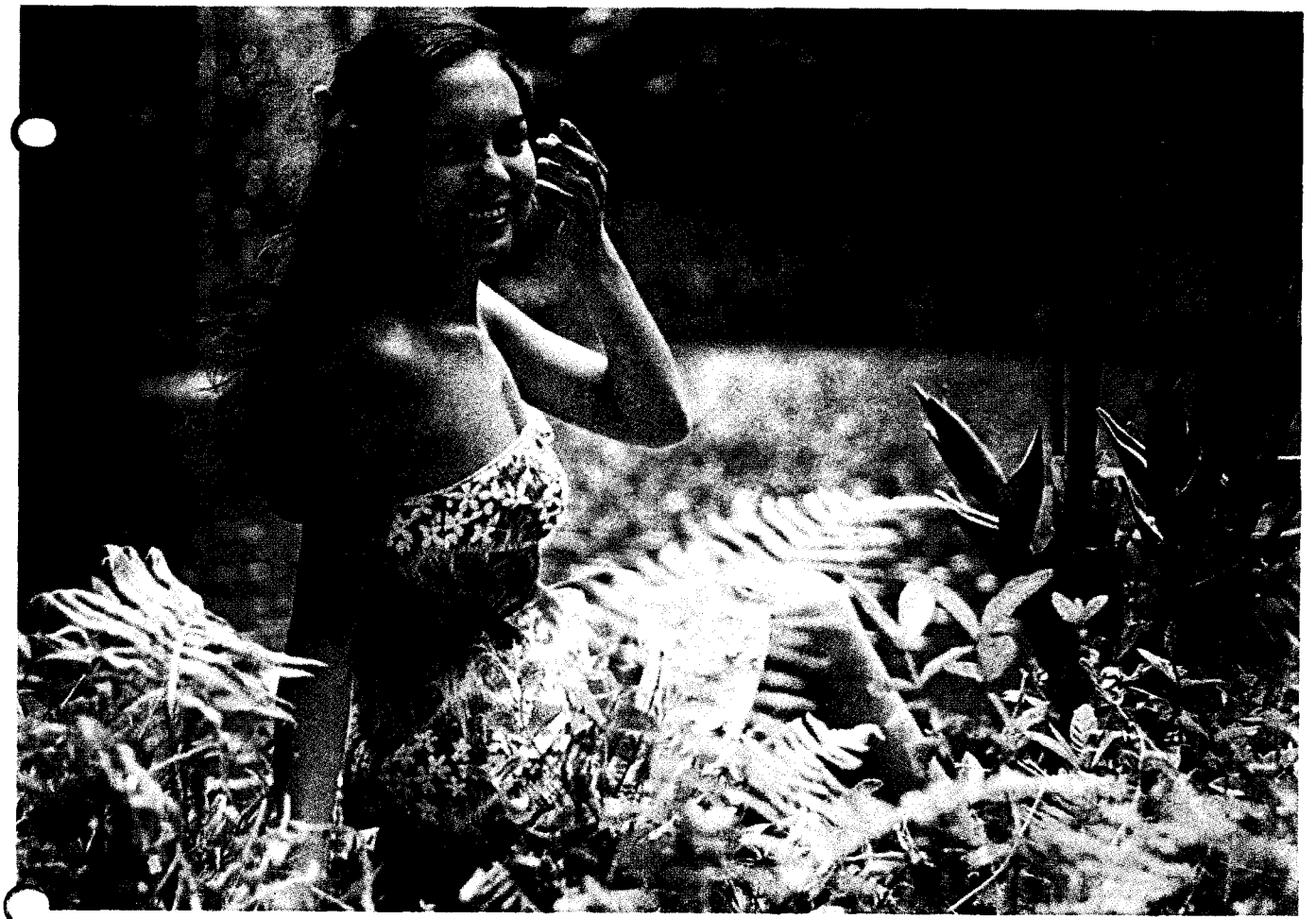

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St. Julien, B&G. Charming, delicate, dry; red
Graves, B&G. Fresh, fruity, medium dry; white
Sauternes, B&G. Golden, velvety; full bodied

FROM BURGUNDY:
Macon, B&G. Delightfully soft red wine
Beaujolais, B&G. Lively, fruity; red
Pommard, B&G. Big, strong, rich; red
Pouilly Fuisse, B&G. White, fresh, delicate
Chablis, B&G. Crisp, dry; white

Browne-Vintners Co., New York, N.Y., Sole Dist. for the U.S.A.

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